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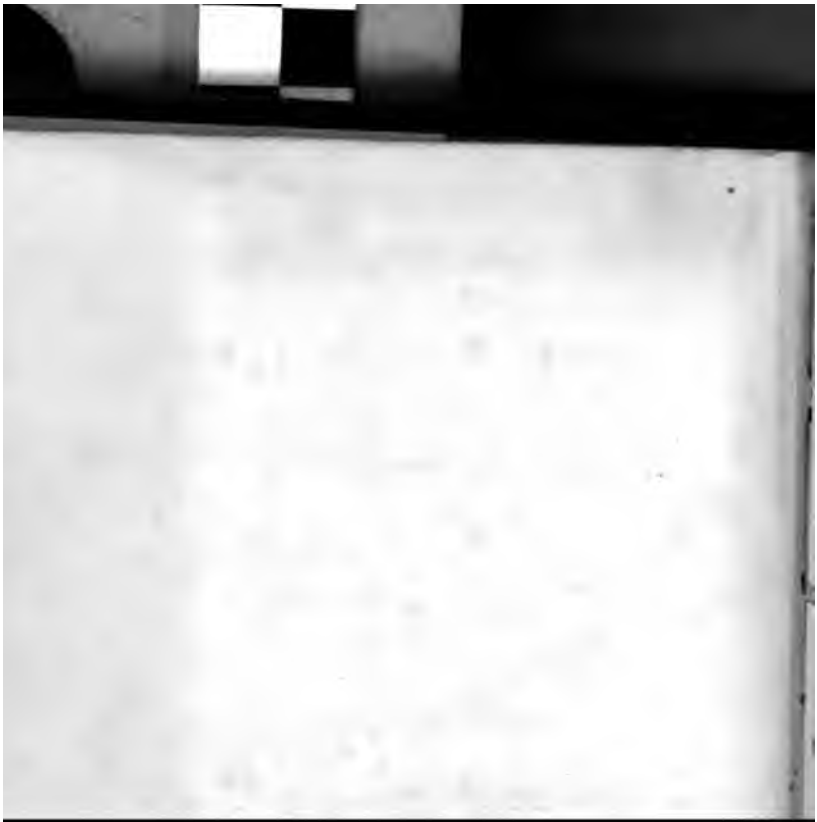
THE NATURAL SON.



THE NATURAL SON.

A German Tale,

DESCRIPTIVE OF THE AGE OF THE EMPEROR RUDOLPH II.

TRANSLATED FROM SPINDLER,

BY

LORD ALBERT CONYNGHAM.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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THE NATURAL SON.

THE BOY, AND THE CURSE OF HIS BIRTH.

CHAPTER I.

"The goblet's brink, and lip between,
Oft moves the hand of Fate unseen."

PHILIP VERNER was standing before his Venetian mirror, and while fastening the knots which were to fall from his splendid ruff, cast a sidelong look of satisfaction from the window at the sunny Sabbath morning, complacently stroked his carefully-trimmed mustachio, and smiled.

"Would any one suppose," said he to himself, as he placed one hand on his hip, "Would any one suppose, that this day sixty years I burst from the shell? Do I not look as fresh and blooming as if I were twenty years younger? Do not my apple-green silk pourpoint, slashed with dark yellow, and my hose, all adorned with ribbons, sit with ease and elegance

upon my stately person; are not my crimson stockings drawn over a pair of legs, which would excite envy in many a man of thirty? There is nothing to be preferred to a green middle age, and this fine blue Sabbath morn right gladly celebrates my birth-day, which, should God please, will oft again return."

"Aye, God grant it may be so," interrupted the mild tones of his servant.

"Ah!" cried Verner, looking round, "are you there, Simon? I thought that I was alone."

"I have but this moment entered," replied Simon, as he knelt down to draw on his master's shoes, adorned with coloured heels and yellow ties.

"You are a good man," said Verner to him, as he was thus occupied, "and have borne with me many a long year; aye, and what is more, you shall remain with me until my death, and even then you shall be well provided for. 'Tis true, my son Philip is a good-for-nothing fellow, but, please God, he shall respect my last will."

"Remember the fourth commandment," hinted Simon.

Verner stood up, paced up and down the room a few times, lost in thought, and then looked at the clock. "The bell will soon toll for church," he said; "go, and bring me my scarlet mantle,

and my Flanders hat, with the ostrich plume and golden loop; bring me, too, my chamois gloves with the silken fringe."

Simon obeyed him. The counsellor took his silver-mounted prayer book, his golden civic chain, and his ruby ring from a chest, girded on his sword, and again looked at himself in the glass. The dark clouds which had gathered on his brow again gave way to his usual good humour, which could not be dispelled, even by the disagreeable discovery, that in his hair, as well as in his beard, the grey intruders had marvellously increased.

"Simon," he cried to his servant as he entered, "give me that bottle of precious oil, which Philip sent me two years ago from Lyons; it makes the hair so glossy and so black, that it must please." He then applied some of it to his hair, with an air of satisfaction, and drew his well-anointed fingers across his mustachios. Simon, in the meantime, was dusting his master's hat at the window, and, as usual, was lost in admiration of its shape.

"How exquisitely fine!" he cried. "The beaver is as soft as silk! and this crisp and beautiful plume! was it Master Philip, your son, that sent you this hat too?"

"Yes," said Verner, with an air of indifference

as he put on his scarlet robe trimmed with fur, "He sent it from Antwerp. The rogue knows well the present which will be most acceptable to his father, but nevertheless the donor does not deceive me."

Simon sighed deeply.

"From his very birth I took a disgust to the boy," continued Verner, in an angry tone, "because he cost his poor mother, whom I tenderly loved, her life. It was just then that you entered my service. You must recollect the despair in which I was sunk."

"You behaved as a Christian widower ought," replied Simon; "but your sorrow could not last for ever."

"My blood was too hot," said Verner, "I soon sought a substitute for her, who was no more; but still with the determination that no other should ever be led by me to the altar. I sought long in vain; but with the beautiful Hedvig of Thuringen, whom I took as my housekeeper, a new star arose in my house."

"Ah! the pious, excellent Hedvig!" sighed Simon, "how she loved you! and how miserably she died at last!"

"Alas!" cried Verner, as he dried his eyes, "a mist comes across my sight, whenever I think on her; she was so good, and yet young

Philip, as he grew up, hated her, and became a spy about the house, so that I was under the necessity of sending him into the Netherlands, to learn commerce there."

"He must now be a skilful merchant," remarked Simon.

"Yes," replied Verner; "unfortunately, he displayed a taste for commerce, but I almost wish he had taken a military turn; he would then have either made his fortune during the disturbances in Flanders, or a ball from a Spanish falconet would have freed his treacherous spirit from its earthly tabernacle."

"Are you not too severe towards your son?" asked Simon, in a submissive tone.

"You cannot understand these things," answered Verner, roughly. "Enough—I detest him, and would give one of my hands, that Archibald were my lawful son, the heir of my property and of my name! and he would have been all this, had not a cruel fate snatched his dear mother away on the very eve of that day on which she was to have become my lawful wife. Well!" continued Verner, as he passed his hand across his forehead, "may she be numbered with the blessed, and the boy shall not be much the loser either. Philip is my heir, 'tis true; but I have put aside an ample provision

for Archibald, upon which he may live and do well."

"What! you are beginning to think of your last will?" asked Simon, mournfully, as he kissed his master's hand. "You will still live happily for many a long year."

"I hope so too," answered Verner, laughing; "a will is no verdict of death. The inhabitants of our good city of Ulm call me a thoughtless person; I know it well, and for this reason will I shew them that I am not quite so careless as to be unmindful of life and death. The Notary Kalander will bring me my will for signature to-day or to-morrow, drawn up according to my directions. My Archibald is therein well provided for, and you——but listen—the bells are already pealing from the cathedral—call the boy here as quickly as you can, I have not yet embraced him, and cull me a handsome Sunday nosegay."

Simon departed. The counsellor completed his toilet, again admired himself in the glass, and thought it not impossible that he might still, on his sixtieth birth-day, receive approving glances from the eyes of the fair.

Archibald rushed into the room, an untamed boy of about twelve years old, who, spoiled by his doting father, regarded *him* alone as his

superior in the whole world, and whose excellent disposition was altogether thrown into the shade by his proud, overbearing behaviour, and extravagant manner.

But it was precisely this unruly disposition which so entirely won his father's heart, that he would willingly have forgotten his lawful son (who for the last twelve years had shunned his house), in order to concentrate his whole affection upon the child of his love. Archibald resembled his father in every feature. *There* was his father's forehead, his father's good-humoured face, the same light brown hair, which played in a thousand luxuriant curls round the boy's neck; the same fiery eye, with the same bold and open expression, the same pouting mouth, and the same quick and hasty manner of speaking. Thus Verner only lived for his son, and embraced him with greater affection than Archibald did his father, whose tenderness the boy appeared to receive as his due.

"Is this your birth-day, dear Father Verner?" asked the little scatter-brain, as he threw his arms about the counsellor's neck; "Simon has just put me in mind of it. The old fool might have mentioned it before. My master

has written me out a pretty Latin verse, which I was to have copied and given to you, but it is now too late, and besides, I don't know what I have done with the paper; you must, therefore, content yourself with a kiss."

"Don't you think that I prefer your kiss to the tutor's verse?" asked the counsellor, as he caught the blooming boy in his arms, and danced up and down the room with him, unmindful of the disarranging of his ruff and chain. Just then the bells pealed a second chime. Simon brought the wished-for nosegay, and Verner prepared for his walk to church.

"Do not expect me to dinner," said he to Simon; "I am invited to dine with the Syndic, who intends to celebrate my birth-day. Simon! give me the nutmeg, with my little nutmeg-grater, for the Syndic will give us Augsburgh March beer, and get me the root which prevents faintness; you will find it in the pocket of my morning dress. That's right. When the curfew sounds, come with the lantern to fetch me, and bring me my velvet cap, to provide against the cold air of the evening. In the mean time, if the Notary should call with the document I was speaking of, bid him return to-morrow. Do you hear? And now make the best of your way

before me, and open my pew door. Good bye, dear Archibald, God bless our in-coming and our out-going."

He again kissed the boy, gave him some money to buy sweetmeats, and, with measured steps and stately air, followed his servant Simon, who preceded him with his prayer-book; and wherever the portly citizen made his appearance among the crowd of church-goers, caps were doffed to the right and left. Master Verner, with his left hand upon his sword hilt, and his right ornamented with the fragrant nosegay, nodded condescendingly on all sides; but as often as he saw a beautiful female face, his whole demeanour bore a more juvenile appearance; and his grey head, elevated with the recollection of younger days, bowed more deeply. When he reached the church, however, his manner was changed for a more collected air, and more serious thoughts took possession of his giddy mind—thoughts more befitting the house of prayer.

Simon soon returned home, dressed the little Archibald in his holyday clothes, and went to prepare the dinner. Archibald, who had been in the garden, and had caught a lizard, ran with his captive to look for the old servant, to play him some trick, as he often did; he glided softly

into the kitchen, and found Simon standing before the fire, while the dinner was dressing.

The old man had a small bottle in his hand, and holding it towards the sun, looked earnestly through it. A milky liquid filled about a third of the phial. Simon shook it again and again, till Archibald, impatient at the delay, with a loud halloo, threw the lizard at him. The timorous animal flew like lightning down the old man's clothes, who, in his fright, let fall the bottle, which broke into a thousand pieces against the flags. Archibald laughed heartily, but Simon cast at him such a look of anger, as the boy had never seen before, and which stayed at once his laughter. A heavy oath, or bitter reproof, seemed to hang upon Simon's lips, but he was too prudent to commit himself, and kept silence till his anger had subsided.

"Well, my young master," he at length asked, with a trembling voice, "what are you the better, that the precious essence with which I am wont to strengthen my old eyes lies spilt upon the ground?"

"Oh!" said Archibald, "I am very sorry for it, but be comforted, my father shall give you money to buy some more, only don't be out of humour, and come with me. I am so bored,

and on Sunday mornings I am not allowed to run about the streets."

"But what business have I with you up stairs, my young master?" asked Simon.

"To tell me stories, old Simon," cried the boy, as he dragged him impatiently along. The old man left the care of the kitchen to the maid Sabina, and followed him, half by force, and murmuring to himself as he went along, "Well, this ought not to be—this ought not to be."

"What ought not to be?" asked Archibald, who never allowed a word to escape.

Simon was a moment silent, and then replied, "I wished to surprise you agreeably, and to have served up for you your favourite dish."

"Millet broth?" asked the boy, with eagerness.

"Well guessed, my little master!" answered Simon; "I had flavoured it with the costly cinnamon which your brother lately sent, with other beautiful presents to your father."

"My brother!" said Archibald, with a roguish smile; "don't talk to me of him, I can't bear him."

"Really! and why not?" asked the servant.

"I do not myself exactly know why," replied Archibald; "but suffice it to say, so it is.

Father Verner cannot bear him either. He killed his own mother, and hated mine. He hates me too, and has often wished that the plague would carry me off! My father has often told me so, and though I have never seen Philip, I hate him as I do wormwood."

"If you knew him——" commenced Simon.

"I don't wish to know him," cried the boy, passionately, as he stamped with his foot on the ground, "he shall never enter this house as long as I am in it. I well know, old Simon (for I hear every thing), that many people dislike me. My uncle Lennard, aunt Laibingerin, and cousin Thurneisen, cannot endure me. When the family meet at my father's, I do not dare appear. Oh! if my uncle Ehrenfried were but here; but he is gone to the wars in Bohemia or Hungary. He used to love me, and play with me; but again, I know that people hate me like a spider, and have often said I am not my father's lawful son; but I will teach them better when I am old enough. My father loves me most, and therefore must I be most of a son to him—a much better son than that runaway Philip, who wishes that the plague would carry me off?"

The boy walked proudly up and down the room, and would have continued in the same

strain, if the Notary, Kalander, had not at that moment entered the room. Simon, already acquainted with the object of his visit, apologised for the absence of his master, made an appointment for the next day, and wished to take the parchment from him, in order to lay it before his master, when he returned home.

"You need not be afraid," said he to the hesitating Notary, "to deliver up the parchment to me, I will answer for its secrets remaining inviolate—I cannot read."

The Notary still hesitated; but reflecting that the parchment might be troublesome to him at a dinner to which he was asked, he consented to leave it, first taking the precaution of folding it in a paper envelope, and securing it with a large seal.

The boy's curiosity was now directed towards this mysterious document, and Simon did not hesitate to tell him all that he knew about it. The reflection that his father was mortal had never once entered Archibald's imagination, and this conversation made the strongest impression upon his thoughtless heart. Simon was obliged to rouse him during his meal, and by talking to him of his future riches, by waiting upon him with the greatest attention, and by showing him all the respect which it became the servant of a

rich heir to show, he gradually dispelled the boy's sadness, and aroused again the spirit of pride and overbearance in his haughty breast.

The lively boy passed the afternoon with his playfellows, engaged in sport and frolic; towards dusk he left the meadows on the banks of the Danube to return home, and having separated from his companions, turned into one or two bye streets. On the ground floor of a cottage, a solitary lamp was burning. Archibald clambered up the stem of a tree, which grew before the house, and peeped in at the window, when a little girl of about nine years of age, who was in the room sitting alone, and winding thread, looked up. "Gertrude," cried Archibald in a low tone, "Gertrude, come out—it is I."

"Is it you, Archibald?" cried the little girl in a joyful tone.

But in an instant her joy vanished.—"Ah! dear, good Archibald," said she, mournfully, "I cannot get out to you. My father is at the meeting of his craft, my mother with a sick neighbour, and they have locked me in."

"Then come to the window," cried the boy. She came, and Archibald, thrusting half his body through the casement, took both her hands, and joyfully told her what a rich man he should one day be, and that he should

have every thing that he wanted, and do whatever he pleased. "Simon has told me all this," said he; "and I have myself seen the writing, in which my father gives me plenty of money, and his golden chain, and his beautiful sword—with it, when I am big enough, I will go to the wars like my uncle Ehrenfried; will return with a heap of treasure, and then, Gertrude, you shall be my wife."

Gertrude smiled, and said, "Many a drop of water will have flowed down the Danube before all this comes to pass; but how foolish you are, why should I be your wife? I had much rather be your sister."

Archibald shook his head, peevishly. "I have already told you," said he, "that I have dreamed we should be man and wife. I have plucked daisies and asters to consult them upon it, and they have always answered, yes! Let me, therefore, be but twenty years of age, and I will then take you home, my blue-eyed Gertrude."

He then gave her a hearty kiss, which she acknowledged by a slap on the face; when, at that moment the door of the next house opened, and Gertrude's mother was heard taking leave in a loud tone. Gertrude shut the window in a hurry; Archibald whispered softly, "Good night," and

crept on his hands and knees past the mother, whose dim eyes did not perceive the frightened lover.

Archibald returned home, his thoughts occupied by his Gertrude, whose charming manner had excited an undefined feeling of opening love. The dark court and the large entrance hall were tranquil as usual; but this evening the child crept up the winding stairs with an unusual feeling of dread, and entered the long gallery, which, passing his father's apartment, led to his own chamber, and a sitting room. The clock of the tower at that moment struck nine, and a light shone from Master Verner's room through the small passage window by the side of the door. Archibald tried to enter, but the door was fastened, and he therefore went on towards the sitting room, just as Simon was coming out of it with a lantern in his hand.

"Is it you, my young master?" asked the servant; "I heard the house door rattling before."

"It is I," said the boy; "but where are you going with the lantern?"

"To fetch my master," answered Simon; "it has struck nine."

"Your master? old dreamer!" laughed Archibald, "he has been at home long since."

"What do you mean?" said the old man.

"I must say," laughed Archibald still louder, "that you take good care of the house, not knowing who comes in, or who goes out. My father has come in, and locked himself into his room."

"'Tis you are dreaming, boy, and not I," answered Simon; "how can he be in his room, and I have the key in my pocket?"

"What!" cried Archibald, in a rage; "you obstinate fool, will you give me the lie? look there, look and see, is there not a light in the room?"

Simon covered the lantern with his cloak, and his knees began to totter, when he perceived the light from Verner's chamber. "Good heavens!" he stammered forth in a fright, as he felt hastily in his pocket for the key, which, however, he instantly found.

"Here is the key, at all events," he continued; "so there must be either thieves or an apparition in the room."

As, however, he continued to stand petrified, and without motion, Archibald snatched the key out of his hand, and in the next moment the door was open, and they both stood in the room.

The Burgess was sitting at the table near the balcony, in full dress; a light was burning before him; in his right hand he held a pen, and in his left the open unfolded will, which he seemed to be reading with a pale and anxious countenance. Archibald involuntarily seized old Simon's cloak, who, with the exclamation, "But, Master Verner, why do you enter the house in this manner, like a thief in the night," approached a couple of steps nearer his master.

Verner turned suddenly towards the intruders, stared fixedly at them, with eyes that glared fearfully from his leaden-coloured features, and in a moment both figure and light had disappeared. The document lay safely sealed upon its former place, and the servant's lantern cast an uncertain gleam around the dark apartment.

Archibald, struck with terror, had pressed his face against the old man, whose heart beat audibly, whose limbs trembled, and who was scarcely able to make the sign of the cross.

"God help us, and be merciful to us," at length sighed Simon, from the very bottom of his breast; "it must surely be—some misfortune must have happened."

A sudden determination at once called him into action; he dragged the trembling child out

of the chamber, gave him up to the care of Sabina, who ran to the spot, and he then rushed forth towards the house of the Syndic.

A quarter of an hour before, one might have heard the noise of the jovial guests afar off, through the tranquil night, but the last minutes had brought about a great change. The windows were still lit up, but the musical instruments, and the songs of the carousers, were no more heard. A silent panic appeared to reign in the house. The neighbours had collected in the streets, and seemed to be giving each other information by gestures and broken sentences.

"What's the matter, my good people?" asked Simon, with a misgiving mind.

The by-standers made way for the well-known old man, who heard his master's name uttered on every side from among the crowd. He succeeded in passing the door—a servant met him—"Oh! Simon, you are too late!" he cried, "too late!—extinguish your lantern—your master will not require your services any more in this life!"

"Prophet of evil!" cried the old man, in a tone of despair, as he rushed up the stairs into the dining room, where he found the guests crowding round his master's corpse.

The hand of God had smitten him in the midst of the joys of the feast, and had levelled the grey head, still warm with the glow and heat of youth, from the pinnacle of joy to the dusky bier.

In ignorance of the future, he had sat at the Syndic's hospitable table (who had thought to celebrate his birth-day), and had partaken of his own funeral feast; and the last drops of the goblet of Rhenish wine, which the king of the feast had proposed to empty to the health of his friends and of himself, had only moistened the stiffened tongue of the departed drinker.

"'Tis the judgment of God!" cried the crowd; who, as usual, decided hastily, and harshly blamed the failings which belonged to the deceased, who, in his thoughtless nature, had not known how to throw the mantle of hypocrisy over his failings.

Few friends mourned the death of the jovial, upright man; but many a poor person, who had found in the kind-hearted Verner a supporter, paid the tribute of a tear to his memory. Still there was not one who grieved more deeply for his loss than the little Archibald, to whom, in a quarter of an hour, the truth was no longer a secret. The obstinate scatter-brain, from whom

the severest correction could draw no tears but those of anger, was so deeply moved, so overcome by this sudden calamity, that he gave himself up to the bitterest grief—a grief, which the sturdiness of his nature was not able to subdue. Almost mad with sorrow, he threw himself upon the dead body, and shed tears of the bitterest anguish. He raved against every one who wished to tear him from the beloved corpse; and even Simon, austere as the old man was, respected the sorrow of nature, and allowed it to take its course.

When, however, the relations, accompanied by the civil officers, came to take cognizance of, and to secure the property for the lawful heir, cousin Thurneisen addressed, in harsh and angry words, the sorrowing child, and gave orders that he should be torn from his father's corpse. Archibald defended himself, resisted, defied, and clung, with unavailing strength, to Verner's couch. The servants stood back through compassion; but Thurneisen, inflamed by sudden anger, seized the youth in his grasp of iron, and thundered forth, in a tone of insulting scorn, "Out of my sight, bastard!" and hurled him senseless to the earth.

Archibald, who was wounded on the head, was carried, in a senseless condition, to his room, and thrown upon his bed, where he was soon

attacked by a severe fever, which would speedily have undermined his tender frame, had not the compassionate Sabina, like a guardian angel, taken charge of the neglected boy.

CHAPTER II.

" Leave this so gloomy look—this panting too
From rage suppressed,—'tis no Medusa's head,
By force torn off, that thou shalt now behold,—
Thy brother 'tis—that to thee came." . . . .

EURIPIDES.

THE storm easily detaches the tender blossom from its parent twig; but should its violence have merely succeeded in inflicting a slighter injury, its youthful vigour, and the balmy dew of Spring, soon raise its drooping head again. Archibald recovered. He had to thank the kind-hearted maid, and his own excellent constitution, for his life; for as soon as his father had been laid in the grave, all deserted the poor orphan. Simon, who now no longer disguised his real disposition, had gladly fulfilled the orders of Thurneisen, in taking the bed from under the wretched child, in turning him out of his room in the height of his fever, and in refusing him every kind of assistance, and even nourishment. Sabina was the only one who resisted this barbarity. She laid the unconscious child in

her own room, nursed him like a sister, tended him with a care and attention much beyond her strength, and at last, with the most heartfelt satisfaction, saw her cares rewarded.

But the child recovered slowly, and the good maid divided even her food with him; refusing herself the common necessaries of life, in order to provide him with nourishment that might restore his lost strength. Archibald felt deeply grateful for all this, and her kindness counterbalanced in some degree his sufferings, caused by the dreadful situation in which he found himself placed, and which he every day learnt more fully to comprehend; for it was impossible that his protectress could conceal from him, that with his father lay buried all his hopes, that Simon entertained the most sinister views towards him, and had already dispatched a messenger to Antwerp to hurry Philip's return to the paternal roof.

Archibald could not for some time understand why he was to be shut out from all share of his father's property, till at length Sabina gradually, and with delicacy, made him acquainted, as nearly as she could, with all the circumstances of the case. The stubborn disposition of the boy revolted against the hardship of his fate, and the injustice of mankind; while,

on the other hand, a consciousness of his helpless condition forced burning tears from his eyes. One day, as he thus lay brooding in silent despair, Simon entered the room.

"How long is all this to go on, Sabina?" he said, in a grumbling tone, as the trembling woman approached him. "My master arrives to-morrow—he must not find the like of him in the house. Either send the troublesome boy away, or I will have the imp thrown into the street, and you shall be turned off."

Sabina was silent in amazement, but Archibald could not contain himself, and he exclaimed angrily to the old man, "Oh! Simon, you wicked old creature, how dare you speak in this manner of the son of your late master; thus shaming him in his very grave?"

But the hoary sinner thundered out, "Silence, you wretch; I respect the memory of our departed master (on whose soul may God have mercy), and I revere his brave son, master Philip; but I detest his bastard, to whom, till now, I have only been too merciful; but every thing has an end, and ——"

"Simon, Simon!" interrupted Sabina, "think on your grey hairs, and have mercy on the helpless. At least leave it to our new master to decide upon the fate of the child—no doubt he

possesses a more humane heart than you do, and will not cast his brother from him. Alas! I myself can do no more for the poor child, but he shall not leave this house till my master has seen him, and decides on his fate. I will not suffer it, should it even cost me ten times my place."

"Impudent hussy!" growled the old man, "your tongue clacks like a mill; the red-haired, milky-faced brat seems to have found special favour with you. Perhaps it is the daring eye of this child of sin that has brought this about."

"You are a wicked slanderer," replied Sabina, crimson with rage, "and will descend with all your sins to your grave, if you shew no compassion to the child. Think on the sudden death of your departed master. What, if a similar lot should befal yourself? or, if he himself should appear as a ghost from the other world, and call you to an account?"

The old man felt his flesh creep, and the spectre countenance of Sunday evening seemed to rise before him! His grey eyes twinkled as he murmured forth, "Let my death take place whensoever, or wheresoever, it may, we are in God's hand, and I am prepared. But still I am glad that Master Verner died at the critical moment, and before he could diminish

the inheritance of his lawful son, in order to enrich the child of his mistress. If, however, you wish to embitter young Master Verner's entrance into his own house, let the child remain. I wash my hands of the whole business." The old wretch then left the room, ere Archibald could find time or words to give vent to his feelings by abuse. But so much the more violent was the subsequent ebullition of his rage, and Sabina was obliged to use her utmost power of persuasion to calm the almost frantic child, who, at so tender an age, already shewed a determination of character which, in conjunction with his very forward talent, might create either great hopes or sad forebodings as regarded the future. By the most affectionate entreaties, by tears, and by prayers, the faithful attendant at length persuaded her *protégé* to wait patiently and collectedly his brother's arrival, to appear before him with the utmost composure, to demand indulgent treatment from his fraternal heart, and to trust in Providence for all things.

On the morning of the eventful day, Sabina dressed the child in his best clothes, arranged his hair with the greatest care, and then went to pursue her own avocations; for the house was to appear as neat as possible, and it was to be thoroughly clean, to receive its new master in

a becoming manner. Archibald, in the meanwhile, remained quiet in his room, through fear of Simon. The most irritating impatience preyed upon his mind; delicious phantoms, and direful fears, alternately took possession of his breast; and he sometimes fancied that his father stood before him, as he had seen him on the eve of his death, regarding him with an expression of the deepest melancholy. He then laid his head upon the window-sill and wept bitterly, till the opening of the house-door again startled him, for at every noise he hoped, and at the same time feared his brother's arrival. He was disappointed—the morning passed, and Philip had not arrived.

Sabina brought him some broth, with white bread, and a little old wine. He could not swallow a drop, so great was his agitation. The hours passed with steps of lead, but still how much too rapidly! It was already late in the afternoon, when Archibald heard the great gate of the court open, and directly after, a tramping of horses in the yard. Then followed a great bustle in the house. Steps running up and down stairs—the barking of dogs 'midst strange voices. That *must* be Philip! Oh! how Archibald would have liked to have cast one look from the landing place

into the court-yard. But Sabina, fearing that old Simon might ill-treat her young friend, had locked him in. The noise gradually ceased. Sabina at length made her appearance. Eagerly, and with the greatest attention, she once more arranged the dress of her *protégé*—nodded her head approvingly, and placed a beautiful nosegay in his hand. "Master Philip is come," said she, with emotion, "and now, my dear boy, take advantage of the first moment, and recommend yourself to his favour, ere Simon can find time to calumniate you."

"And how shall I do it?" whispered Archibald, anxiously.

"I will conduct you to the door of your father's study," answered Sabina; "the master is there—enter boldly, but respectfully—make an obeisance to him—kiss his hand—present him with this nosegay, and say to him, modestly and distinctly, 'Dear Sir, accept this as a welcome—take compassion on an innocent child, and God will bless you for it'—then wait his answer with tranquillity, and do not lose courage—he is a very young man, and God will rule his heart. So now come, my child!"

With a beating heart, and holding his protectress by the hand, Archibald commenced his

eventful undertaking. The thought that he was to appear as a supplicant before his brother, he who had enjoyed his father's undivided affection, was painful to the pride of the boy, and he felt it the more, inasmuch as he plainly saw that he must yield to a stern necessity. He twice caught hold of the lock of the door, and twice withdrew his hand again. At length he yielded to Sabina's friendly exhortations—gave one push—and he stood in the room, separated by the self-closing door from his protectress, and in the presence of him on whom he now depended for good or evil.

The room was filled with saddle-bags, portmanteaus, cloaks, and riding articles, of every description. In the large easy chair of his father, Philip was reposing from the fatigues of his journey. He was a tall, thin young man, of two or three and twenty, of a pale complexion, with black hair, which he wore trimmed short. His forehead was bald, his eyes were dark and large, and a thick black mustachio shaded his thin lips. Beside him, on the ground, lay his hat and feather, his rapier in his buff leathern belt, and a short carbine with a broad muzzle; at his feet reposed two enormous Danish dogs, with white wiry hair, and red glowing eyes. Simon stood

before his master, and was in the act of presenting him with a cup of wine on a silver salver.

The dogs began to growl as Archibald entered. Philip silenced them with a stamp of his foot, and turning with a look of surprise towards the boy, asked "what he wanted?" but neither the blunt tone, nor the piercing glance of the interrogator, nor the kindling rage in Simon's countenance, could intimidate the boy, to whom indeed God seemed to have given a wonderful share of strength to assist him in draining his cup of woe. Collected, and as humble as he could be, he approached his brother, seized and kissed his reluctant hand, placed the nosegay within it, and said, in an affecting tone, "Dear Sir, accept this as a welcome—take compassion on an innocent child, and God will bless you for it."

Philip, who did not understand what all this meant, cast an inquiring look at his servant, and soon read an answer in the signals which he made, and in his scornful look. Immediately dark clouds lowered on his forehead, his eyebrows were drawn together, hate and anger flashed from his eyes, and his lips, always thin, were yet more compressed by rage. Awhile

he kept silence, and looked with a penetrating glance at the suppliant before him.

Archibald never turned his eye from him, though he felt his face burn in spite of himself. At length Philip addressed him in a bantering tone, but which, nevertheless, betrayed the feelings of anger, which were working within him. "So then you are the little basilisk, who have been the bane of my youth, and have robbed me of a father's love—me—his only lawful son?"

Archibald became white as snow, and his teeth chattered as if under the influence of cold. Philip enjoyed his terror, and emptied coolly, and even slowly, the cup of wine which Simon had presented to him. He then turned to the servant, and said, shaking his head, and with a spiteful expression—"You could not indeed have given me a more agreeable reception, than in presenting me, on my first arrival, with this red-haired page. You ought to be rewarded, either by the gallows, the wheel, or at least the whipping-post."

"That indeed should be the reward of the hussy who has got up this farce," exclaimed Simon, who then related how the whole matter stood.

"A cunning lassy, this Sabina," said young Verner with a smile, as he settled himself comfortably in the easy great chair. "Is she another of my worthy father's frail fair ones? Perhaps I may expect the arrival of a second little brother."

Simon shrugged his shoulders.

"A most edifying affair indeed!—and a most respectable establishment I find in my house!" pursued Philip, as he plucked Archibald's nosegay to pieces in a fit of ill humour. The child's eyes filled with tears, but the expression of his countenance and his attitude were as fixed as if he had been petrified—"but what is now to be done?" continued Philip; "the child should never have been permitted to appear before me, and I shall never forget the impertinent way in which I have been forced."

"Only issue your commands," interrupted Simon, with eagerness; "only issue your commands, as regards the intruder, my noble master, and I will take care that they shall instantly be fulfilled."

"Old fool," muttered Philip, gruffly; "he should have been removed before I came." He then turned to Archibald. "What are you fit for, child?"

Archibald did not answer.

"*Valga me Dios!*" exclaimed the hard-

hearted man, with a sneering expression of surprise, who, during the wars in the Low Countries, had learned a few Spanish oaths to make use of, as occasion required, upon his return to his own country. "Don't you think it worth while to answer me? I suppose then that I must take the trouble of finding out myself what you can do. Here! undo my spurs."

He extended his foot, but Archibald stood motionless. Simon, who was accustomed to all acts of servitude, stooped. A savage look from his master stopped him.

"Will you stir yourself?" thundered Philip, in whom rage and anger were at work. "Will you obey me? young viper! or do you choose that my whip should teach you how to bend your back?" At the same time he stretched out his hand, and seized the whip.

"The whip!" exclaimed the excited boy; "good heavens! the whip!"

"Aye! obey me instantly," roared Philip, "or you shall taste it."

In obedience to the necessity of the moment, the boy fell on his knees without uttering; but, unaccustomed to wait on a stranger, and his sight dim with tears, he bungled for two or three moments at the buckle without being able to undo it. Philip, enraged at his awkwardness,

drew back his foot in a passion, tore the poor boy's skin with the sharp rowel, so that he cried aloud, and with a kick upon the breast, laid him prostrate on the earth.

Sabina rushed in, on hearing her *protégé*'s scream. "Out with you," raved Philip at her; "impertinent jade! you shall render an account."

The affrighted maiden fled, and Archibald came to his senses in the arms of his implacable enemy, Simon. He freed himself with a shudder, weeping bitterly, while he wrapped his hands in his handkerchief, and then tried to escape from the room.

"Stop," bellowed Philip, and Simon placed himself before the door. "Little head-strong imp! I will soon teach you manners, clumsy brat of love that you are! I see you will be useless to me, but you may do for a turnspit in the kitchen. Go, Simon, shave the brat's head, and give him a dress of ticking. Let him run barefooted, and shew him to his dormitory in the pig-sty—a proper lodging for such as he is."

"Sir! I am your brother," spoke Archibald, with an almost suffocated voice.

"Silence! accursed basilisk!" screeched the barbarian. "I will order your tongue to be torn out the very first time that you dare call me brother. *Valga me Dios!* I would rather

have a Turk or a Russian for my father, than a bastard for a brother. Hence, away—Toad! crawl again into the slime whence you sprung—you disgrace to my family."

Simon prepared to seize upon Archibald, but the boy tore himself away, clung to the knees of his barbarous brother, and cried in a tone of despair, "Sir Philip! take compassion on a desolate orphan! I am your brother—force me to seek my fortune through the world—take my life, but spare me this humiliation, this disgrace!"

"Ha!" roared his inhuman brother, with an expression of scorn, "can such pride dwell in your reptile soul? Well! you shall have your own way—there." With these words he gave Archibald a most violent blow with the whip across the back, which nearly felled him to the ground. "There, beggar-boy! take that, as the order of knighthood to which you have a right, and be off to the birds of the air and the beasts of the field. Off with you, degraded bastard, and never dare again, at the peril of your life, to enter the house you have defiled by your birth, and infected with your breath."

With this he lifted up the overwhelmed and almost senseless boy from the ground.

"Open the door there!" cried he to the delighted Simon, "in order that this child of sin may find a proper escort! Halloo! Alba!—Spaniol!—up with you—at him—seize him—Hie! Hie!"

The two monsters sprung up like lightning, and with savage yells and foaming jaws, pursued the unfortunate victim, set on by their master. Archibald flew, and gaining strength through fear, succeeded in baffling the raging animals at the winding staircase, and made his escape to the court-yard, where he fell down, totally exhausted. His pursuers obeyed a whistle from their master, and returned; but Simon instead, soon made his appearance, tore off the child's clothes, threw some rags over him, and thrust him from his father's house, bare footed, feverish, and stupified, into the street.

The rain fell in torrents from the heavens—the streets were dark and deserted—there was not a creature visible, from whom the forsaken boy might crave assistance; but could he have done so? Oh! no. He could no longer command either tears or supplications. His lips were incapable of utterance, for the extent of his sufferings had rendered him perfectly callous—that hour had added at least twenty years to

his age. His heart swelled with the anger of a man—his eye glared as he looked towards heaven, without uttering a syllable, and almost without being conscious of his situation. He had sworn a fearful oath of vengeance, and had trusted the fulfilment to futurity; still the present moment required attention, and Archibald looked round for shelter from the storm, and the increasing darkness. He had not gone far, when he saw the open gateway of a great inn-yard. A crowd of servants, bargemen, and sailors, had sheltered themselves under it; Archibald crept through them unobserved, and, drenched as he was, the warmth of an open stable was irresistible; he threw himself upon a bundle of hay, and closed his eyes, but he in vain attempted to sleep. His fertile brain unceasingly recalled the occurrences of the last few hours, and compelled him to be painfully awake; his wounded hand smarted, and at length, unable to bear up against his wretched situation, he again issued forth, and placed himself under the gateway. It was now quite dark, the rain had ceased, and only a few drops trickled from the eaves. The court was entirely deserted, for all the loiterers had betaken themselves to the inn, whose windows were illuminated with numberless lights. The

jovial noise of the careless carousers struck heavily upon the senses of the boy, but his eye remained dry, and he gnashed his teeth convulsively.

There was a fresh arrival of strangers. It was a foreigner of distinction, attended by several armed servants; one bore a torch, and while his companions entered the house, the light of the torch fell upon Archibald's face. "Do you belong to the inn, my boy?" he asked. Archibald bowed his head, without speaking. "Have you lost your tongue, you stupid child?" said the servant good humouredly. "Here, hold this torch till I return; extinguish it carefully in some corner, where there can be no danger of fire, and when I come back you may light it again at the gate light." The speaker then followed his companions, and Archibald was on the point of doing as he was desired, when the light of the torch shewed him the blood on his hands, and rendered their appearance still more ghastly. The sight prompted him to the most desperate resolution perhaps ever taken by a boy. "I am to extinguish the torch," thought he with savage delight, in some corner where it can do no harm, "but what if with this torch I lighted another flame? What if I destroyed by fire the house which my father's

love destined for me, and which my brother has usurped?"

When the musket is pointed towards the enemy, in the twinkling of an eye the deed is done! the priming burns, the powder catches, and the ball has done its duty ere the report announces the murder to the world. Thus is it with the thought of vengeance, and its execution, in man—the lightning of Heaven alone is quicker; and Archibald flew, almost out of his senses, to the house of his birth, which was now destined as a victim to his incendiary fury. Behind the house in which he first saw the light, there was a narrow passage, formed by the offices and the projecting wall of a convent. Not a single apartment looked into this retired passage—no neighbours, who might have perceived and prevented the attempt. Two feet from the ground there was a barred aperture into the wood store of the house, and close to the opening, a number of faggots. The opportunity was favourable—far and near not a sound was to be heard, and the spirit of revenge seemed to throw her blessing upon this first attempt of her docile scholar. He brandished the torch, and the red flame clung eagerly to the faggots to which it was applied; but the rain had soaked it thoroughly, and

thus Providence prevented the attempted crime. The fire would not take, and the obstinate child was in the act of casting the torch into the very centre of the store, when it was suddenly snatched from his grasp. Startled, he looked round, and saw an old woman, with a lantern in her hand, whose hideous features appeared still more forbidding, from the expression of severity which they assumed.

"Child! child!" she cried, in a hoarse tone, threatening the boy with an uplifted finger, while the torch was extinguished in a puddle into which she had thrown it. "What are you about? Do you wish, at your tender age, to die upon the scaffold?"

Fear and shame closed the mouth of the young culprit. The old woman regarded him more attentively, shook her head thoughtfully, and then said, "Do mine old eyes deceive me, or are you not the late master Verner's son?"

"Yes," sighed Archibald, in an under tone.

"Now I understand the whole business," continued the old woman; "the elder son arrived here this day from the Netherlands, has most probably given the lad an ungracious reception, and, in return, he will set his house on fire."

"He drove me out of the house," murmured Archibald, "and I did nothing to injure him."

"Poor child!" said the stranger, in a tone of compassion; "and what a condition you are in."

Archibald, without speaking, shewed her his lacerated hands, whilst tears of anguish and of shame streamed from his eyes.

"The monster!" exclaimed the stranger. "Have you any place of shelter, my poor lad?"

"Alas! no," sobbed forth the deserted boy.

"Then come with me," was her answer. "Come, and tarry not."

She took him by the hand, and led him with her. His unruly spirit had changed into the gentleness of the lamb. "Can you read and write?" asked the old woman, after a short silence. —"Master Rolander has taught me both." The old woman nodded approvingly. "But I can read much better than I can write," pursued the candid child. "Never mind," answered his conductress, "that will soon come: you seem a clever boy, and with more determination than generally belongs to your years. You shall live with me, but you must give up this love for burning, or else ——"

The child shuddered at the recollection of what he had attempted, and he remarked at that moment that they had nearly reached the gate of the town, called the Frauenthor. "Where are you taking me?" he anxiously inquired.

"Outside the gate, to my cottage," replied the old woman, in a serious tone. "I do not live in the city. But a truce for the present with your questions, and thank God that he threw me in your way. Thank your mother too in her grave for it."

Here the old woman shuddered visibly, and then continued in an under tone, "for her sake I will take compassion on you—do you hear? For her sake."

She then turned her head aside, and murmured, with a deep-drawn sigh, "Yes, yes, for her sake. *Miserere, Domine, mei*, for poor Hedvig's sake. *Miserere, Domine Christe.*"

She stopped and muttered with unintelligible quickness a prayer, which, to judge from the earnest motion of her lips, and the convulsive distortion of her countenance, must have been most fervent.

In a few moments they reached the gate—several collectors stood before their dingy watch-house. "The toll-penny," cried one, as they approached. The old woman felt in her pocket. "May death seize me (whispered another to the spokesman, but in a sufficiently audible tone) if it isn't the old mother Lene; don't you know her, Luke? Take but a doit from her, and with

her cursed witchcraft she will hang a pretty load of mischances about your neck."

"Never mind, old dame," continued the first, as he opened the postern; "there is always a free pass for you."

Old Lene accorded him a friendly grin.

"You will only just arrive in time at your Sabbath, my old witch," hiccupped a third, who was very drunk; "but who is this with you? He seems a sharp lad."

"Aye, that he is," croaked Lene; "he is my own dear little son."

"Nevertheless," said the questioner, with a shudder, "I wouldn't be his father for a trifle."

Lene cast a horrible look at the speaker; his companions struck him about the body with all their strength, and he who had the watch entreated the old woman as she passed the postern, that she would not visit upon him the drunkard's insolence, and that she would be pleased to remember her ancient promise to him of a charm that should render him invulnerable.

Archibald, who allowed neither word nor gesture of his conductress to escape his observation, continued to follow her in the most submissive manner; for he really believed that he was in the company of a superior being.

The old woman's dwelling lay about a musket-shot from the gate. It was a small cottage, surrounded by a huge and ancient forest of trees. Its mistress unlocked the door, and called several times, "Schwartzman! Schwartzman!" till at length an enormous black cat, with a loud mew, swung itself from the boughs of a tree which shaded the door, and jumped upon her shoulders.

"Ah, you cunning rogue," said the old woman, as she fondled her pet, "is this the way that you run about, taking your pleasure while your mistress is out, instead of watching the house?"

The cat purred affectionately, and seemed to look with surprise at the young stranger, who, confused by the extraordinary adventures which he had met with, scarcely dared to cast a glance at its shining eyes. They entered the hut; mother Lene locked it carefully after her, and led Archibald into a small clean room, which opened into the kitchen. She desired him to sit down, rekindled a fire from the still glowing embers, and prepared for him, without loss of time, a cake, which tasted most deliciously to his hungry palate. She afterwards placed her hands upon his head, spoke something over him in a foreign tongue, which sounded like a prayer,

and then made him follow her up a narrow staircase, which led to a small loft, where she shewed him a sack filled with moss, as his bed. She then departed, and left the child to his reflections. He threw himself upon his unwonted couch, and this time sleep took compassion on him; his limbs soon felt that delightful glow, the forerunner of a delicious repose, and Schwartzman, who soon sought his accustomed lodging in the same loft, found his new companion in a sound slumber, and nestled himself comfortably by the side of the now happy sleeper.

CHAPTER III.

"Saul! Saul! why persecutest thou me?"
Acts ix. 3.

Archibald's protectress, Dame Magdalen Streicherin, was a person who enjoyed the highest reputation throughout all Swabia and Bavaria, as the possessor of a thousand inestimable gifts—a Sybil who was consulted, and whose succour was sought after, in all cases of need, danger, or sickness; in all affairs of love and marriage; and to whom, both rich and poor allowed the possession of supernatural acquirements, joined to the invaluable gift of being able to dive into futurity, and to lift its impenetrable veil for those whom it pleased her to favour. She had enjoyed this reputation for many years, and it was this extent of her fame, and the many obligations under which she had laid several of the worshipful magistrates of the town, and still oftener their wives, that she had to thank for

the circumstance of her not having long since mounted the pile, to be burned for a witch.

Some years before, indeed, she had had a narrow escape, and the whole toil and study of her life had nigh been in vain. Her evil genius played her a trick which threatened the utmost danger, and it was her good fortune alone that prevented the storm from bursting.

The Emperor Maximilian II. fell sick in the year 1576, at the Diet of Ratisbon. The skill of his physicians was exercised in vain. The prince, whose constitution had suffered from having taken poison in his twenty-fourth year, sank visibly under his illness; but being still in the prime of life, he clung to existence, and thus it happened that, in spite of every circumstance, he ordered the wise woman of Ulm to be summoned to his assistance.

Flattered by the imperial summons, Magdalen obeyed, but her good fortune abandoned her: Maximilian expired, after having used but a few days the essence, which was to have worked prodigies. The chief physician, Crato, who had often warned the emperor against her, saw his worst anticipations fulfilled, and poured forth fire and flame against the unfortunate woman, who had dared to render assistance where he himself had failed. She was obliged

to make the most hurried escape, and retired to Amburg, there to await the impression which this unfortunate and only too renowned attempt might make in her own city. For a full year she abandoned her home, till the circumstance had fallen into oblivion. Every one missed "Mother Lene," and the public voice recalled her. The Council assured her safe conduct and protection, and thus she re-appeared at her own habitation. Her former patrons soon found their way to her again, and her reputation speedily reached a higher pitch than ever. To those afflicted with fever she prescribed the centaury plant; and to the weak, the strengthening dandelion: to the eager maiden, she shewed her future husband in a magic glass; while to others she prophesied good luck and riches from molten lead, or the white of eggs. To cowards, she gave a charm which was to render them invulnerable; to bad marksmen, charmed bullets. She prepared love philters for enamoured damsels; prescribed to voluptuaries the root of the yellow thorn; released those who were bewitched, and relieved man, beast, and field, from the influence of magic: on the whole, she did more good than harm, although she was not very scrupulous as to what she undertook, or the means she employed; and raised herself to such conse-

quence, that all feared to offend her, lest they should cause her to exert upon themselves her supernatural means of vengeance. Nevertheless, in spite of all her art, old age began to press heavily upon her, her step faltered, her hands trembled, and her eyes grew dim. The searching for herbs grew daily more irksome to her; her back ached as she crept along the ditches in quest of the styptic cat's-tail, and the healing liver-wort; and rheumatism became active when she had been loitering long among damp rocks, and by shady mosses, in search of leeches, and water-plants of various kinds. Her feet could now no longer carry her through bush and brier, to search for veronica and campanula; she could no longer make the round of the neighbouring village, raising horoscopes, and distributing lucky charms, for which she contrived to draw substantial fees from the peasants, in provisions and fruits. She had long sought for some assistant, who could perform her rough work about the house, collect herbs and roots, extract their juices, write out prophecies and amulets, and whom she might instruct in chiromancy, and the art of fortune-telling by the lines of the face, that he might turn his knowledge to account in excursions through the neighbouring plain.

Till now she had searched in vain for such an assistant: grown-up persons would not have answered her purpose—a young girl she thought would be too talkative and careless—she also feared, and with reason, her forming some attachment. It must, therefore, be a boy; but in spite of all her pains, she could not find one possessed of the intelligence, talents, and resolution, which she considered absolutely necessary. It was accident that threw young Archibald in her way, as she was returning late from the church-yard, where she had been gathering a supply of bones and chips of coffins, which were to be employed in some necromantic leger-demain.

The daring deed in which she had found the boy engaged, as well as his bold exterior, gave her a favourable opinion of his courage and determination. It was just such an one that she wanted, who, without delay or hesitation, would execute her commands; as soon, however, as she discovered who he was, her determination became still more fixed; she recognised the finger of God, and not mere chance, in the extraordinary accident of their meeting. The name of Hedvig raised a feeling of agony in her breast, and she determined to be as much a mother to the boy as was in the nature of one

who had long since ceased to be animated with the feelings of her sex.

She awoke the sleeper on the following morning, led him up and down through her little cottage, and shewed him her garden, planted with different shrubs; took him into the room where she kept her magical apparatus, and the herbs from which essences were to be distilled, and electuaries compounded, and then fully instructed him as to his future duties, in the event of his choosing to remain with her. Archibald willingly consented; for the solitude and wild position of the cottage, and the frequent excursions through field, forest, and village, had something indescribably attractive to his imagination, and his ardent disposition longed for some insight into the secrets of his mistress. Dame Magdalen behaved most kindly to the child, and instructed him with as much care as if he had been her own son. He soon became acquainted with the different herbs, leaves, and flowers; acquired the elements of chiromancy, and was thus enabled to look forward with delight to the ensuing spring, when he was to wander forth in search of medicinal herbs, and to make an essay in his new art upon the hands of the neighbouring peasants. Mother Lene took the greatest

interest in the child's improvement, and encouraged him with the fullest indulgence, although she forbad him in the strictest manner ever to enter the city. But the prohibition caused him no regret. He had no friends to visit there; and the bitter enemies whom it contained, he could only think of with newly-awakened resentment. At first, it seemed hard not to be allowed to see Gertrude; but upon reconsideration, he thought it quite as well as it was. His pride would have suffered too much in appearing as a beggar before her, to whom, on the very day of his father's death, he had been boasting of his future riches;—he could not think of it.

His life was an agreeable one, free from restraint, and safe from molestation; he rose betimes, and retired early to rest, as he was not allowed to be present at the visits which Mother Lene was in the habit of receiving late in the evening. Every day he learned something new, and, as is generally the case in the enviable season of youth, the image of the past sank by degrees into deeper shadow, while the present appeared to the boy as a friendly conductress, leading him towards the future, who appeared dressed for him in her gala attire.

Archibald had one evening retired even earlier than usual, when the corporal of the civic guard entered Dame Magdalen's apartment. She handed him a chair; the portly soldier placed his musket against the wall, and sat himself comfortably down. "You are a late visitor," said the Dame, as she recommenced her occupation. "Aye! and perhaps a disagreeable one," answered the corporal, as his face assumed a serious cast.

"How so?" asked Magdalen.

"You may recollect, Dame Magdalen," commenced her visitor, "that Christmas is at hand."

"To be sure I do; am I not a good christian?"

"Humph! — Indeed? and at Christmas is ——"

"Your yearly stipend due," interrupted Mother Lene. "How should I forget it? You have never found me in arrear, nor shall I begin now to ask for indulgence."

She drew forth a small purse filled with silver coin, and placed it on the table before the corporal. He counted it out, found it correct, and fastened the purse, with an approving air, to his sword-knot.

"A good christian? why that you are," he said, giving her a friendly nod with his full round face; "that you are indeed. It is

now fourteen years since I began to receive my little stipend from you, and never has it been held back, even for one hour."

"And how should I forget my staunch friend, the bold Hans Schnepfinger?" replied the old woman, "who ever stands by me with advice and assistance, and shews me much more friendship than I can ever repay him with this little sum of money."

"One hand washes the other," said Schnepfinger, smiling, "and mutual assistance is advantageous to both parties. It is even possible that I might at this moment be able to repay your yearly stipend, by a very timely notice."

"And that is ——?" asked Lene, with curiosity.

"You have lately taken a young lad into your house," replied the corporal; "who the boy may be, is nothing to me, but it appears that other people are curious, as regards him."

"Only think!" said Lene, in an indifferent tone, though her heart beat almost audibly from fear.

"There is, for instance, citizen Thurneisen," pursued Schnepfinger, "a capital fellow, only rather rough and quarrelsome, and dreadfully envious; he has heard the child spoken of, and

has given me orders to find out privately all about him. What his design may be, I cannot make out; one thing, however, is certain, he means nothing good—that would be contrary to the burgess's nature. You will know best whether you have any cause for fear or not, and will no doubt arrange your plans accordingly, for he will take you by surprise, when you least expect it; and if he should overtake you riding a tripping horse, then Heaven help you."

"I did not know ——" stammered Magdalen.

"Do what you ought, and leave the rest undone," interrupted the corporal, as he rose from his chair; "I have done *my* duty."

"And for which I most heartily thank you," replied the old woman.

"Nonsense! a trifle not worth mentioning," cried the corporal, taking his leave, and shaking the witch most cordially by the hand; "repay me by one of your charms, to make me invulnerable: a bird has whispered to me that we shall soon come to blows with the Gunzburgers; 'tis true I shall fight like a Turk, and am afraid of nothing, but still, when one has cherished such a handsome paunch as I have got, one would like to bring it safe home again. Do you understand me, mother Lene?"

The old woman nodded in a friendly manner, and held a light to the soldier, as he left her house. Scarcely, however, had the corporal disappeared in the darkness of the night, when she closed the door and bolted it, made up the fire, placed herbs upon it to boil, rubbed and mixed together several powders, and then awoke her *protégé* out of a sound sleep. "Come down, Archibald," she cried, to the drowsy child; "you have no time to lose: in a few hours it will be dawn, and before that time, you must be a different being from what you now are."

"What do you mean, Lene?" asked the boy, yawning as he clambered down the stairs. The old woman did not answer him, but desired him to bare his arms, feet, and breast: lost in astonishment, he obeyed her. She then went to work in earnest, and in a few minutes had converted him into a gipsy boy; the child's fresh complexion yielded to the power of the brown corroding wash, of which Mother Lene had made the most unsparing use. His auburn hair was metamorphosed into straight black locks, which hung over his shoulder; a plaister, descending from his temples over his left eye, and covering half his nose, dreadfully disfigured his cherub face, and a narrow leather thong

fastened round his right knee, and stuck full of needles, kept his leg in a crippled position, which he could not change without feeling their sharpness. Mother Lene, by way of a finish, clothed this miserable figure in a large coarse shirt of sack-cloth, covered his head with a dirty felt cap, and then desired him to return to his bed. "Pray tell me, Mother Lene, what is the meaning of all this?" asked Archibald, who could not recover from his surprise. "You are an unfortunate child," answered Lene, whom misfortune and danger threaten on every side, and therefore, my son, you must learn betimes the golden art of deception; our wit and cunning make us superior to the most powerful in the creation, whose very breath could annihilate us; if you would deceive your enemies, limp, stutter, and gesticulate, like an idiot-boy, and as soon as circumstances will allow, I will release you from these restraints; for the present, however, you must owe your safety to them." Still Archibald could not understand what the old woman meant; but reason was on her side, for scarce had the morning begun to dawn, when the crazy door of the hut almost gave way under the heavy knocks and kicks which were dealt against it. Lene, well prepared for this visit, opened it, when in rushed

a number of armed men and torch bearers, with Thurneisen at their head, and close behind him, concealed by his cloak, Archibald's brother.

"Witch Lene!" said the counsellor, as he violently addressed the drowsy old woman, "in the name of the magistracy, I call upon you to open every hole and corner of your habitation."—"Alas," ejaculated Lene, as she crossed and blessed herself, "what crime have I been guilty of, that you should treat me with such severity?"

"Silence! old hag," cried Thurneisen; "that will be known soon enough. The devil himself shall light the faggots to consume you, if I discover the object of my search."

Lene readily opened every room, and even her laboratory, but the rough Thurneisen did not dare to cross its threshold, and contented himself with casting a searching glance into every corner, to be assured that no one was concealed there. "Humph!" muttered he to his cousin, "we have come on a fool's errand, after all."

Just then, however, his eye rested upon the ladder which led from the kitchen to the loft. "Ha! there is a hiding place!" he exclaimed eagerly; "who is above there?"

"A poor boy!" sighed Lene, "whom I have

taken out of compassion, to cure him of the epilepsy."

"Ha! ha!" cried Thurneisen, joyfully, "that is the very one we are looking after! Give us a light, old witch, and prepare yourself for your reward; by my honour, you shall be drowned in a sack."

"I do not understand you," replied the old woman; "but my conscience is clear, sirs! I will precede you."

She clambered up the ladder, closely followed by the counsellor and Philip; but she had scarcely reached the loft, when the cat, Schwartzman, frightened, and made savage by the sudden light, rushed on the two men, making use of his claws in every direction, so that they would have fallen backwards down the ladder, had not the creature at length quitted them, to save himself by flight.

"May the devil take the cursed beast," roared Thurneisen.—"And our curiosity at the same time," pursued Philip, as they continued to follow the old woman.

"Conrad! Conrad!" croaked the old woman to Archibald, who now, quite prepared for the part he was to act, lay in a fox-like sleep, and peered at his disturbers.

"Conrad!" recommenced the old woman,

shaking him by the arm; "awake! the gentlemen wish to see you."

Archibald moved, rubbed his right eye, and slowly sat up in his couch.

As soon, however, as the strangers saw this figure rise from the straw, and perceived, by the glimmer of the lantern, the disagreeable features and complexion of the idiot-like youth, they turned from him with gestures of disgust. Thurneisen alone ventured to ask the question, "Who are you, child?" But when Archibald, with difficulty, stammered forth a few unintelligible words, the counsellor made a sign to his companions, and retired without uttering a syllable.

"We have been deceived," whispered he to his cousin; "Guisman, the drunken watchman, shall receive two hundred blows of the cane, for making fools of us."

"Let him, in addition, be put in the stocks for a week," pursued Philip, "on my account." The counsellor nodded assent, and left the house with his followers, without a farewell word. Lene closed the door after them, praised the dissimulation of her *protégé*, and returned to her couch, more satisfied with herself than she had been for a long time.

CHAPTER IV.

" Is't midnight?—See, the graves
Expand their horrid jaws, and all at once
Send forth their airy phantoms to the moon—
Whole troops of ghosts rise from the charnel vaults—
Shades upon shades rush screeching through the air—
While the dim train obeys the witches' staff."

ANONYMOUS.

THE following morning brought Lene another visiter. Simon entered the kitchen as she was occupied in the preparation of an elixir. " Good morning to you, mother," said he, in a low tone, as he sat himself familiarly down in the chimney corner.

" This is an unusual visit," answered Lene; " what brings you here?"

Simon cast a searching glance round the room, drew nearer the old woman, and then commenced, in a suppressed tone, " We know each other, Mother Lene!"

" Unfortunately we do," answered she, at the same time stirring the ingredients of the cauldron.

" Unfortunately!" replied Simon, with a dia-

bolical laugh; "it would have been fortunate for you, had each of your customers put as much money into your pocket as I have."

Lene cast an angry look at him, and shrugged her shoulders. Simon, however, appeared to take no notice of this, and continued, "I give you credit for too much good sense, to suspect you would humbug me about qualms of conscience, regard for my soul, and nonsense of that sort; you must have long since found out that that game would not answer; and although Hedvig ——"

"Silence!" screeched the old woman, interrupting him, and lifting the foaming vessel with a threatening attitude; "pronounce not that name, if you do not wish that this healing potion should be turned to poison, at the wickedness of your words."

"Come, come!" muttered Simon, cautiously retreating; "you must have dreamt last night of the witches' sabbath, since this morning every thing goes wrong. I did not know that a new skin, as delicate as the one under an egg-shell, had grown over your conscience. Faith, I am half afraid to out with my proposal, advantageous as it would be to you."

Lene had considered, however, in the mean time, that she had expressed her feelings too

openly, and that she might be the means of bringing ruin on the child, should she neglect an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the designs of his enemies; she therefore forced herself to smile, rubbed her forehead, as if collecting herself, and spoke in a milder tone to the servant. "Do not take it amiss, my good Simon; my head gets so confused sometimes, that I often run the risk of offending my staunchest friends. I am now very old, have outlived my time, and sometimes, when I think of my latter end, a feeling of melancholy will come over me; however, I soon throw off these fits, and become myself again. Speak, Simon; tell me what I can do for you, and my redoubled zeal shall make amends for my recent rudeness."

Simon's countenance again resumed a friendly expression. "This is as it should be," said he, "I have now confidence in you again; I forgive, with all my heart, your attack upon me, for I know, from experience, what are those feelings which you have described to me. *I* am also seized by fits of melancholy, when I think on death; often and often have I suffered thus; still I consider that it is but the weakness of the flesh, that trembles before its annihilation; the spirit continues as determined as ever."

Lene nodded assent. Simon continued.

"But to return to my business with you; it is this, my good Lene. You lie under a suspicion which has proved to have been groundless. The watchman Guisman had hinted as much as that you had taken home with you the son of the departed Verner; this would have been highly disagreeable to his relations, for many reasons. Your house has been ransacked, and they have only discovered a deformed child, whose cure you have undertaken from feelings of compassion. Is it not so?"

"Even so!" replied the old woman; "the poor creature is from the Margraviate, the son of a poor widow, who has hardly wherewithal to keep herself alive."

"Indeed!" said Simon, with a suspicious air; "God will reward you for your humanity, and cut off a couple of inches from the list of your crimes, as a tailor cabbages from a piece of cloth. But I should like——Could I see the child?"

"Why not?" pursued the old woman, with a careless air; "he is unfortunately from home at present." As she spoke she looked out of the kitchen window into the garden; "there he is, as though we had called him—there he limps along by the side of the meadow hedge—I sent him out to gather herbs—the best are to be found

now, in the early spring—look! you can observe him at your ease, he is standing still by the hedge, looking at the opening buds, poor idiot child!"

Simon stretched his head for a moment out of the window, and then drew back, with an air of satisfaction. "No! no!" he said, with a knowing expression, "this object is certainly not Archibald, who, with the exception of his red hair, which does not please every body, was certainly not an ugly child; well then ——" and he sat himself down with renewed cordiality, close to Lene, by the fire-side. "Well then, now to business—Archibald is no longer in Ulm—so far all is right—you may easily fancy that a bastard always brings disgrace upon a family, but who knows where he is? into what hands he may have fallen? who knows but he may return, and give every kind of annoyance? You must not think we are in dread of him—Heaven forbid! but it would be a source of uneasiness to the family, and of much delight to ill-natured neighbours, if such a creature should possess the power to become a plague and an annoyance to the lawful heirs."

"But how could that possibly happen?" asked Lene, as she gazed at Simon with a most searching look; "if there are no grounds upon which the boy could rest his claims?"

"I see," answered Simon, as he examined attentively the blue clocks which adorned his stockings, "that you have heard what the whole town is talking about, and which that gossiping Notary Kalander has let out; and, in truth, how could any thing have remained concealed from you and your enchanted mirror?"

"Continue," said the old woman.

"Well, then, the will," pursued the narrator, in an unconnected manner, "of which so much has been said, and which Kalander declares he drew up, according to my late master's directions, and which is said to contain a few legacies for Archibald—I will confess this will is in existence."

"I know it," said Lene, collectedly.

"It is an awful thing—this same will," continued Simon, drawing near the attentive crone. "The notary brought it, without signature, to the house; if it had remained so, why then we need not have denied its existence—it would have been invalid, to all intents and purposes; but you must not laugh at me, you know it all better than I do."

"Proceed!" said the old woman, collected as before.

"At the moment when my late master died,

his parting spirit appeared in the house—I saw him with my own eyes."

"I know that," said Lene, in the same tone.

"Aye! is it not true?" asked Simon, as he wiped the drops of sweat from his brow. "Now listen! he was sitting at the table, the will before him, a pen in his hand, and when Master Philip arrived, and opened the will, *it was signed!!*"

"And now you wish to destroy the document?" asked Lene.

"Master Philip thinks of nothing else; he dares not destroy it, or deface the parchment with his own hands, and he will not entrust it to the hands of any stranger—not even to mine. The story of the will is daily gaining ground, and some soft-headed fools are beginning to make an outcry at the sudden disappearance of the child from our house; even in the council they begin to whisper about it, and cousin Thurneisen, with his powerful voice, has as much as he can do to allay the storm. Perhaps he may not be able to do so long; we have, therefore, at last—that is to say, my master and I—we have hit upon a plan which will succeed in keeping matters quiet. Of what use is life to Archibald? will he not drag on a miserable existence, despised by the whole world, as the

child of sin? Would not his possible return to his home bring disgrace upon the respectable family into which he has been smuggled by a profligate father? Would he not inflict an indelible disgrace upon it, should he ever succeed in introducing himself into its bosom? The interest of one must yield to that of many. It is clearly the interest of the Verner family that the child should cease to live, in order that the threatened evil should end with his existence. No one knows where he has taken refuge, whether near or far off. Heaven alone, and those who have the power of prying into the secrets of the hidden world, can know it. My master has therefore sent me to you, to entreat your forgiveness if you should have been offended by the nocturnal visit at which Thurneisen forced him to be present; and has requested of me to ask you whether your magic art could not discover the boy's present asylum; and then, as Master Philip would not himself make use of dagger or poison against a brother, although a natural one, as that would be risking his salvation, would you not, for a princely reward, bring about his death, by means of your magic, in the most prompt, and at the same time the least painful manner that you can contrive?"

"Do I understand you aright?" asked the old woman, shuddering internally.

"You'll do it, won't you?" replied Simon, with composure. "It will be a trifling effort; for the art of striking with death far distant objects and bodies, can doubtless not be strange to so skilful a sorceress as you are. The court magician of that blood-thirsty queen Catherine of France, brought it long since from Italy, and the Jewish magicians have rendered it common in Germany."

"I imagine that it is not such as you that will instruct me in my art," interrupted Magdalen in a haughty tone; "I will undertake it, were it only to silence your apparent doubts as to my abilities; but what is to happen afterwards?"

"When you have removed him," continued Simon, "my young master, as I have already told you, will reward you in a princely manner; will give it out that he has discovered the long-sought-for testament, will lay it before the council, and apparently use every endeavour to discover the child, over whose grave the grass will have already grown, or whose body will have become a prey to the birds and beasts. Philip will then have done his duty;

his property will remain in his undisputed possession, and the bastard will never re-appear."

"Capital!" muttered Lene. "Done! I agree to the bargain; but I insist on two conditions:—first, that the child shall die a quick and easy death."

"Such is my master's own wish," said the servant.

"Secondly," continued Lene, "Masses must be said for his soul in some Catholic church in the neighbourhood. There is great virtue in these masses, whatever you protestants may think to the contrary."

"It shall be done, I pledge you my word," answered Simon.

"Now then depart," whispered the old woman, "and tell your master that I shall expect him between ten and eleven o'clock this evening. You may accompany him. I shall have every thing that is necessary for our operations in readiness. Be sure, however, that Philip brings with him the will in question; it must be placed in my hand during the ceremony, lest, by exercising a supernatural influence over the boy's life, my spells might be counteracted."

"The will?" asked Simon, hesitatingly.

"You shall receive it safely from my hands again," replied Magdalen, "as soon as ever you

shall be warned by an infallible sign that the boy is no more."

"I shall endeavour so to arrange it," said the old man, taking his leave.

"Bring with you a large bag of gold," cried mother Lene, with a distorted laugh; "I will provide the rest." She then locked her door, and when alone, considered within herself as to the best manner of proceeding, in order most fully to attain her objects.

"Archibald!" cried she at length to the boy, who at that moment tottered in under a heavy load of herbs. "Archibald! come here, and let me speak a few rational words with you."

The child was all attention, and became dumb from fear, when he heard what was planned against him only lightly hinted at.

"You now see, my poor child," said his protectress, as she affectionately patted his gipsy brown cheek, "how necessary it is that you should continue for a considerable time to present yourself to the world in the hideous disguise which now conceals you. Persecution upon persecution will follow you, and plan upon plan be laid for your destruction, and you will owe your preservation only to your disguise, and to the superstition of your enemies, which has led them to place their cause in my hands. I

shall consider it my duty to do every thing I can to serve you, and you may place every reliance on me. One day or other you shall know the reason why I thus interest myself for your welfare. I should not even have made you acquainted with this design of your enemies, whom you have already such ample cause to hate, did I not need your co-operation, to make more complete the deception which I mean to practice on the wretches, and thus to put the seal to the work. Your welfare is at stake; will you promise me to perform my commands?"

The boy promised most faithfully that he would.

"Well, then," continued Lene, "lie quiet in your bed, till you hear eleven sound from the town clock; I shall then commence my incantations: be attentive, and listen until you hear three distinct blows, and when you shall hear me repeat these words—

"Flow on—flow on—thou red, red blood!
The turf be moistened with thy flood;"

draw a deep, loud sigh, and moan forth distinctly, 'Philip, cruel brother, I expire; my blood be upon your head;' then creep quietly away, and conceal yourself under the heap of

straw. It will be better, when you repeat the words, to place your mouth upon the floor of the loft; they will be heard more distinctly through the ceiling of this room. Now go; take that cake of bread from the hearth, and while you are eating it, learn perfectly by heart the words which I have repeated to you."

Archibald did as he was desired, and only regretted that he had not a more important part to play in the approaching drama. He had soon practised how to pronounce the words in the moaning tones of a dying person, and then awaited the night with alternate feelings of impatience and rage.

The evening closed in dark and stormy; gusts of wind swept along the streets and over the roads; the sudden blast raised up columns of dust; the just budding branches of the forest bent beneath the violence of the hurricane; the dismal pine trees waved agitatedly their mournful branches, and far and wide, over forest and plain, and across the swelling waves of the Danube, the storm howled, in accents resembling the horror-inspiring wailings of spirits; heaps of black clouds were piled up in the firmament, which were occasionally torn asunder by the violence of the blast, and as quickly reunited. The moon pursued her path across the troubled sky,

and shed a pallid ray upon the troubled masses of cloud, whilst every light was extinguished, lest an unlucky chance should unite two warring elements in the work of destruction; Lene's hut alone, by a light, shewed signs of life, while its mistress, engaged in preparations for her incantations, impatiently awaited the arrival of her visitors.

Archibald lay up stairs upon his bed of straw; but curiosity increased more and more in the bosom of the lively boy; he could not close an eye, although Lene had promised to awake him before she admitted the strangers. Overcome by his impatience, he at length arose, and peeped through the loft window, to watch the arrival of the visiters, for a good half hour had already passed since the storm had conveyed to his ears the indistinct sound of the city clock, as it struck the tenth hour.

In a few moments he perceived through the gloom a light-coloured cloak, "it is Philip," whispered the boy to himself, with concentrated rage and clenched fist—"it is Philip and Simon; the wretches are coming to destroy me; but patience!" said he, as he gnashed his teeth, and crept back to his couch, where he heard the visiters knock at the door below, and a second

silent oath of vengeance had mounted up to heaven.

"Awake!" cried the old woman, in a stifled voice, which ascended the stairs; "Awake! they are come."

"I am awake," replied the boy in an equally subdued tone, as he placed his ear to the floor, prepared to listen with the utmost attention, in the hope of hearing something of what was going forward; but his hopes were vain. The floor was too thick to allow the conversation, conducted as it was in undertones, to reach him, and not even a chink was to be found where his eye might penetrate into the mysteries of the assembly. The voice of his detested brother reached Archibald only in indistinct tones; that of the still more detested Simon was weaker: at length his recklessness, his curiosity to hear or to see, had reached the highest pitch. Regardless of all consequences, his determination was speedily taken. Cautious as the lurking wolf, he crept from his couch, left his heavy sabots upon the straw, undid his gaiters in order to move with greater activity, and descended, barefooted, and in silence, down the wooden ladder into the kitchen. Like a skilful general, who provides the means of retreat, he opened lightly

the casement which led into the garden, and at last lay down at the door of the room where they were assembled, and into which his eye had discovered the means of penetrating by means of an invisible chink, through which he heard every syllable of what was passing within.

A table hung with black stood in the middle of the room; a lamp placed near it on the floor, duskily illuminated it, and threw its light upon a magic circle, composed of toad-stools, slips of yew placed cross-ways, and splinters of coffins. Within the circle, behind the table, stood the old woman, in a gaudy gown of faded yellow stuff; her head and breast covered with a coarse black cloth; without, stood Philip, enveloped in his cloak, and behind him, next the wall, resembling an evil spirit, leaned Simon.

"I have agreed to every thing," said Philip; "but you must give up all idea of the will."

"I cannot," replied Lene; "it has been consecrated by the ghost of the departed father, as a talisman for his child, who cannot perish till the spell has been removed."

"Ask any thing you like," recommenced Philip, "but give up the idea of the will; I will not part with it."

"As you choose," answered the old woman. "Thus, then, our business is at an end; and I

have only to regret that you have taken the trouble to leave your homes in this stormy weather."

"I hope I have done it to some purpose," said Philip, producing a heavy purse. "Look, these are sterling Spanish doubloons; they are your's if you only perform, without delay, what I require of you."

"Were you to tempt me with all the treasures of the New World I cannot do it," growled forth Lene. "Do you then suppose that with your wretched yellow dross there you can command the world of spirits? Return home; I can do nothing for you."

"Accursed hag!" whispered Philip to his servant, "what am I to do?"

Simon shrugged his shoulders.

"Were I certain," recommenced Philip, "that is to say, if I thought that all would be secure ——"

"Go! go!" said the old woman, "you resemble a suspicious merchant, who, because he himself deals in adulterated wares, suspects deceit whichever way he turns. Go home—get yourself bled, that your brain may be cleared; and another time offer not so readily your well-stocked purses, at least not to me, whom you would not trust for one minute with a

miserable parchment, that I would not, and even could not, keep from you. Good night, sirs, I am getting sleepy—a safe return to you."

She took the lamp, and opened the door for her visiters. Philip stood undecided, but Simon seized the old crone by the hand, and reclosed the door. "So slight an obstacle," he said, "must not put an end to the whole business; the mistress must, after all, know best what she requires to go to work with, therefore, my noble master, I recommend you to make no further objection."

"But the parchment is a document of so much importance," sighed Philip.

"I am aware of that," answered Simon, "though I can neither read nor write; but don't you hear that you are to get it back quite safe."

"Perfectly safe," cried Lene, "unless you yourself disturb the progress of the incantations; in that case the talisman would be destroyed before your eyes, without the aid of man's agency."

"There! hear what she says," remarked Simon to his master; "even were this to happen, there would be no great harm done: the unlucky parchment would be got rid of, and the

devil himself could not find it in your possession then."

"Well, be it so, since *you* urge me to it," said Philip. "Here, Dame Streicherin, here is the parchment. Now set to work, and lose no time. A cold shudder comes over me, when I think of the deed we have before us."

"It will not cost you much trouble," answered Lene, as she hastened to uncover the table, and began to arrange the materials, which till now, had been hidden under a black covering. "Step within the circle, my masters, and attend to what I am going to say to you; keep mouth and ears closed, take no notice of what you may happen to hear, do not speak until I question you, and then let your answers be as short as possible; and mark, if you quit the circle, or interrupt my work by any inconsiderate remark, you will destroy the spell, so that it cannot be recommenced, and it will be fortunate if no worse consequences ensue. Will you promise to observe what I say?"

Both hearers promised, and stepped within the circle. Mother Lene took from the table a withered dead man's hand, in which a green candle, about a finger in length, was tied by a blood-red strip of linen—lit its wick at the

lamp, and gave it to Simon to hold, in order to give light during their operations. The hoary Simon became pale as snow, and wished to decline the office, but an angry look from his master caused him to take hold of the horrible candlestick, with a shudder of horror. "Don't be afraid," said the old woman, as she extinguished the lamp, that the uncertain light of the green taper might alone appear—"'Tis no hand of a despicable thief, picked up from under the gallows, and which robbers would make use of to break into a house, or pick a lock without being seen: it is the right-hand of a fratricide, who murdered his younger brother, in order to gain possession of the whole paternal inheritance; and for this reason we could not make use of a more proper instrument for *our* purpose. This taper, formed from the fat of adders, renders, with its gloomy light, our doings invisible; though by its gleam I am enabled to perceive those objects which I wish, at the most remote distances; in this dish (consecrated for the purpose by an imprecation) I lay this parchment, the last mark of paternal love towards a son begot in crime: and now, before I exhibit my magic mirror, let us proceed to a silent preparation for what is to follow."

She then fell upon her knees, threw a handful of incense into a pan of hot coals that stood near her, and covering her face with her hands, laid her head upon the table. The spectators stood motionless as statues within the circle—the flickering light alone of the fearful lamp betrayed the shivering dread that ran through Simon's veins; it was a solemn moment, which even caused the blood of the listening Archibald to flow quicker; there was a deep silence in the interior of the cottage, while the storm without raged with redoubled violence.

After a long pause, Mother Lene raised herself with the gesture of one inspired, and displayed her oval-shaped magical mirror; around it lay an extraordinary collection of things, a small wax human figure, a small branch of evergreen, an egg, a muscle-shell containing a little milk, a long needle, a hammer, and a nail. After a short and indistinct form of conjuration, the old woman asked, in a tone of voice which Archibald had never heard her speak in before.

"In the first place, you wish to know where the boy whom we want to get rid of, now is?" Philip nodded assent.

Lene rubbed the glass, turned and twisted it up and down with the most extraordinary

gesticulations, looked into it, and at length spoke. "I see him dressed in rags, bare-footed, and pale-faced; his light hair, rough as a horse's mane, hangs about his shoulders; he directs his steps through a thick wood; there he stands at the door of a mendicant monastery, and pulls the bell—he asks for alms, or at least for food to appease his hunger."

Philip looked before him with an unmoved countenance, but Simon's face expressed a wicked joy; Archibald, all eyes and ears, scarce dared to draw his breath.

"The scene changes," proceeded the old woman; "I now see the inside of the monastery, and the room which is used as the hospital. Oh! what crowds of sick! at the back of the chamber I see him upon a wretched pallet, sick, miserable, and in affliction; a raging fever saps his strength, an aged monk is at hand to render him assistance, while all besides avoid the youthful heretic; the scene changes not again, and presents therefore an image of his present situation. Do you still persist in your resolution, or will you leave it to Nature to decide upon his life and death?"

Philip hesitated, but Simon touched him, in order to rouse him. "Let it be brought to

a close! we will persevere!" cried the unnatural brother, almost inaudibly. Archibald's pulse throbbed as if in a fever.

"Now then," exclaimed Lene, in the highest pitch of frenzy, "I call upon death in person to be present here unseen, far or near, to be at hand to serve me, and with me to destroy a detested life; yet do I wash my hands of the blood; let it fall, with all its consequences, upon the head of those who now stand before me in the circle."

The charcoal pan threw up clouds of smoke, which cast a mist over the whole room, and from underneath the hangings of the table a death's head, overgrown with moss, rolled into the circle. The spectators started, but the sorceress snatched up the little wax figure from the table, touched it with the parchment, which caused it again to fall into the dish, repeated over it some unintelligible forms of conjuration, and then cried, "This figure, bewitched and prepared, is the image of him who is here to be offered up; whatever happens now to it, must happen in the instant to him whom it represents. Do you acknowledge it as the likeness of the child, Archibald, and, for the last time, do you remain fixed in your determination?"

"We acknowledge it," they both replied with one accord; "and remain fixed in our determination."

"Well then," pursued Mother Lene, tearing from her head the cloth that covered it, so that her grey hair fell in disorder about her face—"Well then, depart, child! and seek an early grave! He lies sick and ill with a raging fever," said she, with rolling eyes; "shall he slowly dwindle to a corpse, or shall he instantly expire?"

"Let the diseased branch wither," cried Simon, in a savage tone.

"Let him die at once, and without pain," cried Philip, quickly.

"So let it be!" answered Lene. "Thus, therefore, instead of this needle, which, slowly and gradually introduced into the breast of this image, would have consumed by degrees the strength of life of the devoted one, I take the nail and heavy hammer." She beckoned Simon to approach, and held the nail in the flame of the taper, to heat it; her lips moved convulsively, prayers and incantations proceeded rapidly from her mouth, and at length, at the first stroke of midnight, she threw the image on the table, held the nail upon its breast, and cried, in an awful voice—

"Depart—depart—detested breath,
And straight become the prey of death."

She then left the nail sticking in the image, cast the young branch, the egg, and the muscle-shell full of milk, into the fire, and muttered,—

" As the first of the tree, of the hen, of the cow,
So fall! first-born of life, and so vanish too thou!"

She next seized the hammer, and with three powerful blows drove the nail into the breast of the image, crying—

" Flow on—flow on—thou red, red blood!
The turf be moisten'd with thy flood."

Archibald, who, entirely occupied by the dreadful scene before him, and paralyzed with fear, had forgotten to return by times to the loft, and could scarcely keep his feet, with difficulty recovered his speech, now that his turn to speak had arrived—raising himself with a feeling of fearful awe, and stepping back towards the open window, he groaned forth as he went, in a dying tone—" Philip! cruel brother, I die—my blood be upon your head!"

At that moment a stream of blood, caused by some sleight-of-hand of the sorceress, spirted up from the breast of the image. Simon, panic-struck, let fall the taper; and Philip, almost out of his senses, and with the exclamation—

"Archibald, all is over!" rushed out of the circle, and from that into the kitchen, partly to breathe the fresh air, and partly to convince himself that no deception had been practised.

Archibald, on hearing the noise, had sprung out of the window, and concealed himself behind the nearest bushes, whilst the cat Schwartzman, returning home at the same time, jumped upon his shoulders, and fixed his two gleaming eyes upon the excited Philip, who had approached the open window, in order to refresh himself by the cooling breeze that entered there.

"Nothing but the devil's image everywhere!" he cried, as, startled by a loud explosion, he hurried back to the room; it was filled with smoke and mist, the taper was still burning upon the ground, and a clear flame was fast consuming the parchment, which had been placed in the dish. Simon lay extended upon the floor, almost senseless, and the sorceress was upon her knees, near the chafing-dish, with covered face, and trembling violently!

"What has happened?" he exclaimed. "Lene! accursed witch! where is the will?"

"Look yourself, and behold it," sighed Lene, as she pointed to the burning parchment; "you have disturbed the incantation, and a stroke of

lightning has destroyed the talisman. Your brother is no more; but heaven defend you from the evil consequences of your rashness."

"Archibald is no more," said Simon, gradually recovering from his stupefaction, and raising himself up; "let the will, then, go to the devil, it will never again do us either harm or good; but do let us escape from this haunted cavern, for I was knocked down, as by a thunderbolt, when the fire of heaven flashed into the dish."

He threw a cloak upon his master's shoulders, and drew him towards the door.

"Don't forget the masses for the poor child's soul," cried the old woman after them. Philip shook his head, and let fall a purse of gold, while he and Simon made all the haste they could, in order to escape from the neighbourhood of the hut.

Lene remained without moving for a quarter of an hour; she then arose, looked through the doors and windows, to ascertain that nobody was watching her, then barred them carefully; listened upon the stairs to Archibald's heavy breathing, who had thought fit to play the sleeper, that he might revolve, undisturbed, in his own mind, the adventures of the night; then replaced in her laboratory all her magical apparatus;

and, lastly, locked up in her strong iron box, which was concealed in the back of the house, the will, which she had contrived to filch away by sleight of hand, and had replaced in the dish by another parchment, purposely anointed with an inflammable preparation.

CHAPTER V.

" Plains of my fatherland, beloved home;
Shall I then part from you—a stranger-guide,
To follow to a land that knows me not."

S * * * * * * * *.

NOTWITHSTANDING what had passed, Dame Lene became daily more anxious, as she remarked that old Simon was continually inventing some excuse for coming to her habitation; he called frequently, at most unseasonable hours, and appeared to notice Archibald with the greatest and most persevering curiosity. The child, indeed, played so admirably the part of an idiot, that the closest observer would have been deceived; but who could say that the young actor would not, one time or other, betray himself, and for this reason Lene kept him as much as she could from the hut, by sending him on errands of every kind; and, in her solitude, earnestly reflected how she should procure for her *protégé* a certain place of refuge. Archibald, on the other hand, of a thoughtless and

lively disposition, delighted in the idea of misleading his most bitter foes by his own dexterity, till a time should come when age and opportunity might put it in his power to reward them as they deserved. He neither allowed the restraint of his disguise, nor the fear of immediate discovery, to prevent him from following up his pursuits of learning, still less to hinder him from amusing himself. He became daily more formed, both in mind and body, and thought he saw, in every beauteous spring morning, the omen of future happiness. The little cottage of his foster-mother he began to consider as his cradle; the cat, Schwartzman, as his earliest companion; the forest, and the meadows about the house, as the gift of heaven to himself; the town of Ulm, which, grey and venerable, rose above the loft which he inhabited, had become to him as the towers of a strange city; just as the recollections of past and happy times appeared to him but as a joyous dream: but when he lay stretched upon the green turf, on the verge of the forest, and listened to the rustling of the leaves, and the twittering of the birds, when he looked, from the foliage of the arbour upon the tranquil plain, as it lay extended beneath the beams of the setting sun—when he contemplated the mountains, with their

outlines marked in the deep violet of the horizon—when he gazed upon the stream of the Danube, shining with its golden rays, and then upon the ancient city, which, grand and noble, extended itself before his view—then—then, indeed, other thoughts would arise. That ancient city was indeed well known to him; his active foot had run over every yard of it, when engaged in play with his companions; there, where the long monastery is to be seen, must stand the house of his birth, with its spacious court-yard, and its well-known rooms and passages—that paradise of his childhood, in which his father dwelt, and watched, like a guardian angel, over the tender years of his beloved son. How every thing had now changed; disguised like a fugitive criminal, the exile now dwelt within sight of his home, in which no affectionate heart now beat for him, since that of his fond father had been hushed—his fond father, who now lay in his grave, beneath the green turf which surrounded that lofty tower, and whose grave even his own son could not visit without danger.

One evening, after having indulged for some time in pleasing, though melancholy reflections, Archibald jumped up from the moss-covered mound, which had served him as a resting place, and struck into the forest path, which would

conduct him most quickly to Mother Lene's habitation; for the day, which had been one of the most sultry of the spring, had changed into a threatening evening, which, with its storm-charged clouds, was closing over the tops of the forest. A few large drops began already to patter upon the leaves, and the rolling of the thunder announced the speedy approach of the tempest, which extended, like a black banner, from the shores of the Lake of Constance over the whole of Swabia. Archibald hurried on as fast as the strap round his knee permitted, which Mother Lene had forbidden him, once for all, ever to remove. The way, however, was long, and the boy too much crippled to make any great haste; and thus it happened, that the whole fury of the storm came upon him in the very middle of the forest. Flash upon flash, thunder-clap upon thunder-clap, followed in the most rapid succession, and the pouring rain, mixed with hail-stones, had soon forced its way through the half-opened leaves. Archibald, at such a moment of need, no longer paid attention to Lene's instructions, and looked around for some place of shelter, where, protected from the inclemency of the weather, he might rid himself of the strap which crippled him, and set forward again on his return with redoubled speed.

His quick eye instantly discovered a dark building, about fifty paces distant from the foot-path, and he soon forced his way through the bushes to it: he stood before a small ruined chapel, in the interior of which there nevertheless seemed to be room for a person to stand upright, whilst the roof had every appearance of being waterproof. He stepped into the desolate building, which appeared thoroughly dilapidated, and, attracted by a suspicious sort of breathing murmur, he looked through the gloom, and beheld a little girl crouching in the corner. She held a goat in her arms, and had lain herself down, so as to be almost concealed by the animal. The girl answered Archibald's call by an ejaculation of fear; this cry, however, soon betrayed her to the mindful ear of Archibald, who thought that in this secluded spot he had met with a guardian angel.

"Gertrude!" cried the boy, agreeably surprised, as he rushed forward to embrace his little playfellow, "do I again find you?" She flew from him in a panic, and retreated to the ruined altar. The goat sprang before his mistress, as if to protect her, and, in an attitude of defiance, presented his horns to the stranger. Archibald, however, remaining at a distance, repeated, in his softest voice, "Gertrude! Ger-

trude! have I then, at last, found you?" At that moment a flash of lightning illuminated the chapel, and Gertrude, as she beheld the horrible figure of the intruder, as it stood before her, covered her face with both hands, and exclaimed, almost in tears, "Who are you, then? I do not know you."

"Do you no longer know your Archibald?" asked the afflicted boy, who immediately became alarmed at the danger of discovery, when it was too late to recall the words that might betray him.

"Archibald!" exclaimed the little girl in delight, "Verner's Archibald! But no! you must deceive me—'tis true the voice is like; but your face is hideous, and certainly does not resemble Archibald's."

Archibald then first recollected the horrible disguise that he was condemned to wear, and could not find fault with the fear displayed by the little girl. He approached her with all the friendship of their early days, re-assured her, and recalled to her recollection so many little occurrences of their childhood, that she was obliged to lay aside every doubt. As he sat down by his little friend, the well-known goat recognised with caresses its old playfellow; and as he related, from the commencement and

without omission, all that had happened to him, where he lived, and wherefore he wore his present disguise, Gertrude was herself again, embraced him a hundred times, and thanked the storm, which, as she was fetching home the pet goat from the pasture, had driven her into this ruined chapel, where she had once more found her friend and little husband.

Archibald continued thus, while he fruitlessly lamented his indiscretion; "My beloved Gertrude! listen to what I have to say. A most fortunate adventure has brought us together, and I have been more candid towards you than ever I was before. But do you know, and if you cannot comprehend it you must take my word for it, that what I have related to you would bring about my death, if it got abroad? Now, I do not think you would wish me to die."

"Oh, Archibald," sobbed Gertrude, with streaming eyes, "how can you think ——"

"Well then, keep the strictest silence regarding every thing I have told you; conduct yourself exactly as if you had never seen me. Promise me this, or do you know what—swear it to me."

"By all means, Archibald," said the little girl, looking towards heaven, and placing her hand on her breast; "I swear I will not say a

word; neither will my goat do so, though she has listened to your story most attentively."

Archibald patted fondly the cheek of the playful child; who, suddenly taking a serious tone, said, "And now, my dear Archibald, I have something to impart to you, which I just recollect; my father heard it from the head of his craft, who has a seat in the council, and told it last night after supper to my mother. He most likely thought that I had already fallen asleep; but I had only shut my eyes, and was thinking of you, about whom I had often and bitterly cried for so many weeks, ever since your brother turned you out of doors. I wept so much that my mother thought I was ill and would die; for I never told her what made me so unhappy.'

"Good soul!" cried Archibald, as he pressed her closer to his heart; "but tell me, what did your father say?"

"I think I could almost repeat to you what he said, word for word," replied Gertrude. She considered for a moment, and then continued, "Only think, dame, said my father, they have not yet ceased talking about Verner's Archibald: they are thinking of bringing the affair before the council. Thurneisen affirms, that the witch Lene knows where the

child is, and that it is not impossible that she may have destroyed him. But Philip is anxious to be at peace from the eternal talking and conjecturing about the child; and though he is nothing to him, he is resolved to discover his retreat. They have therefore determined to propose in council that the witch Lene shall be put in gaol, and be questioned by the torture, as to what she knows about the fugitive Archibald."

"My foster-mother put in gaol!" cried Archibald, springing up; "thanks, dearest Gertrude, for this news. Lene must be instantly made acquainted with this—I must inform her of it."

"That is as you like," answered the child; "for I did not swear never to repeat what my father said. But now, dear Archibald, farewell! and mind what you are about.—The storm has passed, the rain has ceased, and I must make haste home, or my mother will scold me dreadfully."

"Thank you! thank you! kind-hearted creature," said Archibald, kissing her forehead; "thank you, and above all, be true to your oath. My life depends upon it. But one word more—what has become of that good creature, Sabina?"

"She is no longer in Ulm," replied Gertrude.

"The wicked Simon never ceased till he had driven the worthy creature from the house. She led for some time an uncomfortable life in the town, and then went to a nobleman's castle, far, very far from this; a lady of distinction took her there, to nurse and attend upon her sick husband."

"Aye! that is what she can do," said Archibald, with recollections of gratitude.

"She frequently came to our house," continued Gertrude, "after you had gone no one knew whither. It was from her we learned how it was you left your paternal roof; for the cruel Philip gave out that you had run away, like an unmannerly boy."

"Indeed!—but patience," said Archibald, with repressed rage.

"Sabina often talked about you, and praised you much," continued Gertrude, "although my father was not well inclined towards you; and when she came to take her leave of us, she said, with tears in her eyes, 'Ah! if I did but know where the poor child now eats his bitter morsel, I would willingly share my bread with him, and I could also impart something to him that——'"

"Where is Sabina at present?" asked Archibald, eagerly.

"I took particular notice of the name of the castle, because it sounded so strange," replied Gertrude; "it is called Vorosdar."

"Vorosdar?" asked the boy, with animation; "but where does it lie?"

The poor child blushed as she confessed her ignorance, and the town clock chimed as they were still engaged in conversation. Fearful lest the hour for closing the gates should overtake them, the little girl tore herself away from her friend, wished him health, prosperity, and a speedy return to his native city, and then flew along the dark forest path towards her home, accompanied by her faithful goat.

Archibald gazed after her until he could no longer distinguish the wavings of her garment, and then pursued his way towards Lene's cottage. It was pitch dark when he arrived there. The door was locked, and he felt a thrill of horror when he thought on the possibility of Lene's having been already arrested; but a gleam of light, which he perceived through a crevice in the window shutter, tranquillised him a little. Encouraged by what he saw, he knocked; Lene's voice called from within, "Who is there?" and on his answering, the door opened. "Conduct yourself with prudence," she whis-

pered to him at the entrance, "when you are within the room; we have a visiter, before whom you need not disguise yourself."

Archibald, penetrated with a sense of duty towards his foster-mother, determined not to lose a moment in the performance of it, and told to her at the threshold every thing that he had heard.

"Thank you," said Lene, indifferently; "but I know it all already. I shall be taken off to-morrow about this hour; you too are to be included in their inquiry. I am prepared for the worst: but how could you be so foolish as to entrust your safety to the discretion of a little girl?"

Archibald was silent, for he felt conscious that he had acted indiscreetly.

The old woman shook her head, threatened him with her finger, and then told him to enter the room.

At the table sat, partially illuminated by the lamp, a tall thin man, in a travelling dress, who appeared to be engaged in reading a book. The grey plaited garment, with hanging sleeves, trimmed with fur, the large hose of the same stuff, with a row of black buttons down the side, and embellished with broad stripes hanging loosely over the tops of his brown riding boots, gave to the appearance of the stranger a foreign

air, but his face was undoubtedly the most striking part of his person. His head, as the full light of the lamp fell upon it, seemed to sit upon his broad stiff ruff as upon a dish; a long beard, trimmed to a point, large ears, and flaxen hair; a sun-burnt face, from which gleamed forth a pair of grey piercing eyes, shaded by scanty light eye-brows; a coppery nose, under which was a thin light mustachio, pointed and sharpened like the long rapier which hung by the stranger's side, or the slender spurs which were buckled to his feet; a wide mouth, with thin lips, set off by hanging cheeks and terminated by a square chin, which was adorned by a brown pointed beard—these were the component parts which formed a head that altogether presented an appearance of ability, craftiness, and discernment, rarely to be met with in the same countenance.

As Archibald entered the stranger looked at him, and shaded his eyes with his hand, but without in the least altering his position.

"Here, noble sir," said Mother Lene, after again closing the door, "here is the lad concerning whom I spoke to you. It is high time that he should find a situation, else he will run a risk of danger during the time which I must be separated from him, and since you have made

up your mind to take into your service one not quite grown up, and you are in want of a clever good-humoured boy, fit for any business, I cannot recommend you a better one than this, whom I would not part with, were it not that his staying longer with me might be prejudicial to him."

The stranger nodded in silence, as he measured Archibald from head to foot. He then made a sign for the boy to approach. The latter obeyed the signal.

"Would you like," said the stranger, in a peculiar foreign accent; "would you like to live with me?"

Archibald stared in silence, first at the stranger, and then at mother Lene; the latter at length spoke in a tone which betrayed some emotion. "Do not be long making up your mind, Archibald; God knows that it goes to my very heart to part with you; but it is for your own good, and for the destruction of your enemies, as well as of my own."

Bitter tears forced their way from the boy's eyes. "You discard me," sobbed he, and hung upon Lene's shrivelled hand. "I am abandoned by the whole world; do not you too forsake me."

Mother Lene patted his hands and his cheeks; the stranger coolly crossed his arms, cast a searching glance at the boy, and said, "The lad

is grateful, that is a good point; I take him at your recommendation."

"You may well do so," answered Lene, with a certain expression of pride. "You will find in him a greater treasure than you perhaps think. Come, Archibald, give this respected gentleman your hand, and thank him for being so well intentioned towards you, and for his determination to procure for you instruction, gain, and honour."

Archibald would not close with this offer, but Lene touched another chord. "You repay my benefits with ingratitude," said she, with severity; "I saved you from destruction, and now you will destroy me by your obstinate determination of remaining. Well, then, remain; let every thing take its course, and gaze upon me when, for your sake, I end life upon the scaffold, or by the faggot."

"No!" cried Archibald, interrupting her, and bathing her hands with tears; "No! I will never deserve such reproaches, even should I beg my bread through the land: since you insist upon it, I will follow this gentleman, upon condition that he keeps his word, and behaves well to me; that he gives me the opportunity of acquiring knowledge; and, lastly, will assist me with means of benefiting you, my dear old Lene."

With these words he ran towards the stranger, who had been an attentive listener, gave him his hand, and declared that he was prepared to go with him whenever he wished. The stranger praised his vivacity, and the fiery expression of his countenance, and said, that if he served him faithfully and diligently, he would treat him as a son.

"It is now the ninth hour," he said, as he drew out his oval Nuremberg watch; "I am expected at my inn; precisely at three I shall be here, with my horses and some clothes for the boy, such as I shall be able to procure in a hurry. Let him be quite ready, washed and cleaned; he shall then be placed on horseback behind my servant, and in half an hour he may dismiss all fear; and do not forget to fill my wicker flask with your essence. Do you understand me?"

He then arose from his chair, and as he reached his full height, appeared in the small apartment like a giant. He opened the window, held out his hand to feel if the rain had ceased, placed his broad-plumed hat on his head, shook the old woman cordially by the hand, and quitted the room with a kind nod to Archibald. Lene followed him, and they held a long dialogue outside the door. Archibald, who perceived that an

important æra of his life was approaching, one which would lead him into unknown lands and kingdoms, began to feel that he should require the assistance of a higher power to aid the weakness of his nature, and his long neglected prayers came to his recollection; he knelt down in a corner, recommended himself to God, and prayed for his departed parents, for Sabina, Gertrude, and old Lene, at whose appearance he arose, much comforted, and with renewed courage.

"Aye, continue your thanksgivings to the Almighty," said she; "thank Him for the great favour he has vouchsafed to you, in placing you in such hands. It is your own fault if you do not become a pattern of wisdom."

"Who is the stranger?" asked Archibald, eagerly.

"He is the learned Dr. Dee, a Briton by birth," answered mother Lene; "most skilled in all the arts of magic and of nature, a doctor of philosophy and physic, who has a much greater right to be an emperor's doctor in ordinary than that envious Crato, who stood constantly in the way between me and his departed majesty, Maximilian, like a snarling dog, and who ——— well what is past, is past. Dr. Dee is engaged in a journey through the world, and is on the look out for some person in whom he

may place confidence, and to whom he may hereafter bequeath both treasure and wisdom. On you, fortunate creature, has the lot fallen: your good angel has guided him this very day to Ulm, and brought him to visit his old friend, that he might prove his good will towards you. And now, my son, go and take some repose; I will awake you in a couple of hours, to clean and prepare you for your journey. Sleep soundly, for the last time under my roof."

"Dear Mother Lene," answered the boy, mournfully, "shall I never see you more?"

"Please God," replied Mother Lene, "we shall meet again when you are a grown man. Should it be otherwise ordained; should I before that time be laid in the ground, or be burned at the stake, and be thus unable to send you any intelligence of myself, look, on your return, in the hollow oak tree on the other side of the main road, which, by the common people, is reputed to be haunted, and which, on that account, will certainly be spared; there you will learn where my wretched little savings lie concealed, of which you, my dear Archibald, are the only, the sole heir. But now go to rest. Do not weep in my presence, and thus render me weak myself. I shall require all my courage to face my noble masters of the council to-morrow, and endure

their tortures, till, in my turn, I give them the rack to taste. Go, go; and sleep well."

With these words she forced the reluctant Archibald to his repose, and then made her preparations for the ensuing events. The whole night through she was on foot: she removed her most valuable effects from the laboratory, and placed them in secure places of concealment: buried her well-locked chest in a trench she had already dug, and which was so artfully covered over that she herself could not have found it again, had it not been for some private marks known to her alone, and as the clock struck two, awoke her dear boy, who had not closed his eyes the whole night. The grief of their approaching separation had oppressed his heart; the passion for travelling, which is inherent in youth, had excited his imagination; without knowing whither he was going, he had already filled his journey with a thousand romantic adventures, and it always appeared to him as if the castle Vorosdar was to be his destination. The extraordinary name of Sabina's present residence had a special charm for Archibald, and without knowing whether such a castle really existed, still less in what part of the world it was situated, it appeared to him as if this was the point in which every adventure of his life was to centre.

Lene found him awake, and scolded him well for it. She then began to remove the hideous disguise which had so long concealed the blooming countenance and active limbs of the child from the world. His cheeks soon glowed with the hue of health: his lips resumed their former vermillion, and his locks re-appeared in their flaxen beauty; and Lene could not help flattering herself that the child was even better looking than before.

The doctor also (who was punctual, and arrived on horseback attended by a servant) was agreeably surprised on seeing the fresh looking boy, who, like the gaudy butterfly, had cast off the ugly shell of the chrysalis. Lene clothed her *protégé* in the garments which the doctor had brought with him. The brown pourpoint, trimmed with yellow, the broad white shirt collar, the close-sitting pantaloons, short laced boots, together with the broad leather girdle, and a dark cap embroidered with gold, became him admirably. Mother Lene hastily flung round his neck a black ribbon with a small bag attached to it closely sewn up and sealed. "Wear this for my sake," she whispered, lest by speaking loudly she might betray her emotion. "It is an amulet, and only to be opened on the most urgent necessity."

Archibald, to whom all this appeared a dream, examined the details of his dress. Lene drew the doctor aside, and seemed to talk most earnestly with him, till at length, pressed for time, he slung the flask with the precious essence like a powder-horn, across his shoulder, placed his plumed hat on his head, drew on his gloves, and cried, with a cordial grasp of the hand, "Don't be alarmed, Mother Lene; you know I never do things by halves: if he agree to it, his fortune is made—if not, he shall return to you before we are two years older. And now to horse."

He made a sign to Archibald to seat himself behind the servant on horseback, and then mounted himself. "God be with you, Archibald," stammered Mother Lene, making a rapid sign of the cross over him, and pushing him out of the door.

The sorrowful child wished once more to behold his benefactress, and to moisten her hands with his tears, but in vain; the door was closed, and the bolt drawn. The cat, Schwartzman, descended from the boughs of the tree which grew close to the house, and rubbed itself, purring, against its young friend. Archibald embraced the fond animal, and kissed it, as he took his leave; but the doctor set off at a smart

trot, and the servant murmured so audibly to Archibald his dislike of the delay, that he was forced to make up his mind to tear himself from Lene, her cottage, and his four-footed bed-fellow. He then jumped into his uncomfortable seat behind the servant, and placing his arm around him, pressed his burning eyes upon his leathern jacket, whilst the heavy Norman horse sprung forward through the foggy morning air.

CHAPTER VI.

" Trust not the roses of your youth—beware ;
Trust, sisters, never to the oaths of man ;
For of my virtue, beauty was the snare."

SCHILLER.

CITIZEN THURNEISEN, engaged in anxious expectation, paced impatiently up and down the aisles of the minster, cast many a look towards the entrance, and by turns bit his nails, or stamped with his feet. It was now mid-day, and he had already waited with the breathless impatience of a savage joy, for the arrival of Philip, for more than half an hour ; at length he crossed the church-yard into the cloister, but such was the eager manner in which the burgess addressed him, that his excuse expired upon his lips."

" What the devil detained you so long, cousin ? Do you think that a burgess of Ulm has time to wait while you are weighing out half an ounce of cloves or pepper, to a set of

paupers; for a whole hour by the clock have I been here, running up and down like a hunted hare; I should have thought that the summons of a burgess, of a cousin, and of a future father-in-law, would have had more weight with you than the brass farthings of the populace, which you may perhaps be gathering in your shop yonder."

"*Valga me Dios*," answered Philip, as Thurneisen, panting with rage, was silent; "I could not foreknow that what you had to tell me was of such importance."

"It is neither more or less," said Thurneisen, in a blustering tone, than that our project has been agreed to by the council. The witch, Lene, is to be arrested this evening: early to-morrow she will be examined, and put to the torture; we shall thus come to the bottom of the whole matter. The wretch too whom she guards and keeps at her house, will also be brought before us; it is possible that it may be Archibald, disguised as a gipsy boy, or it may be some devil's imp, begot on a witches' sabbath. If the former, he shall be whipped out of the town for his mummery; in which case, he will have forfeited every right. If it be one of Satan's brood, I will have all his veins opened, and Lene shall be burnt—*punctum satis*."

"Capital," exclaimed Philip, in delight;

" but take care that the cunning Lene does not slip through our net."

" Be under no alarm," replied the burgess; the order for her arrest was issued under the seal of the strictest secrecy; at present nobody knows it but yourself and the corporal, Schnepfinger, who will only instruct his men as to their duty, when the hour for action approaches. He is a trust-worthy, discreet soldier; nothing is to be dreaded from him."

" But, after all, what good will the arrest of Lene do?" asked Philip, wrapt in thought.

" Do not take it amiss," answered Thurneisen, stroking his mustachio, as was his custom when he wished to assume an air of contempt. " You are a mere tape-measurer and pepper-weigher, who understand nothing beyond that. She will have to confess what is become of Archibald, for, in order to remove all blame from you, the whole guilt must be thrown upon her. If she have anything to confess, she will do so, and then she will be whipped, and banished the territory. If she have nothing to confess, she will be put to the torture; and under the influence of the Venetian screws, something will soon occur to her. In that case, she will be scourged for her obstinacy, and then—*Punctum satis.*"

" Still, I don't see how all this is to give

me possession of my Will again," growled Philip.

"How could you be ass enough to part with it?" replied Thurneisen, sneeringly. "Old Simon may tell me what he pleases of the devil, which he pretends to have seen. I still affirm that the old woman shewed you a goblin of her own creation, although I must allow that she is an extraordinary being. If you had but confided your intentions to me —— But be that as it may, Schnepfinger has received orders, while executing his warrant, this day, to search every hole and corner for the parchment, of which I have given him a most accurate description. If it be there, he will undoubtedly find it, for in searching there is nobody like him. His fingers seem to be endowed with the delving properties of moles. If it be not there, why I suppose there must have been some truth in the magic scene, and we have in reality gotten rid of Archibald. Unfortunately we cannot lay hands upon the old woman for that, because it so happens that you are mixed up in it. Had it been but one of the people, some low dog, then indeed we would have made short work of it. The witch would have been drowned, or still better, burned; the vulgar hound would have had his bones broken upon

the wheel, and there would have been an end of the matter: but since the ground is slippery, we must go tenderly to work. In the mean time, do not be uneasy. The witch, Lene, shall soon know who I am. I have long had my eye upon her; I know why:—This day will I have her in my clutches; and lest she should make her escape by means of magic, I have given directions that she should not be permitted to touch the earth with her feet. That is the most approved precaution against every kind of sorcery. But, hark! The city bells are sounding twelve; how I shall enjoy my meal, and I think too, that this good news will have sharpened your appetite as well. Come to me this evening as soon as you have closed your warehouse, and we will walk together towards the Frauenthor, to see the witch brought in. Do you hear?"

"You may expect me, cousin," answered Philip. "I wish you a good appetite—Greet my Barbara for me." His relation gently bowed his head. As they left the cloister together, Verner's monument met their view; it had been placed against the exterior wall.

"There lies the inconsiderate man," was Thurneisen's unfeeling observation, whose vagaries have caused us so much annoyance. Even now

he continues to give us trouble, though, heaven knows that, during his life, we had enough of it.—Would you believe it, cousin, that, about nineteen years ago, he made love to my own wife, and that she encouraged his attentions? I flatter myself, however, that I soon stepped in to make short work of it. I took the bull by the horns; forbad our cousin to set his foot in the house, and was no longer molested. 'Tis true, I at first discovered a few nosegays, and a quantity of trashy verses, with which Verner thought to make a fool of my wife. I threw the nosegays into the Danube. The go-between, only think," pursued he, in a lower tone, " was no other than witch Lene; and it is on this account that I bear her such a grudge. The go-between I pitched to the devil, and all was right again. About this time I was obliged to make a journey into Saxony for an inheritance, and remained absent about eight months. I entrusted the care of my house and of my wife to my cousin, Ehrenfried, upon whom I could rely in every respect; on my return, my wife was engaged in nursing our little Barbara. As soon as she was a mother, she bade adieu to all manner of coquetting. Just at this time, your mother had at length got the upper hand of your father, and after many vain attempts, had

brought him back to the duties of the head of a family, and thus we lived on a friendly footing till your mother's death, when the demon of discord again broke loose in the house; my wife also, soon after, quitted this world, and your father and I scarce ever met but in the council, where he generally said 'Yes,' when I said, 'No,' and *vice versa*. Well, heaven be merciful to him. Adieu! Philip; my tongue is dry from incessant talking—*Punctum satis*."

Thurneisen struck off to the left; Philip stood a few minutes longer before his father's grave, and contemplated the monument, which had been erected by no feeling of filial love, but by a cold consideration of duty, until an indescribably uncomfortable feeling told him that he was an intruder on the consecrated spot. He quickly shook the dust from his feet, and hastened home.

The afternoon passed heavily over in his office; neither the visits of his youthful friends, nor Simon's attempts to amuse, could overcome his ill humour. Dissatisfied with himself, he turned over the leaves of his books in an absent mood, counted his money, opened and shut the window, caressed his dogs, then kicked them off again, cast up accounts, wrote, and then let the pen fall from his hand. Simon had never

before seen him in such a humour, but set it down that his master was in love, because he knew that Philip was engaged in wooing the burgess's daughter; but it was not love, but the qualms of a tormenting conscience, that prevented the young villain from finding repose in his own house. Thurneisen's discourse, and the sight of his father's grave, had recalled that parent to his recollection; and at the same time, he thought on Archibald, on his inhumanity, and on his late murderous attempt upon his brother's life. A remnant of feeling opened many a burning wound in Philip's breast. Simon was at length summoned.

"I am so uneasy—so excited," commenced Philip; "I fancy that I see my father and that red-haired boy in every corner. Try to console me!"

"Have you too seen him as I did?" asked Simon, shuddering at the recollection of the apparition at his master's death.

"No, no," answered Philip, as he rubbed his forehead in agitation; "the idea only flashed across me confusedly, that I might see him. I must put an end to this uneasiness. I think of marrying about Michaelmas. My future bride does not approve of this antique

dwelling, with its many passages and winding stairs. I no longer like it myself. In the Netherlands I have been accustomed to more roomy and more gay-looking houses; and my bride would like one upon the plan of those of the Augsburgh merchants. I would willingly please her. The building close to what are called the German houses, in which the tanner, Schneidenbreck lives, seems to me to be best adapted for my business. Go there, and make inquiries, quickly and discreetly, if it is to be sold; the owners are not well off, it is therefore not improbable ——"

"That you may get the house dog-cheap," interrupted Simon, with a satanic laugh. "Let me manage it; I will contrive it as you wish, so that it shall not cost you much. I too am very anxious to leave this house, where 'tis true in former times I enjoyed myself much, but which now has become most disagreeable to me."

"But in the mean time," pursued Philip, "collect every thing that belonged, or was used by my late father, such as clothes, instruments, papers, and the like, together with Archibald's clothes and toys, and lock them up in the garret, so that my eyes may never again be offended by anything belonging to either of

them. Do you hear?—a shudder comes across me whenever I unexpectedly meet with these things."

"It shall be done," said Simon; "'tis true, 'twill cost me something to get the better of myself, and gather courage to clear out the presses, and collect all into one heap; but once done, done for ever."

He departed. Philip breathed more freely, wiped the perspiration from his forehead, twisted his mustachios, scratched his dogs, "Alba" and "Spaniol," behind the ears, and then again paced up and down the warehouse, as he whistled the Prince of Orange's favourite march; at that moment the door flew open, and a little girl, clothed in rags, cautiously entered.

"Well," growled Philip to the child, angry at having his reflections disturbed, "What is the matter? What do you want?"

"Nothing!" stammered the frightened child, afraid to pass the threshold. "Nothing, but——"

"Nothing?" replied Philip, mocking her. "If you do not come to buy, you must come to beg; but the only thing I ever give to a rascally mendicant is the whip;" at the same time he put himself in a threatening posture, while his dogs jumped up, prepared to support him.

"Oh! Heavens!" cried the child, "I do

not want to beg; I only want to ask you whether Master Philip Verner lives here, and if he be at home?"

"I am he," answered Philip; "what do you want?"

"I am to ask you," pursued the little girl, "if you are already married?"

"That is an odd question," said Verner, smiling; "I am unmarried, as the whole town knows. What else?"

"Then I am to give you this note," cried the little messenger, "and to wait for an answer;" at the same time she handed him a dirty slip of paper.

"A nice bit of paper," said Philip, contemptuously, as he hesitated to take it; "doubtlessly some begging letter. Who wrote it?"

"A young and beautiful girl!" was the answer.

"Really! give it to me," said Philip, eagerly; who suspecting some love adventure, hastily tore open the note, which was fastened with a wafer, read a couple of words, started, and grew pale. He then gazed on the messenger with a savage look, and pointed to the door.

"I am going," said the girl, emboldened by his ill-disguised emotion; "but what answer shall I return?"

Philip considered a moment, unresolved. "Tell the writer," said he at length, "that I will come this very evening, even should it be at a late hour."

"Don't be too late!" replied the maid, "the house is closed at eight."

"Where does she live?" asked Philip.

"In the Poor-house," answered the child.

"What!" cried Philip, in painful surprise, "in the Poor-house?"

"Yes, indeed!" answered the girl, "I am in service there; the good young woman arrived this very afternoon, dead-tired, but she is so kind and cheerful that every one in the house is fond of her; she wanted to give me her last piece of money for carrying this letter, but Heaven preserve me from taking any thing from her. You will come then?"

"I *will* come," answered Philip, looking steadfastly, and engaged in deep thought. The girl was on the point of departing.

"Stop!" cried Philip suddenly; "one word more; if I had been married, what were you to have done with the letter?"

"Should that be the case," answered the maiden, "the stranger desired me to bring the letter back again. 'I must then endeavour to speak with himself,' said she, with a sigh."

"Enough! enough!" said Philip, in an absent tone, motioning the maiden to depart. Scarcely, however, had she left him, before the ill-repressed storm raged forth; cursing and raving, Verner flew about his warehouse—banged the doors behind him—struck his forehead like a madman—gnashed his teeth—and it was some time before he could sufficiently recover himself to re-peruse the note. It was in an almost illegible hand, and ran thus:—

"My Philip,

"You have rendered me wretched—in the "depth of my affliction I call upon you. "Rejected by my father, and handed over to "shame, I have wandered from town to town, "and bear with me the image of its father;— "with wounded feet, and eyes sore with weep-"ing, I have at length reached your residence. "Philip, if it be not yet too late, if you be "not yet irrecoverably bound, Oh! take com-"passion upon me, who am already, in the "sight of God, your wife. Take compassion "on your child.

"Maria."

"All hell has conspired to convert my home into a place of torment," raved Philip, in an

agony of rage. "It was not enough to be tormented by the memory of a soft-hearted silly father, and by the fear of having my inheritance snatched from me by a bastard, but a sentimental fool must needs beg her way from the Netherlands to this place, and assist in placing on my head a crown of thorns; and that too when I am on the point of marriage with the young and beautiful Thurneisen, and likely from this alliance to get a place in the council, and finally to make my fortune—accursed sex!"

He remained a few moments lost in thought, and then summoned Simon: but this active emissary had already set off upon his master's commission about the purchase of the house, and his speedy return was not to be expected, inasmuch as since the councillor's death he had acquired the habit of refreshing himself at a beer and brandy shop, and of endeavouring, by means of potent libations, to obtain a few hours repose for his conscience. Besides, it already began to grow dark, and Philip was obliged to make up his mind to close his warehouse earlier than usual, in order to have time to visit the poor-house, and not miss his appointment with cousin Thurneisen. He attired himself in a very plain dress, hung a purse of money to his girdle, drew his warehouse

cap well over his forehead and ears, that he might be less liable to be recognised in the neighbourbood of the poor-house, and left his house, not without feeling an uncomfortable pulsation at the heart.

The house to which he was bending his steps was some way off. He had leisure, therefore, to reflect upon the position in which he was placed, and could scarcely conceal from himself that he could not have found himself thus implicated at a more unfortunate moment; nevertheless, he consoled himself by the hope, that presence of mind, and a little money, would go far to remove all his difficulties, and walked on with renewed courage through the streets, which, as it was the eve of a holyday, were more than usually thronged by the groups of journeymen as they returned home from their labours. As he approached the poor-house, however, it became more still and lonesome around him, and he glided into its dark precincts unobserved by the neighbours.

Wild and confused sounds issued from the public room on the right. Philip cautiously opened the door. A strong exhalation of smells of every kind assailed him, and he stepped into a long gloomy room, imperfectly lit by a few lamps suspended from the smoky ceiling; along

the walls were ranged dirty narrow tables, at which were grouped a number of miserable beings of both sexes, and of every age. Some were making their wretched supper of spoilt cheese and mouldy bread, others sat and regaled themselves with sour beer. A group of women (each of whom might fairly have disputed with her neighbours the prize of hideousness) was about to swallow with avidity the meagre soup which had been prepared upon the hearth in the middle of the room, and struggled with a disgusting eagerness for the single wooden spoon which was fastened to the table by an iron chain. A couple of ragged apprentices, whose sunken eyes spoke both of debauchery and decay, were playing in one corner with torn cards for their pittance of bread; in another, a pack of half-naked children were gnawing some half-dressed calves' feet, while, close beside them, two or three half-starved dogs were quarrelling for a rejected bone. Behind the door beggar-women were engaged freeing their children from vermin, and some cripples were counting their day's gains. Several dirty maids, as they stood round the flame of the black chimney, which broke through the centre of the ceiling, and made the public room serve as a kitchen, were distributing their scanty supper to a

hungry crowd. In the most remote part of this haunt of misery, veiled by the smoke of the hearth and at the same time by the darkness of the evening, was spread a great layer of straw, upon which many a child of sorrow already dreamed away the remainder of his wretched four-and-twenty hours, to find perhaps in sleep, that prosperity which in actual life had been either scared away by his own excesses, or denied him by the tyrannical decrees of fate.

Philip started on his entrance with a feeling of horror; never until now, had he contemplated the magnitude of human wretchedness. And was it among such beings that he was to discover Maria? her, whom he had once loved? he could not divest himself of a certain uneasy feeling at the thought, and would have involuntarily retreated, had not his presence been already remarked. Those who stood nearest to him, stared at him with curiosity, for his shabby dress was yet good enough to shew that its wearer did not belong to the ordinary frequenters of the house; the noise of the chattering maidens near the hearth was suddenly hushed, and the hostess, as she ceased her distribution of soup, screamed out to the intruder, "Who are you, what do you want?" Philip, who did not mistake the mistress of the house, walked across the room towards

that comely personage; the beggars made room for him with a show of respect, and formed a wide circle round him. He inquired of the mistress, in that condescending tone which a superior so naturally assumes towards an inferior, "where is the foreign woman from the Netherlands to be found, who has just arrived, and desires to speak with me?" At these words the mistress's rather harsh countenance assumed a more favourable expression. She handed the great ladle (her sceptre of authority) to the maid who happened to stand nearest, snatched in rather an unceremonious manner a bundle of keys from the girdle of her husband, who lay softly slumbering in his usual fit of drunkenness before the warmth of the fire, and requested her distinguished guest to follow her. He did so with a light heart, for he had dreaded at every moment to see the form of Maria emerge from some corner of this disgusting place of refuge.

As soon as he had arrived in the passage with the mistress of the house, she began to chaunt forth the praises of that beautiful, and unhappy young woman. "You may easily imagine, sir," (said she, as she placed herself in all her majesty before him) "in time one becomes as hard as a stone in the charge of this poor-house, for indeed we have to do with such a swarm

of loose and slippery goods every day; but when this young woman tottered in here to-day with her bundle under her arm, nearly fainting from fatigue, shewed her wounded feet, and with a clear, silvery voice craved compassion for her unborn child—well, sir, it struck me then, as if I was called upon to do something out of the way for her; as if an angel in human form, and steeped in misery, had condescended to visit me. My husband (you saw the drunkard snoring at the hearth, he is indeed scarcely human)—my husband, I say, wished to shut up this wanderer with those creatures there within, but I told him my mind pretty well. "No, Christopher," says I, "this poor girl is the daughter of honest parents, and must be treated accordingly; some six months ago I lost a daughter about eighteen years of age; a dear and active girl, God be merciful to her; into her chamber and into her bed, I introduced this stranger. Come along with me then, she will be delighted to see you. She told me that a friend of her late husband would come to visit her this evening, and you are, without doubt, that friend."

Philip replied in the affirmative, internally ashamed at the manner in which Maria had been called upon to spare him. "Come then," continued the talkative hostess, "come then,

my dear sir, and do for this poor creature what you can, and ought. It is not every day that this house harbours such an angel."

As they thus continued to converse, they had already ascended some steps, when she opened a door, pushed Philip in, and then took her leave. He stood in a miserably furnished room—a table, upon which a night-lamp stood burning, a chair with a broken back, a cupboard in the wall, near which a small bundle of clothes lay upon the floor, and a homely bed with coarse curtains, was all the furniture in the room, which by day received its only light from a window secured by a strong iron grating. All was quiet in the room, but behind the curtains the heavy breathing of a sleeper was audible. An overwhelming feeling stung the conscience of Philip; he cautiously drew aside the bed curtains, when a pallid countenance, worn out by pain and sorrow, its drowsy eyelids closed in deep slumber, presented itself to his anxious gaze. Yes! it was his Maria! the beautiful Maria Verde, daughter of a Spaniard, the most renowned armourer in Antwerp—of the expert Miguel Verde. On those cheeks once bloomed the lovely glow of youth and beauty; that arm, which now supported her wearied head, had once, in happier hours, encircled his neck—

those pallid lips had once midst glowing kisses sworn to requite his love, and given back the oath of fidelity—a deep drawn sigh burst from the breast of the vicious youth, and awoke the sufferer. With half-opened eyes she stared at her visitor; but soon her cheeks reddened with delighted surprise, and her eyes became more animated; a heavenly smile played round her lips, and in a voice low, but clear as the tone of a harp, the words flowed from her mouth—"Is it possible—is it you, my Philip? then you have heard me, and I am blessed."

"Good evening, Maria!" said the villain, assuming his haughtiest air.

"But why so cold? why so forbidding?" asked Maria, in a tone of reproach. "Do not be angry, my beloved—'tis true, I come unexpectedly, but necessity compels me to it—it was no mistrust of your vows that induced me to leave my father's house, although since you left Antwerp, you never addressed a single line to me, and though you did not even bid me farewell."

"My affairs," said Philip, unfeelingly; "press of time——it was impossible for me——"

"Not a word in the way of excuse," interrupted Maria? "has not my heart long since excused you?"

"If that be the case," continued Philip as before, "why come upon me thus by surprise? why this adventurous journey from Antwerp to Ulm?"

"Do not be angry with me," entreated Maria; "be calm, dear Philip, and listen to me; what I both hoped and feared, whilst you were yet with us at Antwerp, is come true." She raised herself a little from her couch, and her swelling waist left no doubt as to her situation.

"Is it true?" asked Philip, although his eyes convinced him of the fact.

"Do you think that I would ever tell you an untruth?" replied Maria.

"Go on," said Philip, impatiently.

"Immediately," answered Maria, in an humble tone; "I would fain leave my couch to receive you as I ought, but my poor feet, they are so sore and wearied, by my long wanderings, and the roughness of the roads, that I cannot stand; besides—" and here she smiled mournfully—"I am rather ashamed to appear before you in my shabby dress."

She sighed; Philip kept a grave silence.

"Do you remember?" she continued, with a more cheerful air, "the grey woollen gown, with the broad stripe of velvet round the hem and

became equally fond of it, and was in the constant habit of wearing it, after your sudden departure, as a remembrance of you. It stood so well my friend, too, with its broad folds, to conceal from my father and mother what they never were to know, until you should write to me on the subject, as we had agreed together,—but your letter never came to hand; in all probability it was lost by the way. A thousand times I had made up my mind to acquaint my mother with my situation, but shame closed my lips. Oh! if I had but spoken! my poor mother loved me too well to have allowed the threatening storm to burst over me." Maria wiped away a tear, and continued, in a more suppressed voice; "I delayed it so long, that it was too late, for my mother died unexpectedly, from the effects of a cold, and I was left to the mercy of my strict and honour-loving father, who, since my mother's death, has become even more morose than formerly; at length I was obliged to confess all, and see,

that grey garment I made my painful confession, and at once was driven from my paternal roof."

A dagger seemed to enter Philip's heart. Maria continued.

"My father lost all command over himself. 'Out of my house,' he cried; 'paramour of an accursed Lutheran—away with you, and never let me see you more.' I fled, in the darkness of the night, from Antwerp, for I would not expose my shame to my mother's relations. I became desperate, and was on the point of casting myself into the water; but a glance at my grey garment imparted to me fresh courage. 'Philip loves you so dearly,' thought I, 'and, above all, in this grey dress; if you can make your way to him, and appear before him in this gown, he will be doubly anxious to fulfil his vows.' I instantly carried my resolution into effect. I started without delay, and only inquired my way to Ulm; a string of pearls, which I wore round my neck, afforded me the means of supporting myself. A humane Jew bought them from me at Cologne, and gave me a whole handful of silver coin for them; the pearls were certainly not worth so much, and I still remember the kind good man in my prayers; but this money did not last long, part of it was

stolen from me at a place where I rested, a long, long way from this. After that I caught a fever, and was obliged to remain some days in a small town, where my ready money was exhausted. On account, too, of the beloved burthen that I bear, I could only make short journeys, and was in great need of money; but where was I to get it? I was in the greatest distress, but God helps those who put their trust in Him. My hostess told me that the Countess at the neighbouring castle had admired my auburn hair; and as her own was becoming grey, had expressed a wish to have it to adorn her brow, and said she would willingly buy it, if I could make up my mind to part with it. The proposal cut me to the heart, but I thought on you, and my vanity was silenced. The Countess offered me two crowns for my hair. 'Will that bring me as far as Ulm?' I asked, and the answer being in the affirmative, I agreed to the bargain without hesitation. Look," said she, with a tearful smile, and raising a little the handkerchief that covered her head, "my beautiful light hair, which you so often admired, I have not brought it with me; and my poor grey gown—I never thought of the distance—has lost all its gloss—the sun has taken out the colour—rain and snow have drenched it—thorns

have torn off the velvet trimming—but still the thought upheld me—my Philip loves me—I bring him a guileless heart, and will make him feel the joys of a father. My hair will grow again, and he will kindly overlook my worn-out garment."

"Dear creature!" stammered Philip, in confusion, for his emotion threatened to overcome him.

"Come near me," said Maria, as she drew him towards her; "let me hold your hand, and thus assure myself that I am once more under your protection. I have often had cause for alarm in the course of my journey, and I was greatly frightened a short distance from this. I was traversing a small fortified town, when, by accident, my head-gear got loose, and exhibited my shorn head; the children in the street remarked it, and gathered in a crowd about me; they insulted me in every way; at last I was conducted, ignorant of the cause, before the commander of the fortress: he was a handsome man, but his countenance betrayed the deepest melancholy. I there first learned that I had been taken for some vagabond female, who had been punished at another place, by having had her head shorn. The commander questioned me very closely as to my mode of life: during

the whole journey I had given myself out as the wife of a Spanish officer, on my way to join my husband at Vienna, a story to which my speaking Spanish gave credibility; but as truth must be as much told to those in authority, as to the Divinity himself, I declared the whole truth to the officer, merely omitting your name. Tears stood in the good man's eyes as I concluded my story, and he exclaimed, 'By God's blood, I cannot but admire your perseverance—go in peace—I believe every thing you say, and heaven grant that you may find your lover worthy of you.' I kissed his hand, and departed. His servant followed me with some money, but I would not accept it; I had still a crown in my pocket; Ulm was before me, and your image possessed my heart."

"Astonishing confidence!" muttered Philip between his teeth, while undigested plans, of every kind, chased each other through his confused brain. "And did you never, then, fear that the colonel might have spoken truth—that you might have found me changed with regard to you?"

"Never!" said she, "dear Philip," regarding him with a heavenly smile; "Never!"

"Yet your note appeared as if ——" said Philip, watching attentively.

"Oh! forgive me," interrupted Maria, with earnestness; "a misunderstanding alarmed me. As I crawled my last mile into the town, weary and foot-sore, an old woman, bearing a bundle of herbs, joined me; she began to talk to me, and I related to her my usual story, adding, that I had some friends at Ulm, and took the opportunity of inquiring where you lived, and what were your circumstances. The old woman laughed maliciously, and said—(you must not take it amiss)—that your circumstances were not bad, if your heart were but better. 'My good woman,' she continued, as she cast upon me a look full of meaning, 'if you have any business with that person, it would have been better you had arrived a few months sooner, or a couple of months later, and then you would have been just in time for the wedding. The gentleman is disposed to marry.'—'Whom?' asked I, in alarm; 'a burgess's daughter,' was the reply, 'the name has slipped my memory;' and the old woman immediately after, wishing me a prosperous journey, struck into a by-path, and disappeared among the bushes. This adventure it was that caused me to mistrust you, and hence my foolish letter. But I soon repented, from my heart, of my injustice, when I heard the truth from the maid, and that you would

come to see me: and now receive my warmest thanks, that you did not feel ashamed to visit me in my wretched abode; and yet I am lodged here like a princess, compared with the other unfortunate creatures in the house. Oh! my Philip, often have I been forced to seek my night's lodging in such places, when other people refused to take me in. Often have I moistened my couch with bitter tears, and then cried myself to sleep upon a bed of straw; but I am once more with you, and all my sorrows are forgotten."

She kissed his hand affectionately, but the worthless wretch commenced slowly, for the purpose of judging the effect which the truth would make upon his victim. "But how, if the old woman had spoken truth? if, in reality, I were betrothed?"

Maria shuddered, as she looked at him with astonishment. She clasped his right hand with both her own, and said, in an almost inaudible tone, "Philip! that—that would be indeed terrible!" The fear of bringing on a scene of misery arrested the confession of the faithless man. He endeavoured to assume an appearance of gaiety, and said, "You are just come at the right time, for having in vain waited five months for an answer to the letter

which I wrote to your father, proposing for you, I had determined to yield to the wishes of my connections, who were desirous of uniting me to the daughter of a burgess."

Maria looked at him inquiringly.

"But now, indeed, matters are changed," pursued the deceiver; "I shall remain true to my vows, and I only require of you one proof of your affection."

"What is it?" said Maria, with animation; "I promise it before you ask it."

"Grant me a delay of some days," continued Philip, "till I can announce, with propriety, to my connections (who are persons desirous of keeping up appearances), your arrival, and my intentions with regard to you. It is true that I am my own master, and will always do as I please; but still (you understand), some respect is due to my relations. Pass, therefore, a few days here in obscurity and concealment, and I will then conduct you from this place to an abode in every respect more worthy of you."

"I always thought so, my Philip," answered Maria, looking up at him with a face beaming with affection and confidence, and, placing her head upon his breast; "I deserted all to follow you—you will never abandon your child?"

"Then you consent?" asked Philip, joyfully.

"Do you ask?" smiled Maria, with a lovely expression; "Is not your wish to me a law? But I too, beloved Philip, have a request to make of you."

"What is it?" said Philip, in his softest manner.

"This house is so melancholy and wretched, could you not let me be removed quietly in the night, how, and when you choose, to some other lodging, till——"

"That is impossible," said he sharply, and with animation; "it cannot be done."

"Do not be angry," answered she, submissively; "you must know best; my duty is obedience! But you will visit me for half an hour of an evening; I do not ask it of you in the day-time—a man of consequence, like yourself, is ashamed of entering such a house as this; I, too, could never have thought that I——but no more of this——all is over now. Well, then, of an evening, will you not give me one half hour? I shall then, for the whole four-and-twenty hours, look forward with pleasure to your visit. My Philip, will you not promise me this?"

"Yes, Maria! I will come," cried the conscious villain, and impressed a Judas kiss upon her cheek and mouth. "I must now hurry

home, not to awaken suspicion. Sleep sweetly, and dream of me and your unborn child! sleep sweetly, and confide in me."

"I will, as in the word of God! Good night! dear, beloved Philip."

Philip hastened away, to escape from her encircling arms, with renewed protestations. Maria, raising her hands with gratitude to heaven, prayed with a full and fervent heart; and soon after, lulled by the gentle fanning of her guardian angel, fell asleep. She dreamt that she was happy. Poor deluded creature!

CHAPTER VII.

" And you who fill the world there—You—
Your noses in the air—
Full many a man and Hero too!
In peace-time wise, in battle true,
The Swabian country bare."

SCHILLER.

IN the meanwhile there was considerable bustle and commotion at the city guard house. Hans Schnepfinger, the corporal, had just communicated to his men the warrant of the sapient magistrate, by virtue of which, the witch Lene was to be taken into custody, and eighteen men were picked out for the purpose of executing this bold enterprise, with courage and caution: fourteen pikemen and four musketeers armed themselves from head to foot, and made as much fuss as if they were preparing for a campaign against the Turks; the cuirasses were provided with serviceable straps; the pikes fresh sharpened, and fitted out with new flags; the musket locks were oiled; while those who were not of the expedition, gazed with a species

of awe upon the warriors selected for the arrest of the far-famed sorceress.

Schnepfinger swaggered up and down among this busy company; his hat and red feather, which he only wore on occasions of the greatest importance, being placed on one ear with a martial air. His broad-fringed bandolier, from which hung a short cutlass, was suspended over his fat shoulder; both hands were behind his back, and his chin was resting on his breast, as one wrapt in deep and important reflections. But, in point of fact, he was only playing the rogue, for thus he communed with himself: "Clean, mend, and arm as you will. Fools that you are! I know better how the wind sets; I have taken good care to give my generous Lene timely warning. I know well, before we sally forth, we shall find an empty nest. Clean and sharpen, you geese! But that drunken Guiseman, who is the cause of all this bustle, shall one day render me an account for obliging my best customer to turn a runaway, although it may be only for a short time."

The said Guiseman was at that moment sitting concealed behind a dog-kennel, and occupied, by the light of a lantern, in attaching to his breast a piece of consecrated candle, sewn

up in a rag, to protect him during the nocturnal attack in which he was to bear a part. "What are you at there?" suddenly vociferated in his ear the disciplinarian corporal, who, attracted by the light of the lantern, had crept up behind him unperceived. Guiseman, trembling with mingled fear and respect, at length confessed his operation. "Are you mad, you rascal?" raved the corporal, who seized the opportunity of playing the hero, where he knew he could do so with impunity. "What means this superstition, blockhead; are you a protestant? If Dr. Luther knew all this, he would turn himself round in his grave."

"Quite right, my noble corporal," replied Guiseman; "but the devil's deeds must be met with the devil's deeds. I had rather turn catholic than be carried away on a witch's broom."

"And who then would be the cause of it, you cursed dun ass!" roared Schnepfinger, with a frightful grimace, and at the same time applying a couple of hearty blows to his dependant's back with his sheathed sword. If you had kept your drunken mouth shut, instead of speaking to Thurneisen, we might now be comfortably dozing off our drink on one ear;

but by way of punishment, you shall be the first to lead the attack, that I promise you, as sure as I am corporal."

He again withdrew with measured strides, and thus gave ample time to the disconsolate Guiseman to fasten on his amulet, and to torture his mind with as much panic as it was capable of feeling.

The remaining heroes, having finished their labours, assembled round a barrel of ale, which the councillor Thurneisen had sent, in order to prepare them for the bold deed they were about to undertake; Schnepfinger presided at the orgie, for the enjoyment of which they had a full hour to spare, and drank most desperately, so that ere long his forehead became glowing, his air more martial, and his voice more penetrating. In a short but appropriate speech, extracted from the fumes of the potent ale, and which touched on the dangers of the approaching hour, he encouraged his corps to determined bravery and blind obedience. The excited soldiers, on their side, swore to conquer or die, and to return to town crowned with glory and honour. Under these favourable prognostications, the hour for the onset struck; the soldiers formed in order, and their commander, Schnepfinger, conducted them prosperously

through the postern-gate into the open country. They rushed through the dark streets, violent as a thunder-storm, the corporal at their head, with a drawn sword in his right hand, and a heavy partisan in his left. Close behind him followed the reluctant Guiseman, as leader of the company of pikemen, who, with their weapons couched, and keeping close order, either from discipline or fear, constituted the main force. On each side marched the musketeers, their muskets on their shoulders, their rests suspended from their breasts, and the burning match in their hands. Hitherto, collected in a single mass, all went well; each had confidence in his neighbour, and even Guiseman mustered sufficient courage to make fierce attacks upon his campaign bottle. But when, as they arrived within fifty paces of the door, Schnepfinger halted his force, and, with military experience, detached six pikemen to protect his retreat, and when he again at another fifty paces placed a rear-guard of six men more, who were only to support the storming party in the last necessity, their hearts failed—they scratched their ears—their warlike impatience was changed into mournful silence—and, like a flock of lambs, which, with painful misgivings, but without a will of its own, follows

the butcher, even so they followed their leading star, the corporal, whose extraordinary and hitherto undisplayed courage, they could not help remarking, even in the extremity of their agony.

Schnepfinger, in the mean time, well knew what he was about, and, with a mind perfectly at ease, fulfilled the duties of his office; but who can paint his surprise, when, having conducted his force close to Lene's house, he perceived a gleam of light from the window. Struck with amazement and surprise, he stood as if chained to the spot, and a shudder of horror came across him. Lene then had not taken to flight—had perhaps procured assistance—was perhaps waiting the arrival of her foes, surrounded by a magic circle, in order to devote them to destruction by her spells. The panic of the commander operated with double force upon his discouraged soldiers. Guiseman endeavoured to escape in the dark, but his neighbour, a Tyrolese musketeer, brought him to order with the butt-end of his piece. Schnepfinger, in the mean time, retreated behind his men, and commanded them to storm the open door of the house. Not a creature stirred. "Guiseman," cried the corporal, who now began to fear an

Schnepfinger then lowered his tone a little; "Dear Guiseman!" he cried, in a yielding tone, "you see it is only because I swore it.—Lead the way—you know you have an amulet about you."

"I will give it you," replied Guiseman, "readily."

"It will be of no use to me," reasoned the corporal, "inasmuch as I do not believe in its virtues. Guiseman, you seemed to covet my powder horn; it is your's, if you will but prove yourself a man, and lead the way."

"I won't go," was the reply, "even if you were to give me all the powder horns in the world."

"Blood-and-ounds!" roared the corporal, seeing that prayers and promises were in vain; "are you mad? or do you fancy yourselves still at home, with sewing needles and cobbler's wax? Do you think that our respected council of Ulm is to keep stuffing your greasy mouths with sausages and sour krout for nothing. 'Tis

not beside the beer-can at the 'Black Goat,' or behind fat bacon and garlic soup; no, 'tis in the field, and in dangers, that the real soldier is to be known. Is that news to you? Babylon and Nineveh, I am ashamed of you! Tickle that Guiseman with the points of your spears under the ribs, or matters will go wrong."

The soldiers could not refuse due obedience to the bible oath of their corporal, and did as he commanded them. Guiseman, driven to despair, rushed with his pike in rest towards the door, and the others were in the act of following them, when a fresh alarm caused them all at once to stand and waver. Schwartzman had taken up his comfortable station at the threshold of the door, and firmly fixed his fiery eyes upon his nocturnal visitors.

"What's the matter?" cried Schnepfinger, who, as the hindermost of all, was at loss to find out what cooled their courage.

"It's the devil!" cried they all with one voice, as they pointed to the fiery eyes.

"Nonsense," cried Hans, with chattering teeth; "Luke, do you shoot him dead on the spot."

"Not altogether such a fool as that neither," replied Luke. "The ball in my gun would

become as soft as a pancake, or fly back into my own brain—shoot yourself."

"'Tis no business of mine," said the corporal. "Fire a signal of distress."

Luke blew his match. "Listen the rest of you there," pursued Schnepfinger, "that you may all take a part in the attack. All take hold of my partisan—that will do—I in the centre: when Luke has fired, let him also take hold of the butt. Guiseman, do you hang your amulet at the muzzle, and don't be afraid. I think this heretic door must yield to our catholic relic. Now, courage, my boys, and follow my example! Luke, why don't you fire, then?"

"Immediately, corporal! but my match is not well lighted," was the answer.

"Now then, attention, boys! attention!" pursued the corporal; "as soon as Luke has fired and joined us, we will shut our eyes, and, with headlong course, charge at once against the door—Fire!"

"Immediately, corporal!" cried Luke, striking his rest more firmly in the ground, and making ready.

"I'll count three," cried the corporal, with trembling knees. "Attention, my lads!—one! —(be ready, Luke)—two!—(shut your eyes, and then in heaven's name)—three!"

The shot made a loud report. Luke let fall his weapon, and flew to his post, when all seven immediately rushed full speed with their weapons against the door. Schwartzman at the unexpected noise had taken flight, but Mother Lene stood with a lamp at the entrance, and screeched a thrilling "halt!" to the intruders. They stopped immediately, and stared at her with their eyes wide open.

"Are you come at last, then?" demanded Lene of her astonished visitors. "I expected you sooner; but was it worth while making as much fuss in taking an old woman as if all Ulm had been in danger?"

The soldiers looked at each other ashamed, but the corporal had again recovered all his courage, stepped forth from the troop, and addressed Lene in a commanding voice, "Witch Lene! we arrest you in the name of the worshipful magistracy, our worthy and respected masters in Ulm;" and, he continued in a lower tone, "I hope, since you have thought fit to await our arrival, that you will make no difficulties, and follow us without hesitation."

"I repeat again," said the old woman with indifference, "that I expected you."

"I have also received commands," pursued

look pretty close before you find my poor Conrad, if it is him you seek, gentlemen. His mother fetched him away yesterday, at an early hour, and took him to Augsburgh, in order to place him in the hospital!"

Schnepfinger and his party made long faces, and cautiously followed the old woman into the house. The corporal immediately commenced a strict search, and shook his head in disappointment in not finding what he sought.

"You may search till you are blind, my good corporal," spoke at length Mother Lene; "I well know what you are looking for. You are searching for a parchment, I know; but it was burnt upon an occasion which the burgess Thurneisen remembers well, and with all my endeavours I was not able to repair it."

The corporal shook his head, rubbed his hands, and as he did not know what to answer, told the old woman she must follow. Lene was prepared. Schnepfinger locked the door, and put the key in his pocket. "You must now

consent," he said, with some hesitation, "to allow your hands to be tied, for such are my commands."

"And why not," said Lene, holding out her hands, "only don't bind me too tight, for my hands are weak and thin; besides, I have further use for them, and I should not wish them injured by your tight binding."

The corporal again shook his head, and bound her hands loosely. "But now," he continued, "there still remains one thing to be done—You are accused of witchcraft, and the councillor is inclined to think that a witch standing upon the earth has the power of making herself invisible, but that she loses this power when she is borne through the air; we will therefore loosely bind your feet too, and carry you, seated, upon the pikes of these four brave fellows into the town, for such are our orders."

"So much the better," said Lene, with a smile; "in this manner my feet will not be tired. I must, at all events, be to-morrow at Gunzburgh, to relieve the fat brewer, at the sign of the Duck, of the gout, which he has got in his feet; it is therefore of consequence to me that my legs should be fresh."

The corporal shook his head for the third

Schnepfinger, with Luke by his side, loitered behind, in deep cogitation; at length he addressed his comrade.

"I don't know what to make of this woman. She talks of her arrest just as if she had received an invitation from the worshipful council to eat fried fish and drink red wine; moreover, she will go to-morrow to Gunzburgh. Gracious Heaven! Who knows whether at this time to-morrow she may not be sitting in the condemned cell, while Jack Ketch is preparing the faggots for her burning, or sewing up the sack for her drowning."

"With all my heart!" said Luke, laughing; "it is all one to me whether the devil helps her or leaves her; but you have made my mouth water with your fried fish and red wine—I am become quite hungry."

"Hem!" muttered Schnepfinger, with a patronising air; "I think I could help you to a couple of fresh-water fish, and a measure of foreign wine, if you have a mind to accompany

me to the syndic. He gives a feast to-day to the burgomaster, and I must announce to his excellency what has happened."

"Agreed, I'm your man," answered Luke; "and we will take care to get our share of what is going from the servants."

"That *you* may do," said the corporal; "such company does not suit me, they will take care to give me my portion above stairs."

"Hallo! Halt!" cried one of the bearers, and, trembling, Michael held a light. "What lies here?" By the light of a torch they discovered a quantity of arms scattered on the ground—muskets, pikes, helmets—all in the greatest confusion.

"What signifies it," cried Schnepfinger; "a panic has seized our outposts on hearing our shot, and in their flight they have cast away their arms."

Lene laughed with all her heart.

"You will not laugh long, old crone!" muttered Guiseman to Lene, considering himself included amongst the cowards who excited her ridicule; "the Danube is waiting impatiently to receive you."

The old woman threw at him an annihilating look. "Justice halts," she croaked, "but still she will come. 'Tis for you, and for him that

sent you, calumniator, that the icy river is waiting, and not for me—mark that!"

Guiseman tried to laugh, but could not succeed; a cold shudder came over the others. They hurried with quick step past the last post, which, like the first, was only adorned by the trophies of cowardice, and entered the protecting postern, which, like an arch of triumph, hospitably received the retreating warriors. The twelve fugitives were already in the stocks, by order of the burgess Thurneisen, who stood at the gate to receive them on their arrival. "Welcome, old witch!" he cried to the prisoner, in an insulting tone; "your cage is prepared."

Lene replied only by a hoarse laugh of scorn, and then turned her back on him. He caused her, however, immediately to be carried into the prison prepared for her; saw her strapped into a kind of hammock which hung in the centre of the room; and after he had seen all the bolts drawn, and the keys turned, took his departure, with a mind contented and at ease.

Lene, incapable of moving a limb, had thrown herself into the arms of sleep, and had enjoyed a couple of hours of comfortable repose, when she was awoke by a loud noise The gaoler and the corporal, each provided with a lantern, were standing in her room. "Wake up, Dame

Streicherin," cried one. "For heaven's sake, Lene, make haste," cried the other.

"What's the matter," screeched the old woman; and before she knew where she was they had unstrapped her, let her down, and placed her on her feet. "What's the matter, then?" she demanded once again; "are you gone mad? Why, suppose I was to render myself invisible?"

"Oh! not now! for heaven's sake not now!" replied the corporal; "you must accompany me!"

"Whither?"

"To his excellency the Burgomaster."

"What am I to do there, at this time of night?"

"Assist—advise—preserve," replied the corporal, in great agitation, as he rushed out of the room, ran down the stairs, and into the street. "Friend," he whispered to the gaoler, "keep a quiet tongue; we should both lose our places if Thurneisen got wind of any thing of this; for though it is on his excellency's business, yet his excellency does not choose that——"

"I understand," answered the gaoler, locking the door. Schnepfinger seized Lene by the arm, and made the best of his way with her through the empty streets.

"Shall I at length be made acquainted with the cause of all this?" asked Lene, impatiently.

"To cut the matter short then," answered the corporal, trotting on as he spoke, "thus it is: His excellency, our much loved ruler, supped this evening at the syndic's, upon Italian paste, with cheese and saffron; salmon with baked biscuits; fat eels cooked with parsley, and a whole stew of craw fish. These are all right good things, as you yourself know full well, Mother Lene, and our lord and master was not so much to blame when he commenced a vigorous attack upon them; scarce, however, had he reached home, when he nearly lost his senses from fright. The paste rose in his stomach—the saffron heated him—the salmon and eels lay heavy on him—the stew felt like a lump of ice in his inside—and the ten measures of Necker wine, with which, when excited by the dry cheese, he had inundated all these several sundries, remained on the surface, and gave these gifts of Providence neither time nor space to settle themselves. Our noble burgomaster rolls about like a demented one—sends for Dr. Hiplein, who himself, to the disgrace of the faculty, lies dangerously ill; then for the old doctor of the hospital, with the Latin name, but

the boor returns him for answer that he had that moment taken a sudorific, and that he could not expose himself to the night air for the sake of the burgomaster's annual indisposition, and that in future he should——but no, I will omit the conclusion of the message, out of respect for his excellency. It then struck my respected master, that I had announced to him your being in the prison, and I was obliged to hurry off, to endeavour to persuade you to come to his assistance, with your wonderful essence."

"Idiot!" said the old woman, laughing; "suppose that by accident I had neglected to put the bottle in my pocket, how would it be then?"

Schnepfinger shuddered in silence at the idea, and they reached the house of the burgomaster. His excellency was reclining in his easy chair, oppressed by a severe indigestion; large drops of perspiration forced their way from under his comfortable night cap, which, from its dazzling whiteness, contrasted in an awful manner with the sun-burnt countenance of the sufferer, whose mouth seemed to gasp for breath: his ample damask bed-gown with difficulty concealed his enormous paunch, and both hands and feet, become cold and clammy, shivered as in the delirium of fever.

"Here indeed is not a moment to be lost,"

cried the old woman, as she hurried up to the sick man, and made him swallow a large dose of her elixir.

The same medicine which had destroyed an emperor restored the poor burgomaster to life—he came to himself again, nodded good-naturedly to his benefactress, and then muttered, in an almost unintelligible voice, "Thanks to you, old hag; I will not forget you; but if you can manage to bring me about, so that I can be present, the day after to-morrow, at the marriage feast of Thurneisen's daughter, and will enable me to do my duty as an honest man towards an heron-pasty which is to be served up there, I promise you I will put down your foes, so that they shall ever after leave you in peace."

Lene replied to his question in the affirmative, thanked the gastronomic chief of the city for his protection, and left with him her miraculous potion, together with directions for its use. She then returned to the prison with her anxious friend the corporal, who thought he could never represent to her in a sufficiently brilliant point of view, the felicity which her prison, under the burgomaster's gracious protection, was to afford to her,—and she was in consequence allowed to place herself upon her uncomfortable couch without being tied. She gathered herself up

in it like a ball, and pondered over in her mind all that she had heard. "The day after to-morrow," she muttered; "the day after to-morrow will the Thurneisen be married to Philip —what?— what?— so soon?— there must be something urgent in all this—of that there can be no doubt. Is it possible, that the strange woman whom I met this morning——yes!—yes! 'tis possible—I must make inquiries whether she be still here—or—'tis unfortunate that I must go to-morrow afternoon to Gunzburgh, but business must always have the preference; besides, what does it signify? I must, in every event, be cautious how I throw any obstacle in the way of Philip's marriage with the Thurneisen. Yes!—yes!—there is an avenging fate!—did not the pangs of my own conscience tell me this; this instance of its power would proclaim it to me in letters of fire—Philip!—and this Thurneisen!—that it should happen to be this one of all the thousands in the town—'tis right. Rejoice, Archibald! your vengeance is preparing!"

She then fell into a soft slumber; while her most violent enemy, the burgess, tossed himself restlessly upon his couch, and endeavoured in vain to bring into subjection the wild current of his thoughts. Philip had called on him that

evening, and had, with much confusion, confessed to him his connection with Maria—her arrival—the difficulty into which it had thrown him—and had concluded with the request, that if necessity should compel him to fulfil his promise towards her (an event which would be most displeasing to him), he (the councillor) would release him from his engagement to Barbara; or else, which he would much prefer, show him some means by which he might rid himself of his unwelcome guest, and for ever free himself from her opportunities.

Thurneisen had raved and stormed during this confession, as was his custom even in much smaller matters; he then reflected that, if he broke with Philip, he would not only lose his power over his property, which he intended to make use of after his own manner, for the purpose of keeping up his splendid establishment, and relieving himself from his difficulties, but at the same time a son-in-law connected with him by the ties of relationship, who had already accustomed himself to a slavish submission to the iron will and sturdy pretensions of his would-be father-in-law, and whom, in time, he meant to place under a much heavier yoke; he had also reflected that, if this marriage went off, shame and disgrace would be his portion;

for he had already talked to his friends and confidants of Verner's possessions as his own, and had secretly held them up in prospect to his craving creditors. It would have been a hard blow to his proud character, if all this should turn out untrue; besides, it would have been prejudicial to Barbara's reputation, who, although only eighteen years of age, had, nevertheless, been twice engaged to be married; both lovers however, had thought fit to declare off, and she had now fully determined to silence all malicious reports, by uniting herself to Philip. The councillor therefore determined to use every exertion, rather than relinquish his hold upon so desirable a son-in-law. He had, with this view, instructed Philip how he was to conduct himself; had taken upon himself to get Maria out of the city, and to prevent her return; and had thought he could hardly find a more favourable opportunity for fixing the marriage for the next day but one. Barbara and Philip desired nothing more ardently, and Thurneisen, on the look out for a pretext for introducing the subject, had mentioned the affair that very evening at the syndic's supper; had announced his intention of giving a splendid marriage entertainment, and had specially invited the consuls and the principal members of the council to be present.

Thus far all had succeeded to his wishes, and it now only remained for him to get rid of Maria as quick as he could. Could he but have beheld the innocent maiden, who hardly knew even the name of cunning—had he been able to comprehend her pure and innocent mind, he would have had recourse to some trite falsehood, under the conviction that the unfortunate creature could not escape the clumsiest snare; but he took her for one of those sly and experienced daughters of pleasure, who, skilled in every species of intrigue, but rarely allow themselves to be overreached. Force, therefore, was what he meant to employ—the means at all times most agreeable to him; different considerations, however, which he was obliged well to weigh, prevented him from appearing openly in the transaction; and thus at length, after revolving every thing in his mind, he hit upon a plan which, simple as it was, would still have brought down upon him the envy of a demon.

CHAPTER VIII.

"To suffer—woman was created—
Submission should her portion be."

Roos.

The room of torture was prepared for a dreadful inquisition, while oaken shutters, firmly closed, presented an effectual barrier to the entrance of the morning ray. A table hung with black, upon which stood some lighted candles, a crucifix, and writing materials; some chairs at the upper end of the room, for the judge, his assistants, and the secretary, a row of horrible looking instruments of torture ranged along the wretched walls, and a bench for the accused, comprised the entire furniture of the apartment.

Thurneisen, a principal inquisitor, in an affair chiefly concerning himself, paced the room impatiently, while the secretary pointed his pen, and endeavoured to suppress a yawning which sufficiently indicated how little he was accus-

tomed to such early rising. It was with difficulty that the burgess could prevail on himself to await the arrival of his three younger associates, who had that very morning, without a reference to Thurneisen, been named by the burgomaster to assist in the inquiry: at length they made their appearance, and after coldly saluting his unwelcome companions, the burgess rang a bell, and commanded that Lene should be introduced. In a few minutes she made her appearance, with her usual calm and calculating air. Thurneisen regarded her with a searching and exulting look, and then asked her, roughly, if she knew why she was there? Lene quietly replied that she did not. Thurneisen then muttered to her, in an unconnected manner, the heads of her accusation. Lene denied her guilt, and declared that she had not the slightest knowledge of Archibald's place of refuge; still less that she had assisted him in any way. Thurneisen pressed her hard, promised, threatened, and used every endeavour to force her to a confession, but in vain; Lene replied laconically, and parried every question with brevity and cleverness.

As an eel will find the means of escape through any hole, however small, in the net which should entangle it, so did Mother Lene contrive to elude

the well-laid snare of the councillor, and at length, by her admirable defence, completely set him at defiance.

"What the devil means this?" he cried at length, forgetting his dignified situation; "will you then mock me, aged impostor? Confess immediately, or I will have you placed on the rack, and tortured till you confess every thing that I am desirous of hearing."

His companions exchanged significant glances. Lene only laughed, as she replied, "Do you then really believe, master Thurneisen, that I am in dread of your tortures? Oh! no; you will never force a lie from me by way of confession."

"Do you set me at nought?" cried Thurneisen. "Then you shall repent it." He rang the bell—the door opened—the executioner and doctor entered; but at the same time, one of the assistants took that opportunity of leaving the room.

"You see now, wretched creature," pursued the councillor, "that it is in my power to put my threats into execution, which I will certainly do, if you do not instantly answer my questions fully, and without equivocation."

Lene measured with her eyes the servants of justice, who, like hungry blood-hounds, only waited for a wink, to fall upon their prey, and

who were arranging with apparent delight the instruments of torture.

"Do you choose to answer?" roared Thurneisen.

"I have nothing more to say," replied Lene, collectedly.

"Well then," cried the enraged burgess, "place her upon the rack, and screw every joint till the violence of her suffering shall elicit from her, in spite of herself, the confession of her crimes."

The attendants rushed upon the wretched woman, prepared to bind her down, and in a moment their work was done, when all at once she exclaimed, "Desist! desist! Wretches that ye are, I will confess all."

Her hands were loosed. Thurneisen, in a tone of triumph, commanded her to approach the table, and to commence her confession.

The old woman obeyed with most uncouth gestures; she coughed and blew her nose, and then commenced, with a loud voice—"My respected sirs! what you inquire of me, it is not in my power to answer; do not therefore any longer torment me, but content yourselves with what my own free will may impart to you, and which, in truth, is well worth knowing: for example, I can tell you a story of an inhabitant of Ulm, who had a daughter—a right clever

daughter. The daughter preferred the country to the town, and perhaps she had her reasons for it. For you know that two neighbours lived at no great distance, both of whom had pleasure in her society, and both of whom were willingly received by her."

"A truce with this nonsense," cried Thurneisen, growing suddenly pale; "you are either mad, old woman, or possessed by the devil."

"Possessed by the devil, my noble sir?" cried Lene, with an air of mockery and boldness; "possessed by the devil, perhaps, but not mad, for something better is yet to come."

"You have not surely written down this nonsense?" roared Thurneisen, tearing the commencement of the protocol, which was shown him. "Stop! It is enough! Lead her away!"

"Am I free?" demanded the old woman; "if so, the affair is at an end; but if I am not to be liberated, I must make my confession before these gentlemen, and they shall decide whether I am worthy of punishment, for I must positively be in Gunzburgh this very day."

"To some witch's rendezvous, but not to Gunzburgh," cried the burgess; "you limb of Satan, who seem to have a smattering of every thing—off with her to prison."

"Though you should kill me on the spot,"

croaked the old woman, "I will not stir till I have confessed what I choose to confess."

"You shall not confess," thundered the burgess, as by turns he became pale and red.

"Why did you place me on the rack, then?" said the old woman, gnashing her teeth; "and why have I been arrested at all?"

"An extraordinary scene this!" remarked one of the assistants, with emphasis.

"Explain to us, master Thurneisen," interrupted another, "why this woman is here?"

"The woman is crazy," cried Thurneisen, in an embarrassed tone.

"No more mad than I am," interrupted the doctor, as he felt the old woman's pulse.

"You shall hear how collectedly I will relate my story, if you will permit me to proceed," continued Lene.

"May death freeze your tongue," raved Thurneisen, as he threatened her with his clenched fist. There was a general confusion, when at this moment the burgess, who had left the room early in the examination, re-appeared, and announced the approach of the burgomaster. Thurneisen stood thunderstruck. His excellency followed close behind his herald.

"I come," he commenced, "with your permission, Master Thurneisen, to be present at the

examination of this woman. But first of all, I must request that the executioner's servants should leave the room. You must be aware that the strength of dame Streicherin is not equal to undergo the torture, and the woman is too clever to be alarmed by empty threats. How far have you advanced with the examination?"

"I—I—" stammered Thurneisen, who would now have given the whole world to have been rid of the old woman. "I—I can——"

"The woman denies obstinately every charge," interrupted the secretary.

"And as there appeared to be no sort of evidence——" said one of the assistants.

"Nothing can be brought home against her," replied the burgomaster.

"Nothing," replied the assistants and the secretary.

"Well then, if this be the case," said the burgomaster kindly, "let the woman be set at liberty."

"That is a step that I would not altogether recommend," stammered forth Thurneisen, at the same time trembling with passion.

"In the name of goodness then," cried Lene, "why is it that Master Thurneisen alone is inclined to be so severe towards me, since he

knows full well that I am ready to discover every thing that has come to my knowledge?"

"Wretch," muttered the burgess, gnashing his teeth, and casting a penetrating glance at the honest old woman.

"And if such be his pleasure," she continued, speaking on purpose as loud as she could, "I am perfectly willing here, in the presence of his excellency the burgomaster ——"

"A truce with your nonsense," cried Thurneisen, beside himself with anger. "If the burgomaster is of that opinion, why be off with yourself; still you will never escape the gallows that is prepared for you."

"No man who commits evil escapes the rack," answered the old woman, with a jibing smile and sarcastic look.

"The woman is witty," cried the burgomaster, laughing, and holding his stomach; "and although yesterday I suffered a severe indisposition, brought on by the excessive duties of my office, I have nevertheless recovered wonderfully in the exercise of my functions this day, and would willingly while away an hour in listening to the jokes of this woman, Streicherin, commonly called witch Lene; particularly as she talks of her intention of telling a story in my presence, which perhaps ——"

Heavy drops of perspiration stood on Thurneisen's forehead. Mother Lene almost felt compassion for his situation; she kissed the hem of the burgomaster's cloak, thanked him for the kindness which he had evinced towards her, and entreated him to permit her to depart as soon as possible, as she intended to make a short journey in the course of the day.

The burgomaster nodded his assent. "Go your ways then," he said; "poor old woman, we give you your liberty, and reinstate you in the possession of your little property: walk forward in the broad path of virtue, that suspicion may never again be the means of placing you in this situation."

After this common-place admonition, he wiped the perspiration from his forehead, made a sign to his companions to stand a little aside, and then continued in a low and kindly tone as he addressed the attentive old woman. "Thanks be to Providence, that, much to the annoyance of the faculty, we feel ourselves quite well and hearty, and our stomach is again like the hungry lion in the wilderness—(here he gave Lene his hand to kiss); as far as regards my gratitude towards you,"—he continued, fumbling, as he spoke at the well-filled purse which hung at his side—and then suddenly letting his hand drop,

as if his mind misgave him,—"We will remain your debtor." He then dismissed her with a gracious inclination of the head.

Lene immediately took possession of her key, hurried home, and gave Schwartzman his meal, put together a stock of salves and electuaries, and hurried, as fast as her age would allow, along the road which led to Gunzburgh.

Thurneisen made the best of his way home, and had a long and apparently unpleasant conversation with his daughter, for during the whole day Barbara's eyes were observed to be red from weeping, a bad omen for the festival which had been fixed for the morrow.

In the burgess's dwelling, where the marriage was to be celebrated, every thing was in confusion. Its inmates were engaged in ornamenting, cleansing, cooking, boiling, roasting, sewing, and stitching, and every tailor in the town was put in requisition for the bridegroom. The report of the approaching wedding was soon spread abroad; it did not however penetrate as far as the poor-house, or if a rumour of what was going forward had perhaps reached the mistress of the house, the occurrence did not seem to her to be of sufficient importance to be imparted to her wretched guests. The kind Maria lived in happy ignorance of what was passing, and looked

forward with the utmost impatience to the evening which Philip had promised to embellish by his visit. She quitted her couch, and endeavoured to stand upon her worn-out feet. She succeeded; for the prospect of receiving her lover sustained her. She arranged her head-dress as becomingly as she could; concealed, as well as she was able, the rents and stains upon her grey travelling gown, placed a nosegay of May flowers upon her swelling bosom, and then, with the assistance of her little attendant, having hung the room with festoons of intermingled flowers and leaves, awaited in pleasing expectation the arrival of her beloved. How her heart beat when, as twilight came, she heard his well-known step upon the staircase, and how joyful she felt, as the long desired, the dearly beloved, entered her miserable apartment. She rushed towards him, threw her snow-white arms round his neck, and greeted him with every expression of the fondest love. Philip disengaged himself from her with a brief "how are you?" cast a displeased look round the room, and asked, "What is all this? What mean all these garlands and nosegays?"

"Do not be displeased!" entreated Maria, in a subdued tone; "it was only for my amuse-

ment, and I thought it might make you gay. Forgive the vanity of your future bride, who would fain receive her beloved in a room adorned for his reception as well as she could adorn it. I fancied too, that here I saw the flowers and myrtles of a nuptial chamber."

"A nuptial chamber!" cried Philip, as he recovered himself sufficiently to add, with an attempt at a smile, "What extraordinary beings you women are! Hardly are you freed from the depths of despair, when you again give way to the impulse of your childish fancy; as easily too, as if you had never suffered affliction."

"My dear Philip," answered Maria, in a melancholy tone, and taking his hand as she spoke, "Is it not then our fate to live more for the pleasures of imagination, than for those of reality? but forgive me; I did not mean to offend you. If it be your wish, I will instantly strip my poor apartment of its ornaments."

"You will oblige me," replied Philip; and Maria hurried, although her eyes filled with tears, to strip the walls of their ornaments, then stood before Philip with the last nosegay which she had taken down in her hand, and asked him, with a melancholy smile, "Are you satisfied now, my beloved?"

"Yes—yes!" answered Philip, hesitatingly, seating himself by the table. "Fling the trash out of the window."

"'Tis your will," replied Maria, again repressing her tears; "I obey." She hung her head in sorrow, moved gently towards the window, and opened it. She then looked out for a moment—"No, Philip," she commenced—"No! scold or laugh at me as you please, I cannot obey you! The gloom of the court presents itself to me like that of the grave, into which I am now about to cast with my own hand all my hopes. Forgive, Philip, the foolish humours of an excited woman: pardon my refusal, on account of my situation."

Verner smiled scornfully, stood up, and took the garlands from her. "How childish you are," he cried, as he cast them out of the window; "if you will not yourself cast hope over-board, I suppose that I must do so for you."

A deep melancholy came over Maria, as she perceived her tenderest sensations thus coldly treated; but she was silent as a lamb, cast her eyes downward, and in an absent mood, destroyed the nosegay which she wore at her breast.

Philip paced once or twice up and down the room, at length he approached, and took Maria's

hand; "do not be angry, dear Maria," he said, with a false air of affection; "do not be angry—I was only in joke—no offence was meant."

The maiden raised her glittering eye, and replied, in a mild and friendly tone, "I am not angry, my beloved, be but kind towards me; I love you so tenderly, that I could cry like a child, when I find that I have been imprudent, and that what I intended should raise your spirits, has had the opposite effect."

"Nonsense! you silly thing," said Philip, playfully; "all is forgiven and forgotten—is it not?"

"All! all!" cried Maria, falling on his neck, and embracing him.

"But now, my darling," said Philip, "let us be gay! To be so, did not require all those garlands on the wall; I think the purple juice of the grape will answer the purpose much better."

With these words, he pulled from the pocket of his ample coat, a flask, with a silver stopper, filled with the finest Spanish wine. He next produced a small silver cup, and a parcel of Nuremberg cakes, as companions to the care-banishing bottle. Maria regarded her lover with a silent smile, as he placed what he had brought

before her. "This reminds me," she said, "of the time of our first acquaintance at Antwerp; don't you recollect how we used to meet every holiday in my old aunt's garden; you never came there either with your pockets empty; for my old aunt was no enemy to Spanish wine or Frontignac, and cakes or almonds were generally, as this day, the accompanying gifts of the wine; and as on this day too, we had generally but the one cup between us, the small gilt cup you know, which you bought for me at the fair; it was made at Augsburgh, and bore the simple inscription, 'Love and Fidelity;' and whilst my aunt used to swallow the wine out of her capacious tumbler, we sipped like bees from our little cup, and constantly spelt its inscription. Oh! It was a happy omen! We loved each other then, and our fidelity has remained inviolate. Is it not so, my Verner?"

Philip's face became red as fire. "Come," he said, "let us drink to the memory of other times." He poured some wine into the silver cup, and after lifting it to his lips, presented it to Maria; she drank, and the gay, but affectionate manner of her lover, enlivened her still more than the draught of the exciting and

delicious wine. "Your health, Philip," she said, with a smile of the most heartfelt joy, as she handed the glass to him; "and here's your's in return," he replied, with something of the same feeling; "your health, and that of our child." A kiss of gratitude rewarded the father for his affectionate interest.

In the mean time, the hours flew on amid playful conversation, the renewal of the oft-sworn oaths and vows, joyous plans for the future, and assurances of eternal love and fidelity. At length Philip arose, tossed off the remnant of his wine, kissed Maria, who, in sorrow at his approaching departure, still held his hand, and said to her, "Adieu, my darling! You see that I am still the same; my heart remains unchanged; you may repose every confidence in me—let nothing ever shake it; know that I have many enemies here, because my straight-forward conduct is displeasing to them. It is possible that during the short time necessity may keep us asunder, this or that foolish report may reach you; however strange such may appear to you, credit it not. Envy frequently invents the strangest falsehoods; believe nothing, but what I tell you. I am your earliest friend, and now, perhaps, your only one.

I love you. Let your confidence in me be your guide; like my word, it will never deceive you."

With these words, he again embraced Maria, who in careless confidence was approaching to a dreadful crisis—tore himself away from her—promised to visit her at an earlier hour on the following evening, and then departed, to see if his wedding dress was finished.

From the tailor's he proceeded straight to the house of his bride, and whiled away the evening in her society, and in that of her friends, who were busied in forming preparations for the approaching wedding. The night passed far too slowly for the impatience which preyed upon him, and scarcely could he await the approach of the day which was to see all his wishes fulfilled, and to put an end at once to all the pangs and anxieties which tormented him.

At length the morning dawned, and Philip, with a beating heart, arrayed himself in his festive costume. Simon did all in his power to set his master off to the best advantage, and also to dispel the dark humour which had taken possession of him, and which to him was a complete enigma, inasmuch as Philip had thought fit to conceal from him the cause of

his uneasiness—the arrival of Maria in the city.

In a surly tone, and little becoming a bridegroom on the day of his wedding, Philip imposed silence on his servant, and betook himself, as soon as custom would permit, to the house of his bride, in order to conduct her to the church. He found her, with his father-in-law and the witnesses, waiting his arrival, splendidly arrayed. Thurneisen, who, without consultation, had fixed the marriage at an earlier hour than was usual with persons of rank, urged the necessity of diligence, and ere long the procession, though small, select, was on its way to the minster. Barbara, with a garland in her hair, walked proudly by the side of her embarrassed bridegroom, and looked round with an air of triumph upon the crowd which had collected around the door of the church. "How wonderfully does the wedding garland become you," whispered a voice from amid the crowd; "I began to think that you had lost it." The insulted lady cast a furious look towards the spot whence the voice issued, but grew pale as death when she recognised the face, which instantly disappeared amongst the bystanders.

"What is the matter, my lovely bride?" asked Philip, who remarked the agitation of the fair

Barbara. "Nothing," stammered forth the death-pale bride, as she sought to collect herself; "a slight giddiness, nothing more." The colour soon revisited her cheek, but she was unable to recover her self-possession during the whole ceremony. Philip partook of her confusion: when they exchanged rings, he felt as if a burning circle surrounded his finger; and when they joined hands, a weight of lead seemed to fall upon both their hearts. Barbara's eyes wandered timidly about the church, filled as it was with spectators, while Philip directed his glances towards the door. He felt as if Maria were about to appear before him, and to strike him to the earth with her cry of sorrow, and her scream of despair. Groundless alarm! The holy ceremony was at an end—joyous peals announced its conclusion to the entire city, while Maria suspected nothing of the truth.

Urged by the dread of her approaching confinement, she had had recourse, in search of comfort, to her book of prayers, which had been a present from her departed mother, and which had never left her bosom during the whole of her long and painful journey. She prayed from it with the most fervent piety to her Eternal Father, and gathered strength, comfort, and hope, from its inspired words. She was too soon

to stand in need of this consolation. The bells of the cathedral solemnly sounded in her ears, and strengthened her devotion. Her heart felt as it were relieved of an intolerable load, and she greeted her hostess with a friendly smile, as she not long after made her appearance in her apartment.

"Did you not say yesterday evening," she commenced, "that the friend of your late husband, who has visited you here several times, was called Verner?"

"Yes!" answered Maria, with a smile.

"Philip Verner, the merchant?" demanded the hostess, eagerly.

Maria again replied in the affirmative.

"Well! well!" said the hostess, in a joyful tone, "I am glad to hear that; the man is as rich as he can be, and you may depend on it that, as an old friend, he will relieve your distress in the most liberal manner; for my maid, who has just returned from church, tells me that it is his wedding day, and on such an occasion the heart is always ready to do good."

"To-day?" repeated Maria, with an incredulous smile; "you have been misinformed, my good woman; for he did not mention a word of it to me."

"What has that to say to it?" answered the hostess; "persons of wealth and importance

have odd fancies. Perhaps you may turn the matter to the best account, by dressing yourself out as well as you can (though indeed your beauty is your best ornament), and go into the house where the wedding is kept, in order to wish the bridegroom health and happiness on the joyful occasion."

"There is time enough for that," replied Maria as before; "let him first get married."

"What do you mean?" cried the hostess, as she placed her arms akimbo, "do you suppose then that I am deaf, and my maid blind? I tell you that she was present at the ceremony, not ten minutes ago. It took place in the cathedral. Listen how the bells keep ringing for its celebration."

"It must have been some other marriage," smiled Maria, with the most perfect confidence; "you must be mistaken."

"I say, no!" cried the hostess, angrily. "I am never mistaken: do you know that, my positive lady? The syndic, two other councillors, and the father-in-law himself, were the witnesses; Master Philip Verner, the merchant, the bridegroom—and Mistress Barbara Thurneisen, the councillor's daughter, the bride."

The name of the bride gave Maria a dreadful shock. It was the very same which the old

woman had named to her on her first entering the city. The bold asseveration of the hostess, a dark presentiment which at once overturned the fabric of her confidence, the warning voice of the angel, to which she had hitherto closed her ears, all whispered to her at the same dreadful moment—"Unfortunate woman, you are deceived."

"They are now," pursued the hostess, who did not remark Maria's sudden agitation; "they are now crossing the market-place to the burgess's house, amid the sound of music and joyful acclamations."

"I must go," said Maria, jumping up in the most dreadful state of distraction; "I must go, and convince myself whether the horrible news can indeed be true."

She was on the point of rushing out, but the hostess, who did not understand the cause of this sudden frenzy, attempted to prevent her, when the appearance of a third person hastened to a crisis the fate which awaited her in Ulm.

It was Guiseman, the member of the city guard, to whose discretion Thurneisen had entrusted the delicate commission of procuring Maria's removal from the town.

He had passed the whole morning walking up and down before the poor-house, sneaking on

the watch, lest Maria, hearing of Philip's marriage, might make an attempt to prevent it by some desperate effort. As nothing of this kind took place, he awaited, according to his orders, till the end of the ceremony; and as soon as the bells had ceased ringing, he entered the house, determined to fulfil his mission.

"Stop the woman," cried the hostess, as he entered; "this poor creature has become suddenly distracted, and might bring herself as well as her unborn child to harm."

Guiseman did as he was ordered, and held Maria so firmly that she was unable to move, though she entreated to be released, with a voice that would have awakened pity in any breast. "She must go," she said; "her very life depended on it."

"Yes! yes! go you shall," answered Guiseman, coldly; "the sooner the better, and therefore am I here. The magistracy, informed of your vagabond and disreputable mode of life, have ordered you to be conducted out of the town. I have been ordered to accompany you—so pack up your goods and come. I will see you safe across the Danube, in obedience to the orders I have received; and woe betide you if ever again you dare to set foot within the city of Ulm."

Maria stood as it were thunderstruck. "What do I hear?" she exclaimed at length. "Philip—Philip, has altogether abandoned me!" and as she spoke, scalding tears flowed down her cheeks.

"Only think!" said the hostess, surprised at Guiseman's speech; "only think how one may be deceived in this world. I was well nigh believing this tramp to be an angel, in spite of her condition, and her close-cut hair. Lie she can, at all events—out of my house with you!"

"Have pity!" cried Maria; "have compassion on me, man! I entreat you to be merciful; conduct me to the merchant Verner—Philip Verner—he will never let me submit to this disgraceful sentence. He will be surety for me."

"I think that he would have matters as they are," said Guiseman, smiling; "I also think, that should we appear before him with a request of the kind this day, our visit would be considered very inopportune: this is his wedding-day—the ceremony is over—in an hour they will sit down to the feast, and there your presence will not be wanted."

"So then it is true—too true!" cried Maria, in the subdued tone of anguish; "the worst I could have dreaded turns out to be true. Oh!

my God, do not abandon me." She was on the point of fainting, but the hostess shook her violently by the arm.

"Come, come," she cried, "a truce with this folly, it will not serve you any longer; come, tramp, be off, and thank your present situation that I do not avenge my ill-placed kindness by laying the whip across your shoulders. My too susceptible heart has again made a fool of me; my husband, stupid ass though he is, was in the right for once; the straw was the place for the strolling lassie, and not my daughter's bed. Come, be off, be off, before my anger is roused."

"Oh! Verner! Verner!" sighed the exhausted maiden, as they hurried her towards the door.

"Do not disgrace that name by pronouncing it with your lips," screeched the old woman; "the bare circumstance of his being acquainted with you might prove a serious loss to the merchant; the hearing a woman talk in this kind of way might be the means of awakening very extraordinary suspicions."

"Well! will you be ready soon?" interrupted Guiseman; "I won't wait a moment longer—all entreaty is in vain—you must be off—such are the commands of the council."

"Is all in vain?" asked Maria, with a frightful composure, while the tear dried upon her

eyelid. "Go on—I'll follow you—but——" and a horrible shudder came over her. "I do not know whether it will be in my power, my feet refuse to obey me."

"Nonsense! nonsense!" replied the unfeeling soldier, with a coarse laugh; "'tis not so bad as all that, neither. Take courage—once over the bridge, and beyond our precincts, and you may rest as long as you like."

"I fear," sighed Maria, exerting herself beyond her strength, and seizing her bundle, while her knees trembled under her; "I fear a premature labour."

"Heaven forbid!" cried the hostess; "that would be a pretty story—quick, out of my house, or the bastard will be born here; I shall have both brat and mother upon my hands for weeks to come. As you are a man, lay hold on her—force the strumpet out, before the devil's imps are born in this house."

"God forgive you these words," sobbed Maria, whose cheeks were inundated afresh with tears. "I thank you for the compassion which you have shewn me, and I bless you for your cruelty. I put my trust in the Almighty; the worst is over—he will not abandon me in my need."

The delicate girl endeavoured to hide her

grief, with a resolution superior to her sex; fain would she have concealed her sorrows from eyes that would have profaned them, and in this manner she with difficulty crawled after the officer of justice. What her internal feelings were, however, those alone who are experienced in grief can imagine. Guiseman enjoined strict silence on the mistress of the poor-house, by command of Thurneisen, who had it in his power to benefit or injure her, as superintendant of the establishment, and proceeded to conduct his victim, through narrow and deserted streets, towards the Danube gate; lest, perchance, some real officer of justice should accidentally meet the wretch who usurped his office, and thus the whole well-woven web of villainy might be exposed.

Thurneisen had proposed to the bridegroom, immediately after the performance of the ceremony, while the feast was preparing, and the bride changing her dress, to take a walk with him on the city ramparts, to enjoy the splendid view of the wide-spreading meadows, and the majestic river, as it glittered beneath the beams of a summer sun. They stood close together upon a projecting turret, which opened to the beholders a complete view of the bridge across the Danube. Thurneisen was lost in

reflection, his heart occupied with evil thoughts, while Philip endeavoured to distract his mind.

Suddenly the councillor pulled him by the arm. "Look," said he; "Look—just there at the end of the bridge—the woman with the bundle under her arm—who is it?" Philip trembled, and directed his eye towards the spot without uttering a syllable. "That is your Maria, unless your countenance deceives me," pursued Thurneisen; "don't you see Guiseman close to her—by my command he is conducting her beyond the precincts of the town; look—they have already passed them. Now speak—did I promise too much?—have I not kept my word? You are now rid of her—so come—for that was what I wanted to point out to you in this beautiful view." With this he dragged Philip along with him, who followed like one in a dream.

Guiseman in the mean time had conducted the wretched Maria, who followed him with the greatest difficulty, across the boundaries of the city's jurisdiction. "Now, God be with you!" he cried; "that is the way to Gunzburgh. I must acquaint you, however, in the name of the Councillor Thurneisen, who is director of the poor, that a public whipping awaits you, should you ever again dare to put your foot in Ulm; and I have it also in command, from Master

Philip Verner, who was the person that informed against you, to apprise you, that it is not his intention to do any thing more for you; that he acknowledges to have been on intimate terms with your husband, but that he cannot submit to be longer burthened with his pauper widow; besides, he is now married, and you must be aware that all ideas of that kind must, in consequence, be dismissed. Farewell! and mend your ways."

"Yes! yes! all is now, in good truth, all is now at an end," sighed the forlorn Maria, with an expression of indescribable wretchedness, as she gazed after Guiseman, on his return to the city. "All!—all is gone!—his love!—my happiness!—my life!"

Once again she turned her swollen eyes towards the city, which she had reached after such numberless difficulties, merely to be informed of her everlasting misery. Already she had raised her arm in a threatening manner! already she had prepared to call a heavy curse upon the head of her betrayer, and upon his marriage; but, even in the extremity of her grief, she could not bring herself to curse him, who, without pity, had abandoned her, and she ended by invoking a blessing on the monster's head—a blessing upon his house. She then

patiently took up her cross, and proceeded towards Gunzburgh, to which place Guiseman had directed her. The excitement of her mind, and the tears which she had shed, increased her bodily strength, but this tension of her nerves did not last long. Scarcely had she performed, by the most intense exertion, the half of the journey, when she again felt, at short intervals, the pains which announced to her the approach of a premature labour. She rested herself, and then attempted to proceed, but in vain; her pains returned with redoubled violence; her hour had indeed arrived, and not a human being was to be seen upon the plain, which extended itself around her. Her cry for help could not be heard; she resigned herself, therefore, to her dreadful fate, crept beneath the shade of a tree, which stood by the road-side, and awaited there, in agony of mind and body, the birth of her child, and that death which she ardently prayed might overtake her.

CHAPTER IX.

" Ye gloomy halls of silence!
Dark, awful dwelling of the living dead!
Are ye the gates of wisdom?
The seat of Peace?"

S*******.

In the mean while, Archibald was far from his home. Dr. Dee appeared to unite to the strong mind of his countrymen, their constitutional strength of body, for there never lived a more indefatigable horseman. The slow-paced animal of the servant had great difficulty to keep pace with the active courser on which his master was mounted, and Archibald was obliged to submit to a very painful equestrian schooling. The travellers rode through Augsburgh, with its graceful towers, its clean streets, and neatly decorated houses, with as much indifference as if it had been the most wretched village in Denmark, where, as is well known, the king was not better lodged than the most ordinary citizen of

Nuremberg. They next reached the ancient city of Munich in their flight, and here they took a day's rest.

Hitherto Dee had not exchanged a word with his new scholar, who, on his part, had found little entertainment in speaking to the servant, who was a coarse sulky clown, and murdered the German language in a most unconscionable manner. The Doctor, however, now desired him to approach. "Listen to me, my boy," he began; "in the course of our journey I have thoroughly thought over your affairs, and your new position as regards myself. You are as yet too young to enter into my actual service, too unaccustomed to fatigue, too inexperienced, and without sufficient acquirements. I have therefore determined (particularly as the time is not yet arrived when you can be of service to me) to place you for a few years with a friend of mine, in order that you may acquire instruction: the more studious you are, the sooner you will be released. My friend has sufficient leisure to take every pains with your improvement, and he will set about his task with zeal, if he finds that you have a head for learning. If, however, in the mean time, my last hour should strike, you will nevertheless be provided for. If, on the contrary, I remain alive, and you have shewn

diligence, I will make your fortune: are you satisfied?"

Archibald had no choice, and therefore readily assented; he was moreover delighted when he heard that he was not to remain to prosecute his studies in the gloomy-looking Munich, but in a beautiful mountainous country, where, in accordance with the romantic nature of the scenery, men, beasts, and streams, seem to move more freely. The Doctor, who was accustomed to put his resolutions, when once formed, into immediate execution, recommenced his journey on the following day. Their route lay southward; and the distant mountains enveloped in the azure mist, seemed, like sturdy travellers, to be hastily approaching them: before long the rocky portals of the Tyrol appeared to open before their eyes. Archibald shuddered as he contemplated the rugged walls of this narrow and dangerous pass; but when the paradise which lay beyond them opened upon his view, with its verdant meads and silvery streams; its gloomy forests, fertile hills, and distant snow-clad mountains; when he beheld its neat and cheerful cottages, and their strong and healthy inhabitants, his heart expanded with delight and joy, though incapable of taking in at once the whole beauty of the scenery, the magnificence of

which, now seen for the first time, burst upon his dazzled sight. As they proceeded on their way, he formed a thousand projects as to how he would pass his years in freedom and without restraint in this romantic land, and former projects again presented themselves to his mind in all their pristine brilliancy. The castle of Vorosdar again returned to his recollection. "Where lies the castle of Vorosdar?" he asked, addressing himself to the sulky servant.

Patrick opened his eyes, made him repeat the question, and then answered, with a lazy drawling accent, "I don't know."

"Where is the castle of Vorosdar situated?" asked Archibald of the Doctor at the next stage. Dee rubbed his forehead thoughtfully, smoothed his beard, but could not give a more satisfactory answer than the stupid Patrick. Archibald could not imagine how it was, that a learned Doctor should be ignorant of the situation of the castle of Vorosdar, which, to him, was a place of such importance.

After having followed for a considerable time the windings of a lonesome valley, and ascended a rather steep hill, they found themselves, at the end of a ride of some hours through a forest of pines, before the gate of a monastery of capuchin friars, situated in the very centre of the wood.

Romantic as was the gloomy building amidst the scenery that surrounded it, still the boy felt something like an oppression on his spirits, when Dee signified to him that the monastery was to form his future residence. The bell sounded—the gates expanded as it were the entrance of a burial vault, and closed behind them as if never to re-open.

Immediately they felt the chilly air of the cloister; several brethren, in a brown costume, passed them, with a pensive melancholy air, whose appearance struck the Protestant boy as most extraordinary. In the distance was to be heard the monotonous chaunt of the monks engaged in their devotions. After mounting a steep wooden staircase, and following a long passage between open cells, miserably furnished, Archibald and his conductor arrived at that of the prior, who, being a sufferer from illness, was obliged to keep his bed, and absent himself from public prayer. The silver-haired old man received the Doctor as an old acquaintance. "Holy St. Francis bless your coming, worthy sir," he cried, as the Doctor entered. "Praised be, too, our Lord Jesus Christ to all eternity," replied Dee, as he seated himself by the sick man's couch; "business has led me to visit you,

but I did not expect that I should find you so unwell."

"What, my worthy doctor," answered the prior, "do you not already know that I am suffering under the most incurable of all maladies, that of having passed my seventieth year? I had long since been gathered to my fathers, had not father Hubert, from time to time, replenished by his skill my lamp of life; whether I am a gainer by this lingering I will not now inquire; I should be better taken care of in the bosom of our Holy Founder, but we are forbidden to relinquish life with indifference, and without doing all that in us lies for its preservation."

"Undoubtedly," replied the doctor, "and may the good Hubert long preserve your's, for the advantage of those committed to your charge."

"The Lord's will be done!" answered the prior; "but how delighted father Hubert will be when he hears of your arrival."

"In good truth 'tis on his account I am here," said the doctor. "I am most anxious to commit this boy to his and your care. He is an orphan, unfortunately brought up in heresy. I have, however, taken upon myself the care of

him, and would request leave that he might remain some years under Father Hubert's instruction."

"How could we refuse so trifling a request to the benefactor of our monastery," said the prior, smiling, "who, by his friendly intercession with the emperor, as well as with our arch-ducal regent, has gained for our humble house so many princely donations. I grant your request most willingly, and only hope that the child of your adoption may profit by the learned father's instruction; I pray that the Almighty may facilitate his entrance into the bosom of the only true church."

The monks were now returning from vespers, for the wooden soles of their sandals resounded along the dreary passage. A lay brother entered with a reverence, and requested to know the prior's commands; he was desired to request the attendance of father Hubert, who was not long in making his appearance.

Archibald eagerly turned his eyes towards his future instructor, who, upon his entrance, saluted the Englishman with the greatest cordiality. Hubert was a short, thickset man, with a bald head, and a thin brown beard; his large eyes glanced like lightning on all around him, and his high aquiline nose descended low

beneath a mouth, which, though closed, betrayed an expression of deep satire. His garment, though coarse, was carefully brushed and arranged; his sandals clean and not too heavy; his voice was measured and harmonious, and, as he spoke, his countenance was lighted up with animation. Archibald took a fancy to him at first sight, because his cheerful and pleasing appearance was totally at variance with the picture which he had hastily formed to himself of Hubert, whose figure, when compared with that of the doctor, appeared in any thing but an advantageous point of view for the latter.

A very few words sufficed to make Hubert

over the mountain and valley, while the other looked upon the convent burial ground, surrounded as it was by dark forest trees, and a dreary wall. The room was better furnished even than that of the prior; the rays of the sun were excluded by green blinds; a mat was spread over the stone floor; and in the centre of the room stood a large round table, supported upon crooked lion's paws. Books, rolls of parchment, scrolls, measuring instruments, anatomical plates, and cyphered papers, lay scattered upon it in the greatest confusion. An open cupboard appeared to contain a number of mathematical instruments, while in another press was a quantity of medicine boxes, and bottles. In a recess stood the comfortless pallet of the inhabitant of this hermitage, and opposite to it a large human skeleton. Some singing-birds, suspended from the ceiling, in beautiful cages, were singing merrily, and a large clock (a present from the emperor Charles the Fifth to the convent, out of respect for its prior) was fixed against the wall, and kept up a monotonous ticking. Upon the sill sat a gigantic stork (which Hubert had fed until it had become quite tame), who steadily gazed on the strangers. A small altar, with a picture of St. Cecilia suspended over it, adorned with

garlands; a stone bason projecting from the wall, into which the clearest spring water could be introduced at pleasure, by a brazen cock; a comfortable arm-chair and a few rush-bottomed seats, completed the furniture of the apartment, in which Archibald was to learn wisdom.

The boy looked upon every object with the greatest curiosity, while Dee and Hubert kept up a Latin conversation at the window. It was soon, however, brought to a close, and the bargain struck, for the doctor was a man of few words. Dee refused the monk's hospitable invitation to remain, repeated once more to Archibald the substance of his conversation with him at Munich, shook him by the hand, promised to fetch him away as soon as it was time, and after a brief leave-taking quitted the monastery.

Archibald was now altogether separated from all that connected him with the rest of the world; he was alone, amidst strangers, a new religion, strange manners, and under a strange climate. The longing for his home returned, and he shed a flood of those bitter tears which a desolate creature alone can weep. Hubert proved his greatest consolation in this trial; he seated himself in the kindest manner by the

weeping boy, and poured the balm of hope into his breast. "Be comforted!" he said, with that appearance of interest which is sure to gain our confidence; "be comforted! and resign yourself to hope, and to the care of your Heavenly Father above! one time or other your desires will be fulfilled. How fortunate *you* are —for *us*, all is at an end. The gates of the monastery will, at some future time, be opened for your return to your home, while to us they are for ever closed, save occasionally a solitary walk for a round of alms-asking, or for a journey to some distant convent. The time will come, when, free and at liberty, you will rush down the mountain to your longed-for home, and leave behind you, mountain, plain, and wood, while we must remain, as heretofore, alone in our solitary cells, or kneel in our oratory, and offer up our prayers for you and your prosperity. For *you*, the desolate orphan, this house, with God's assistance, shall become the gate of wisdom, the foundation of your future prosperity—for *us*, it ever was, is, and must be but a prison, in which all our strength, our endowments, and our knowledge, are wasted in the certainty of an inglorious oblivion—a dungeon which in general eternally divides us from parents, relations, and all we hold dear;

from which, doomed as we are to the exercise of a denial requiring almost superhuman strength, we look forth with eyes of longing upon the pleasures of the world, as one who, perishing in the barren waste, longs for the refreshing shade of the grove which he is never to reach, and in sight of which an inexorable fate has doomed him to destruction. Compare now our lot with your's, Archibald, and dry your tears. Pray, and work till you have attained the object set before you; then will the flowers of life bloom for you—then will you gather its ripening fruits—then will you leave your imprisoned tutor, consoled by the idea, that he has contributed to the happiness of at least one individual."

Hubert had touched the right chord; the desire of happiness, and the determination to attain it, which is in truth born with us, seizes most forcibly on the novice in life—on the boy —on the youth. A few days divided betwixt amusement and very light labour were sufficient to accustom Archibald to his new situation, and awaken in his breast a feeling of affection towards his tutor; a small room close to his instructor's cell, was his dwelling; a mattress, with coarse sheets, and a blanket, formed his couch; his tutor's apartment was his world.

The prospect which Hubert held out to him of acquiring perfection in knowledge, roused the eager disposition of the boy, and turning all his zeal towards the attainment of his object, he ardently devoured the rudiments of science, which were laid before him with caution, steadiness, and an encouraging kindness. Archibald had but little intercourse with the other inhabitants of the monastery; he only saw them whilst passing through the passages, or during divine service in the chapel, at which, after some preparatory instruction in the Catholic creed and rites, and after his abjuration of Protestantism, to which the hitherto neglected boy was conducted without difficulty, he was obliged to be present: with few was he on terms of greater intimacy; of few did he even know the name. The father, who superintended the kitchen, a good natured old man, with a grey beard, and a lively countenance, was one of the few with whom he was acquainted, and Archibald generally took his repast upon the dresser, when the ample remnants of the father's meal were brought from the refectory to the kitchen; the good old man, too, generally brought him some delicacy in fruit or pastry, in the large sleeves of his gown, which Hubert had set apart for his pupil; he then heard him say grace, and after-

wards chatted to him for a quarter of an hour, till Archibald was obliged to return to his studies. In the afternoon, when his hour of release sounded, Archibald instantly flew down stairs into the small garden of the monastery, which formed a square between the cloisters, or perhaps obtained the prior's permission to visit the large kitchen garden, where he would assist the gardener in his lighter labours, or amuse himself in watching the proceedings of a colony of snails which the superintendant of the kitchen had established against the garden wall, for the benefit of fast days, till the knocking on the eating table again summoned the brethren to their meal, and him to the kitchen. There the superintendant would again set before him a light repast to which the cellarer, who had taken a great fancy to the child, occasionally added a small flagon of beer, or, on feast days, a little of the red wine of the country. He ate and drank with an appetite that daily increased, listened to some legend related by one of the brothers, and then retired to his chamber to rest, till the rising sun again summoned him to the same routine of business and amusement. Not unfrequently he would accompany Hubert through the verdant forest, when he went to preach at one of the adjacent villages, or more

rarely would form one of the train of his friends, the cook or the cellarer, on their excursions in quest of contributions for the monastery, and assisted in driving home the heavily laden ass; but Hubert soon put his *veto* upon expeditions of this nature. By Hubert's command, however, he daily visited the sick prior, and soon had the pleasure of being able to read to him from Latin books of prayer, and he even could tolerably understand what he read.

In this manner the first year passed both agreeably and profitably. Archibald had made greater progress in his studies than even his sharp-sighted tutor could have expected, who was justified in entertaining the highest expectations of his pupil, and in redoubling the pains he took with him. Beloved by the few who knew him, on account of his open and cheerful disposition, his time passed pleasantly enough. The prior, as a reward for his application, permitted him to dine with the brothers in the refectory on the festival of the founder of their order, and presented him to the numerous strangers and visitors who banquetted there on that day, as a prodigy of application and early talent, so that on the following St. Francis' day, a number of strangers made a point of dining

in the refectory of the monastery, for the sole purpose of beholding this prodigy of learning, whose happy disposition father Hubert had so admirably succeeded in unfolding.

These marks of distinction, coupled as they were with the pride they naturally awakened in the breast of both teacher and pupil, attached the latter more and more to the cloister, and the only melancholy thought that ever arose in his mind was, that at some future period he should be called upon to quit his present abode. Thus passed the second year, and the time of his departure seemed still distant, for not the slightest intelligence of the doctor had ever reached the convent, nor had he even made any inquiry concerning Archibald's progress. "It is his custom," answered Hubert, whenever his pupil expressed any surprise at the circumstance; "make then the best use of your time, that whenever he may appear, like a thief in the night, we may deserve approbation, and not reproof."

Archibald plainly perceived that Dee was held in the greatest reverence, both by the prior and Hubert, and also that it arose from different causes; the prior was indebted to him for the donations which the doctor's interest with princes and nobles had showered down upon

the monastery; but Archibald fancied that Hubert had personal causes of gratitude towards the doctor: this much could be collected from casual expressions; but the cunning boy could never arrive at any certainty, notwithstanding the adroit manner in which he endeavoured to lead Hubert into a relation of his past life; neither could he ever find out what Dee's occupations really were, or why he undertook such long journeys, and was always so well received by so many distinguished personages. All he ever received, was an evasive answer, and he failed to satisfy his curiosity. The youth at length desisted from his fruitless attempts, applied with diligence, increased in strength, both of body and mind, struck up an intimate acquaintance with the prior's tame stork, which became his constant attendant in all his rambles, and lived contented and happy, until, in the revolution of time, the existing state of affairs became entangled and deranged, and at length yielded to a new arrangement, which threatened to have a pernicious effect upon Archibald's interests.

The prior fell again into ill health, and, like a withering tree, visibly declined. In spite of the grief which Archibald must have felt at the approaching death of this venerable man,

who had always shown himself his friend, he could not but remark the extraordinary change which took place in the inhabitants of the monastery, and which daily grew more decided, as the prior's approaching dissolution became more evident.

The monks assumed a scowling, surly air towards each other, and neither friendly salutation nor good-humoured remark was exchanged between them. Secret meetings were held in the cloisters, cells, or in the garden of the monastery, and even the frank and open Hubert, whose outward conduct presented no alteration, was often discovered by his pupil alone in his cell, and plunged in gloomy meditations. At first he attributed this to the grief which he must naturally have felt at the approaching death of his friend; but he surprised him so often with his eyes fixed before him in deep melancholy, or pacing his cell in a state of painful excitement, that, penetrated by the liveliest interest in his welfare, he one day approached him, and thus addressed him:—"Dear friend and instructor! What can have affected you to such a degree, that nothing seems able to dispel your secret melancholy? You have yourself taught me that death is the inheritance and lot of all the human race, and that it is foolish, nay,

even criminal, to indulge in excessive grief, even at the death of the very dearest friend, inasmuch, as his departure is but the entrance into a state of far greater happiness; and as you are always in the habit of following the precepts which you teach, your grief cannot be caused by sorrow for the death of your friend: what else can there be, which causes you such affliction?"

Hubert was silent for a few moments; a smile then passed over his countenance, as he replied, in a mild tone, "You mean well, Archibald, and I thank you for the affection which you show towards me, and which indeed I deserve, since at this moment it is anxiety for your welfare which is the cause of so much grief to me, for you must understand that I have reason to dread a melancholy future for us both. The dying prior was attached to me—he was my friend—this, and the few acquirements which I possess, sufficed to draw upon me the hatred of all the rest of the monastery, with a few exceptions. All the fathers are my sworn enemies, and I should not be a monk were I not aware of the implacable nature of their hostility; hitherto my enemies have concealed their real feelings under a mask of humility—of a cringing friendship, an openness of disposition, or an apparent indifference, according as the character

of each was cowardly, dissembling, or open; but now my support fails me—as soon as death shall have bereaved me of my friend, the venom of their malice will break forth, and seek to work my ruin. I shall be ill-treated upon every occasion; and the wicked never look in vain for an opportunity to work their ends. You perceive now that you will suffer with me, for you are already detested by those of whose enmity I principally stand in dread, both because you possess talent yourself, and because you are my pupil. I have long foreseen the storm which now threatens us, and long ago forwarded my petition to the head of our order, that I might be removed to some other monastery, for my friend's declining health warned me against delay; but business is transacted so slowly at Rome, and death has so closely pursued his prey, that I must prepare to face the tempest, for as yet I have received no answer, and I do not expect that the dying man will linger on for forty-eight hours longer. From what I have observed, the monastery is divided into two parties, who will exert their utmost for the election of the new prior;—at the head of one party is the father, who is reader to the monastery; and at the head of the other, Father Theodore. In reality they have a secret under-

standing together, and each has agreed to render the election of the other sure, in case he cannot secure his own; they are both my most bitter enemies; and upon whichever of the two the election may fall, my lot will be the same. You now know the cause of my melancholy—of my sleepless nights, and thoughtful days—and why I almost wished that Dee had taken you away, much as it would have pleased me to form your mind, to the best of my ability."

"Oh! no, no!" cried Archibald, touched by the confidence which Hubert had displayed towards him. "No! were the doctor to appear at this moment, and wish to remove me, I would not stir from hence—from you, who have been more than a father to me."

The door opened, and Amadeus, a young monk, who had but just finished his noviciate, entered the cell, and announced to the father that the prior was at his last gasp. Hubert turned pale, but immediately recovered himself, and said,

"In the name of heaven then, go, brother Amadeus, let the bell be tolled, and the members of the convent summoned to the apartments of the dying man, to offer their prayers for his soul."

Amadeus departed. Hubert kept for a few

moments a gloomy silence, then seized Archibald's hand, and said, "Come, my young friend, —come! and you shall witness the last moments of a dying Christian."

They saw him die—saw him depart to the mansions of the blest—whilst his countenance bore the heavenly smile of a guiltless conscience. The tapers burned, and chaunts for the repose of the departing spirit arose from the circle of kneeling monks, while many a breast there present was swelling with evil passions engendered by the longings of ambition. They were smothered however till the day of election. Hubert returned from the chapter exhausted with fatigue.

"I was not far deceived," he said to Archibald, "father Theodore is prior, and the father reader to the monastery, finding his own party was not sufficiently strong, voted for his friend. It now only remains for us to await whatever may come, without fear, and prepared for the worst."

They were not kept long in suspense. First, came an order to Hubert, couched in terms of severity, to give up, without loss of time, his own comfortable cell, and to remove to another, furnished in every respect like those of the other fathers; next, he was ordered to acquaint Archi-

bald's protector that he would not be kept at the convent longer than this third year, if all his arrears were not paid up. It was in vain that Hubert represented his ignorance of the doctor's place of residence. "That makes no difference," was the reply; "the funds of the monastery, which are only supplied by charitable donations, cannot be wasted upon a child whose origin every one is ignorant of—that would be rank simony."

Hubert had taken upon himself the care of the child, and he was responsible for him. The monastery could not and would not maintain him out of charity for more than four months longer, which would conclude the third year of his residence there. Hubert acquainted his pupil with all this, but advised him to be patient, to trust in Providence, and hope for the best. For himself, he showed the most entire obedience to his superiors, quitted his comfortable study, consigned one half of his goods to the lumber room, arranged the remainder as well as his small apartment would permit, and continued his course of study with Archibald.

But he was not so easily permitted to enjoy repose—every day he had some fresh misunderstanding with the prior, or with his confidant, the reader. The slightest word was misin-

terpreted, or turned against him—every action was supposed to have some secret motive, and the slightest mistake in their numberless daily duties, was called a crime. Hubert bore all with silent resignation, and did not give his enemies the gratification of exciting him to any action which might really merit punishment; nevertheless he daily returned to his cell in a more discontented, more melancholy mood.

"Archibald," he said one day, when thus in sorrow, "Archibald, it is now time for me to commence with you the second course of my instruction, that part of it on which the doctor more particularly relied, when he left you to my charge, but which I wished to defer as long as possible, inasmuch as it is a weapon as dangerous in the hands of an unprincipled, as it is useful in the hands of a conscientious person. It contains the '*Ars medica*,' the art of healing; and the '*Ars dissimulandi*,' or the power of dissimulation. The last ought, in fact, to be termed '*Ars regnandi*,' for this is the secret of all authority. The times are gone by when the sword, and the arm of the strongest, carried all before them. Then indeed, he who could overthrow his weaker antagonist, forced the oath of allegiance from him at his sword's point; but now the pen, the letter, the idea,

in short the mind, rules every thing, and the prince only puts a sword into the hands of his vassal, where, in the previous negociations, two persons equally skilful in playing their cards, have been pitted against each other. Such a youth as you are, Archibald, now nearly sixteen years of age, poor, an orphan, and filling so insignificant a place in the world, you, I say, have no hope of advancement, no hope of ruling, but by dissimulation—I have strictly observed your character, and perceived that it contains the elements of dissimulation. You will make progress in the art of self-denial, and of turning people to your purpose, as well as in all the means by which you may obtain any object you have in view. It is your duty to perfect yourself in these arts, inasmuch as your master purposes to employ you in politics; a blind obedience is the foundation—determination, cunning, the power of observation, and persevering disposition, are the steps which conduct us to the summit. Mark! and practise yourself in these arts; but never allow the pursuit of your object to lead you to forget the safety of your soul. Never countenance the commission of a crime, although perhaps circumstances may not always allow you to avoid every thing which your conscience may

disapprove. The path which, as I fear, the doctor intends to point out to you, is slippery; obstinacy, and a straight-forward honesty, for as you are situated they both mean the same thing, would conduct you at once into the marsh and the quicksands, where you would at once be swallowed up—crime, misdeeds, and wickedness, on the other hand, would thrust you at once, as your creed insists, down headlong into the abyss of hell.

"Between these two paths, may be found a third—a zigzag it is true, but it will lead you by many a turn to the attainment of temporal happiness. Whoever has discovered this path, may indeed congratulate himself; and although in the following it he may occasionally stumble (as what mortal does not?) he may still look forward with confidence to a blessed futurity. It shall be my endeavour to teach you to discover this path."

Archibald stood, lost in wonder, as he listened to this discourse of his instructor, from whom he had never yet heard a single word at variance with truth. He at first thought that Hubert only wished to try him, but the eagerness and zeal of the speaker soon convinced him to the contrary. At one time he discovered to him the secrets of nature—the wonderful

formation of the human body—at another he instructed him in Machiavelian arts and intrigues—while a third lesson consisted in a repetition of what had been before taught, that it might for ever remain imprinted on the mind of his scholar—practice even was not neglected: Archibald was made to study chemistry and astronomy; nor was astrology, the hobby-horse of the age, altogether strange to him. His eager and powerful mind embraced all with ability and success, and Hubert placed stone upon stone of the imposing edifice, which in the youthful brain of Archibald stood upon quite as sure a foundation as in the quinquagenarian cranium of a master of the seven liberal arts. Every day discovered some new source of knowledge, which Archibald at once caught at; and in this manner the time allowed by the prior glided by, and but fourteen days remained, without the Doctor's having given any intelligence of himself, and without any change having taken place in the internal regulations of the monastery; but at the end of that time, a dreadful occurrence, changed the whole face of affairs in the twinkling of an eye, and that in a most awful manner.

CHAPTER X.

" Rouse not the lion from his slumber,
The tiger's tooth you well may dread;
But first and worst of horror's number—
Man—when by frantic frenzy led!"

SCHILLER.

AMONG the monks of the monastery the young Father Amadeus was the most conspicuous for his amiable qualities—his juvenile appearance (for he was in the very bloom of youth)—his noble form, which even the shapeless frock could not conceal—his black curly beard and dark hair, whose luxuriant growth could scarcely be restrained to the regulations of the order—his blooming countenance and beaming eye—his whole appearance in short was calculated to create at first sight a favourable impression: but whoever was more intimately acquainted with his quick lively disposition, his humility, his zeal, piety, and goodness of heart, contrasted as they were with the unbending haughtiness of the red-bearded reader to the monastery,

the studied hypocrisy of the death-pale prior, or the coarse, thick-headed stupidity of the majority of the monks, could not but truly love and esteem the modest Amadeus.

Archibald himself, prejudiced as he was in favour of his preceptor, could not help entertaining an internal conviction that Amadeus's mind was more pure, and his disposition more engaging than that of Hubert, who used himself frequently to say, while conversing confidentially with his pupil, that Amadeus was far too good for a monastery—far too pure and guileless for a profession, which, half forced and half talked over by avaricious relations, he had embraced, without having ever prepared himself for that utter repentance and dreadful self-denial which must necessarily be his portion. Archibald therefore, as did almost every member of the monastery, regarded Amadeus with feeling and affection, and felt no surprise that he should be a mote in the eyes of their present superiors; a fate which his wise and cautious preceptor equally shared. The prior more particularly (a man of about six-and-thirty, tall, pale, with a thick black beard descending to his girdle, and a false look, that seemed to avoid the light) appeared to entertain a particular hatred towards Amadeus, whom he frequently

[illegible] the most [illegible] without the sufferer [illegible] after a week of his absence—such was the first suspicion of the crime, and was continually overwhelming him with reproaches and invectives, on which occasion the reader, a man of gigantic stature and stentorian voice, was always his worthy assistant. Amadeus bore all patiently, and often sought oblivion from the restraint which he was tyrannically subjected to, in the excursions which, as a favourite practice, he was frequently called upon to undertake.

"Of a sudden, to the astonishment of all, he disappeared—to the time when that became of him [illegible] 'The apostate has run away,' cried the porter, and invoked the vengeance of heaven on the head of the guilty fugitive. His partisans used the same language, while the unprejudiced suggested that severity should have forced so timorous a brother to forget his oath.

One day, as Archibald was assisting old Father Joseph to set springes for small birds in the thick of the forest, the old man appeared for a long time lost in his reflections, and at last broke forth with—"St. Francis of Assisi knows what can have become of poor Father Amadeus! Do you see that mill yonder, where

the stream rushes with such violence from among the rocks? There dwells a rich, lively, and beautiful woman; she is a widow, and owner of the mill, and of a large possession—a devout christian, and a munificent benefactress of our monastery, for not a week passes that she does not load our beggar-donkey with a sack of provisions for our poor house. Now you must know," continued the garrulous old man, "that Father Amadeus, who a year ago attended her husband's dying bed with holy unction and godly comfort, rose very highly in the opinion of the lady herself, by his conduct upon that occasion. Amadeus has been in the habit of visiting her constantly since, yet I could almost swear that a wicked thought never once crossed the good man's brain. I cannot help thinking, however, that our respected prior, who has a high esteem for pretty women, and is a continual visitor at the mill, is not of the same opinion on this head. It has just struck me as possible, that the two fathers might have been a little in each other's way. The prior probably used threatening language, and Amadeus has seized the first opportunity to escape punishment by flight. Well, the Lord preserve us in all our ways. Cloister flesh and woman's blood can never come

to any good. Holy St. Francis, forgive me for uttering such a grievous sin!"

Archibald laughed heartily at the old man's foolish and somewhat wicked speech, but the monk looked confusedly round, to ascertain that they were not overheard, and then continued in a confidential tone to his companion.

"I conjure you by St. Anthony of Padua and his pig, do not repeat what has escaped from me so unawares. This love of talking is an old custom, which some how or other I cannot lay aside, for I did not always dwell beneath a cowl, my young gentleman. I was once a hardy soldier, and not much accustomed to mind what the priest would say; but when, about one-and-twenty years ago (the 7th of October in the year 71, will never be forgotten by me), in the sea fight at Lepanto, a Turkish dog drove a piece of lead through my right arm, which deprived me of the use of it from that hour to this, I began then to change my mind upon certain subjects. His highness the brave Don Juan of Austria (what is there after all a bastard can't do?) gave me a couple of gold pieces, and sent me home, and the Emperor and the Arch-duke gave me full liberty to beg about, wherever I thought proper. This did not suit my taste; and after strolling around

for a time, chance led me here, where I was admitted as a two-legged sumpter ass. At first the monastic life did not sit well on me; it fitted me like a doublet turned inside out; and I swore long enough, and cursed at sun, moon, and stars, before my piety began to take a right turn, and even as it is, the old soldier will now and then peep from under the cowl, though I must say it happens but seldom."

Archibald promised the utmost discretion, and they bent their steps once more towards the monastery. Father Joseph, however, constantly returned to the subject of poor Brother Amadeus; so that his young friend could not help remarking that something was weighing on his mind.

"It is confoundedly hot," said the monk, puffing, "and we have still a long way to go: shall we rest ourselves a little?"

"With all my heart," said Archibald, "if it be not too late."

"What! late?" continued Joseph, "the sun is yet high; and what if we were rather late at home?—we could easily trump up some story for them. Listen, my little friend! candour and conscientious honesty are my constant

guides in service; but the very ox that ploughs must rest. Come with me into the beech copse here—I buried a flask of wine in it the day before yesterday, while driving home our great donkey from the village—that it might refresh me in the time of need. The bald-pates at home have quite enough to moisten their throats with."

"Oh! you heathen," said Archibald, laughing; "but let your flask remain where it is for the present, for I will drink no wine now; and I think we had better be moving gently towards the monastery, else we shall stand a good chance of losing our supper."

"Well, as you choose, my lad!" answered the monk; "but at all events let us walk slowly, and pray that we and our honesty may escape the snares of Satan, and not share the fate of poor Father Amadeus."

"Why do you keep harping upon him?" asked Archibald, concealing his curiosity under an appearance of ill humour; "he is gone, and there is an end of him—I wish him a prosperous journey, and pleasant weather.—Gone is gone: what's the use of talking?"

"Gone is gone, do you say?" whispered the monk, with a mysterious smile; "but I tell you that he is not yet gone!"

"You are either mad," cried Archibald, "or you have already paid a visit to your stolen pitcher."

"Not so," said Joseph, half angry; "I am neither mad, like old Father Lochus, who at the full moon always says mass backwards, nor drunk, like the Father Reader when he gets up in the evening from his backgammon board. I have all my five senses about me, and they tell me, and I tell you—but not a word——"

"Heaven forbid!" interrupted Archibald.

"And I tell you," pursued the monk, "that I would wager all I have in the world that Amadeus is at this moment in the monastery."

"What!" cried Archibald, in astonishment.

"Aye, aye," said Joseph, with a nod of the head, "locked up, where there is 'wailing and gnashing of teeth,' for neither sun nor moon can shew their light——"

"What!" said Archibald, with increased astonishment, "a prisoner?"

"A prisoner indeed," replied Joseph; "'tis true I have neither seen nor heard him, neither do I know the way to the subterranean vaults, of which the prior keeps the keys—but a good cat finds a rat by the scent; where there is smoke there must also be fire—I have seen sometimes——"

"Do tell me what it is," said Archibald, earnestly.

"Listen then to what I have to say," replied the monk. "Remark (which you may easily do, as you take your meals in the kitchen)—remark whether the cook does not prepare every day one portion more than there are mouths in the refectory. There are in all thirty of us at table; and whenever business takes me into the kitchen, there always stands a one-and-thirtieth portion, with a wooden pitcher, on the shelf under the dresser; if I enter the kitchen after meal-time, it has always disappeared. I once uncovered the pitcher: it contained neither wine nor beer, but pure spring water. Now I have considered, and found out to a certainty, that this has been done only since Amadeus has disappeared; and therefore I feel quite certain that he is confined in some vault—who knows but he may be already half walled-up?—oh! my flesh creeps at the very idea. I would fain have asked the cook about it; but you know what odd people they all are yonder. The only answer would have been, 'Mind your own business,' or perhaps a week's bread and water for the inquisitive brother; or still worse, perhaps, a course of discipline for the 'prying soldier turncoat,' as they are pleased to call me in joke: these are the reasons why I

prefer keeping my tongue within my teeth. But you—you, who are a cunning chap and a born heretic to boot (and *they* have all a dash of the devil about them), if you can contrive to smell out any thing, and would impart your discovery to me, I will be your sworn friend ever after—I shall die else from curiosity."

"I will see what I can do," answered Archibald, internally resolved not to impart the slightest particle of any discovery he might make to the inquisitive monk. He set himself to watch therefore, and found that he had been rightly informed in every particular. When the mid-day meal was carried up to the refectory, he went into the kitchen: there stood, sure enough, the one-and-thirtieth portion, with the pitcher, upon the identical dresser-shelf; and the cook regularly contrived to send him away upon some trifling excuse, when lo! upon his return the platter and pitcher were no longer there.

One day he hazarded the question in a careless manner—"Who is this portion for?"—"For a sick monk," grumbled the cook, and immediately sent him about his business. Archibald then placed himself in ambush near the kitchen, and watched for some time; no one left the place, and nevertheless it had but that one entrance.

Tired of waiting, and afraid of exciting suspicion by a longer absence, he returned, and both platter and pitcher were gone—had vanished. Matters seemed now to wear an almost supernatural appearance. He did not mention a word of all this to Hubert, who always changed the conversation, with an appearance of ill-humour, whenever Amadeus was the subject of it.

It so happened that he one day entered the kitchen just as the cook was unlocking a strong door which appeared to belong to a cupboard —not a soul was in the room—he started at Archibald's entrance, and hastily closed the door, but left the key in the lock, apparently for the purpose of re-opening it at a more convenient time. The cat of the monastery however had stepped into the kitchen along with Archibald, who never took his eyes off the key. Puss prowled around the forbidden ground, and at length seized the opportunity, when unobserved by the cook, of making off with the tit-morsel which had been prepared for an invalid monk, and which lay on the hearth.

"For heaven's sake, the cat! the cat!" screeched the cunning Archibald to the cook. The old man turned round in a moment, caught a glimpse of the runaway thief, and, as fast as his size

would allow him, rushed after her through the door, brandishing the kitchen ladle. With the quickness of lightning Archibald sprang towards the mysterious lock—one push, and it opened and discovered to his view, behind the oaken door, another formed of massive plates of iron, in which a square hole, secured by a grating, and provided with a separate lock, was visible.

A damp air penetrated through the hole; he was turning away, but started back with a cry of horror, when the face of the lost Amadeus, like that of a skeleton, appeared behind the grating, and articulated in a sepulchral tone, "Do you bring me at length my wretched pittance? oh, I am almost starved." A cold shuddering crept through Archibald's veins at the horrid sight, which was increased by the rattling of the chains which bound the victim to his dungeon—when at that moment Archibald felt himself pulled violently back by the hair. The outer door was closed with a slam, and the cook, trembling through every limb with fear and anger, stood between the prison and the intruder.

"Accursed boy!" he stammered forth with difficulty, "What imp of darkness has helped to satisfy your devilish curiosity?"

Archibald, not yet recovered from his panic, knew not rightly what had happened to him;

but the cook ran up and down the kitchen, wringing his hands in despair, and crying out, "I am undone—the prior will certainly send me '*in pacem.*' I am lost, past all help. '*Domine, Sancte Francisce! ora pro nobis! Maria! Regina Cœli! turris eburnea! Stella Maris!*' Oh, I know not what to say, or what to do!"

Archibald, who felt a real pity for his state of mind, entreated in the most earnest manner, and pledged himself to the utmost secrecy.

"May heaven accord it," cried the cook, while large drops of sweat rolled down his forehead and nose, and his cheeks wore the colour of death. "Boy! dear Archibald! unless you are silent you will bring me to the torture—to the very grave. Oh, swear it, boy! swear it! else another moment will see you, like him within there, a prisoner in chains. Swear!"

With this, he produced a crucifix, which he always wore next his breast, from under his robe, and Archibald was obliged to take the most solemn oath that he would never relate what he had seen to any living soul before the prior's death.

He then became less agitated, handed the prisoner his scanty pittance, with a gesture of the most lively compassion, before Archibald's eyes, and, after locking the door and securing

the key, commenced a long lecture to Archibald on his impertinent curiosity, but was again silent as a wall whenever the latter urged him to declare the crime which had drawn upon the prisoner so heavy a punishment.

It happened, however, on the evening of that very day, that the prior issued an order that all monks and other inhabitants of the convent should retire to their cells half an hour earlier than usual, and should not quit them upon any excuse whatever till the next morning, under penalty of a severe punishment. This order gave rise to every sort of conjecture; but nevertheless they were all obliged to submit to it, and Archibald among the rest retired to his couch, to puzzle his brains with vain and foolish speculations. All was quiet throughout the whole house; the night was perfectly dark, and there was not a breath of air. Archibald had finished his prayers, and was on the point of falling asleep, when he heard, all at once, a most extraordinary noise.

It could not yet be the matin hour, and yet he distinctly heard all the cell doors open, one after another, and the slovenly steps of the monks, as they proceeded along the narrow gallery towards the stairs. Archibald, now quite awake, jumped up, and slipped on his clothes,

quite resolved to discover what was so obstinately concealed, and to try how far his bold dexterity could carry him. He was still busy in dressing himself, when at last he heard the sleepy cellarer, who inhabited the most remote cell, and was always the last in proceeding to his devotions, puff by the door. Archibald was then quite certain that he would run no risk of meeting any of the monks, and determined on leaving the room; but the bolt on the outside had been drawn, and he found himself a prisoner. After muttering a hasty oath, his first glance was towards the window; it was high, but without bars; he climbed up to it, and on looking out saw, to his delight, two ladders leaning against the wall. Without any long consideration, he descended to the one which appeared most secure, and soon reached the ground; he found himself in a small court which was well known to him, and which was connected by a narrow passage with the cloister. He hurried towards the door, but here, too, the bolt had been drawn, and he retraced his steps despondingly towards the convent. "Suppose I were to spring over yonder wall into the garden, and from thence into the cloister," he thought to himself: no sooner thought of than done; he climbed up, jumped, and stood in the garden.

Full of hope, he made straight for the door which led through the refectory into the interior; he found it fastened. His impatience had now reached its height, when a noise and murmur of many voices arrested his attention. He heard the chaunting of prayers, in the low monotonous tone made use of by the Capuchin friars; the sound proceeded from the refectory. Archibald felt his heart beat with joy, for from a neighbouring apple-tree he could easily watch the proceedings of the assembly, while the vine-leaves, which overshadowed the window, prevented him from being remarked by those within: as expert in climbing as a squirrel, he speedily took up a position on his leafy throne, from which he overlooked a considerable part of the refectory; it was brilliantly illuminated by the tapers which the monks carried in their hands. The brethren were all on their knees, and appeared to form a square. Their monotonous prayer lasted a considerable time; at length it was brought to a close, and the monks took their places on wooden benches, which were arranged behind them. The voice of the prior, whose person was hid from Archibald's sight by an intervening pillar, now became audible. Theodore spoke long, but the uninvited listener was unable to catch the words. He was

silent, when another voice was heard, which, although feeble and exhausted, penetrated to Archibald's heart in an awful manner.

The speaker was Amadeus, but the same pillar concealed his person, though his shadow was clearly visible; his reply, interrupted by long pauses, was inaudible, save now and then an occasional word, as "innocence—jealousy—unjust arrest." When he had done, the reader of the monastery arose; he stood directly opposite to Archibald, and the light fell full upon him, as he broke forth with his accustomed vehemence.

"I am astonished," he began, "at the patience with which this assemblage listens to the falsehoods of this depraved and worthless monk—this monk, who has broken his vow of chastity, and who has even dared to attack the reputation of our most respected prior, whom he would fain pull down to his own level by his calumnies and baseness. The oath of such a man as our prior is to be believed before the most convincing proofs. Were he to declare his conviction that the sun did not shine at mid-day, it would be our duty to suppose, that what appeared to us to be that luminary, was nothing more than a mere delusion of the senses. I therefore vote, without hesitation, and with the purest

conscience, for the very moderate punishment which has been proposed; but in order that the flesh of the sinner should undergo a more wholesome and commensurate correction, I propose that the same should be repeated three times." Here murmurs of approbation arose, and but a very few maintained a gloomy silence. The voice of Hubert then struck upon Archibald's ear.

"I am well aware," he said, quite coldly, "that whatever I may advance, will carry but little weight with this assembly; I neither come forward to defend the sinner, or to contradict his accuser; but my brethren will perhaps allow me, as a physician and a man, to say a few words condemnatory of the punishment now proposed. Observe this man, reduced, by his confinement in a prison, where there is neither light nor air, to little better than a living skeleton. Do you think that he could possibly support the intended punishment? It would endanger his life, were he forced to undergo it even once. It is now proposed that he should do so three times! Sentence him to a more lengthened, but a less severe penance, and thus furnish him with the means of surviving it. Let mercy and humanity prevail!"

"Who dares," roared the reader, in his usual

voice; "who dares to recommend humanity to us, and to prescribe laws to the church? She never desires the death of a sinner, but rather that he should live, and live regenerated; all this we know, although perhaps we may not be quite so learned as Father Hubert: but our holy church also wills that the sinner should suffer, that by his suffering he may be led to repent; and this is why she has imposed penances, and why she has, in certain cases, confided to our superiors the power either to increase or diminish them. I remain firm in my opinion." "*Fiat*," exclaimed the majority of the monks with one accord. The prior then again addressed the assembly, and apparently approved, in his short speech, of the reader's proposition for an increase of punishment; for Amadeus threw himself on the ground before him, and implored for help and mercy, in the most heart-rending tones. It was in vain; no compassion was to be obtained, and every taper was extinguished, except that which always burned before the grand crucifix. A penitential hymn was then commenced, which, with its deep and monotonous tones, penetrated to the very heart; and immediately after a blow was heard to fall, which returned a hollow sound, as if it had been produced by a heavy ball suspended to a thong. A

piercing cry succeeded, which was heard above the voices of the singers, and which became still more agonising, as the blows appeared to fall, at measured intervals, with greater force; until the sufferer, unable to support their violence, felt his strength fail him, and uttered his shrieks with a fainter voice.

Archibald, with a feeling of deep compassion, counted sixty of these blows, each of which appeared sufficient to have caused death. All was then still—both hymns and punishment ceased—nought was heard but the heart-rending groans, which arose from the floor of the room; the tapers were re-lit; the sufferer, to judge from the movement in the assembly, was removed, and a hasty prayer commenced, which was, in all probability, to close the scene. Archibald, therefore, thought prudent to make good his retreat, before the monks should leave the apartment; though his limbs were half frozen, he reached his cell in safety; and it was fortunate that he had lost no time, for scarcely had he jumped under the bed-clothes to try and warm himself, before he heard the steps of the monks, as they returned to their habitations. Suddenly the bolt of his door was gently drawn back, and the latch lifted. Archibald affected sleep, but contrived well enough to see who his

visiter was. It was the cook, who threw a scrutinizing look at the sleeper, gave a satisfactory nod of the head, and carefully closed the door without any noise, in order to withdraw to his own cell. Archibald dreamed, the whole night long, of poor Amadeus and his tortures, and on the ensuing morning made the strongest resolutions not to let fall the slightest hint that he was aware of what was going forward, lest he might himself fall into the hands of the inhuman executioners. He even dissembled before his tutor, whom he could not help thinking in fault, for not having defended the sufferer with greater zeal, although the crafty Hubert took every opportunity of trying to find out whether he had any suspicions of what had been going forward.

"Cunning against cunning," thought Archibald; "I will shew my tutor that I have profited by his instructions;" and he acted his part so naturally, that the most sagacious person would never have guessed the truth. No orders were given out, as on the preceding evening, so that Amadeus had a respite, and Archibald slept soundly the whole night; but on the following day the prohibition of the former evening was repeated. Archibald's impatience would scarcely permit him to await the time appointed;

every thing proceeded to the utmost of his wishes; as before, he sat upon the apple tree, and heard and saw as well as on the previous occasion; this time, however, the discussions previous to the punishments were omitted, whilst the victim was much more patient and tranquil during its infliction. Had he already become inured to pain, or what else did his half-uttered groans denote?

The invisible witness of this dark proceeding again reached his cell in safety; the cook made his usual visit, to assure himself that all was right, and again retired contentedly to bed.

"No," thought Archibald, "no; I will not again be a witness of this barbarity, it cuts me to the very heart, for with the best will in the world, I can afford the sufferer no assistance." He passed a sleepless night; rose unrefreshed, and went in a melancholy mood to Hubert. The monk was seated at a table, surrounded by drugs and medicaments of every description, and before him, on his mixing-board, was a large dose of a black powder.

"Ah! what are you about there, my good master?" asked Archibald, approaching him. Hubert started, and looked round. "Is it you?" he said; "what do you want?"

"Why do you ask me in so odd a manner?"

replied Archibald, endeavouring to read his tutor's looks; "the hour for my lessons is close at hand."

"I have no time to-day," answered Hubert, stooping down, and stroking the head of his stork—"to-morrow, my son—to-morrow."

"It is all the same to me," said Archibald; "I can wait; but what are you preparing there, dear master, a salve for wounds, or a blister for a hardened conscience?"

A transient blush was visible on Hubert's countenance, as he replied to his pupil, who already repented of his too hasty speech. "What do you mean by your question?"

"Nothing; I really had no hidden meaning," replied Archibald, in as natural a tone as he could assume.

"Archibald!" said the monk, as he threatened him with his finger, "do you really suppose that you have so far outstripped me, that I am no longer able to decypher your meaning? The adder lies like the withered twig upon the path, and it is by the sting which he has provoked by treading on it, that the traveller first learns how woefully he has been deceived."

"What do you mean by that?" asked Archibald, with somewhat of a haughty manner.

"Your speech," replied Hubert, "may be likened to the adder, which might indeed tempt me to danger. Do you understand? But you may perceive, by what has passed, that I am not the incautious wanderer who falls into the deceitful snare; and now adieu! Return again to-morrow."

Archibald turned to depart, with a feeling of shame. "Listen," cried Hubert to him, as he was leaving the cell, "'Watch and pray,' say the scriptures; and as this day you cannot watch under my superintendence, pray in the presence of the all-searching God—pray for the success of a good undertaking—pray for me. Now, depart!"

He accompanied his pupil to the door, and drew the bolt after him. Archibald did not see him again the entire day, but towards five o'clock in the afternoon, he spied him in the refectory, at a time when all the other members of the monastery, without exception, had betaken themselves to the flower garden. He was standing on a stool before the crucifix, which, carved in gigantic proportions, was raised upon a pedestal, and stood exactly in the middle, above the principal altar. Something was, in all probability, wrong about this pedes-

tal, for the monk was busily occupied in examining it, and tried it in every position, till at length the crucifix above began to totter, and threatened to fall down. Hubert secured it again, as speedily as he could, and after casting a cautious look around him, descended from the chair, and, bending his steps towards the garden, left the apartment.

"Why this mystery?" thought Archibald, who was concealed behind a rose tree, as Hubert passed him, looking round with evident suspicions, "Why the sneaking manner, which this man continually adopts? One would almost suspect that his intentions were evil, when he acts thus cautiously and guardedly upon every trivial occasion, as if the replacing a picture was as great a crime as church robbery." Archibald proceeded on his way, with fresh awakened doubts, as to the character and disposition of his tutor, when brother Joseph met him, and detained him. "In the name of heaven!" he began, with every demonstration of alarm, "come with me, Archibald!"

"Whither?" asked the latter, with astonishment.

"Yonder! to the wood-house," replied Joseph.

"Why do you wish me to go there?"

"You will soon see—soon hear;" and they entered the building.

"Now listen!" whispered the monk; "listen, and don't stir!"

"But why?" repeated Archibald.

"Pay attention!" muttered Joseph, "and listen to the spectre-voice, which has filled my heart with fear and terror."

"The voice of a spectre—are you mad?"

"It can be nothing else: every castle, every monastery, has its ghost; it is always so! But do you hear nothing?"

"No!" replied Archibald, laughing.

"'Tis strange," remarked Joseph; "neither do I hear anything now, and a very short time ago I heard the most doleful moaning and groaning, and now all is still as the grave."

"Goose!" cried Archibald; "'tis the ghost of the stolen wine which is running in your head!"

"Hush! for St. Francis' sake!" implored the monk, placing his hand on Archibald's mouth. "May the devil choke you if one word of that ever escapes your lips; but of one thing I am convinced, that all is not right here, or at least that all has not been right here; for these bald-pates (Holy St. Victoria, pray

for me!), the brethren I would have said, have always something in the wind. Well, so be it; it signifies little to me. Do tell me, have you discovered nothing further in the business I confided to you?"

"Nothing," replied Archibald, preparing to depart; "but tell me, to what part of the building is this shed fixed?"

"To a wall of the kitchen," said the monk, as he took his leave; and this explained to the scrutinising youth, the mysterious spectre voice, which could have proceeded from no one but the unfortunate Amadeus.

At that moment he recollected what Hubert had said to him before he had quitted his cell. "Could the good work of which he had spoken have referred to the deliverance of the unfortunate Amadeus from the clutches of his tormentors? Yes, yes—fervently and piously would I pray for that, could my prayers avail ought; and, although much against my inclination, I will again be a witness to the terrible scene of his sufferings, if indeed it is to be repeated to-day."

His doubts upon this point, however, were soon set at rest. Before supper, the prior repeated the order of confinement to their cells; the monks had their suspicions and their

thoughts, but obedience—blind obedience, that foundation-stone of monastic discipline—outweighed all other considerations, and the brethren retired to rest, while Archibald was on the stretch of impatience: the hours passed—the monks paced their way towards the refectory, the cellarer, as usual, bringing up the rear, and Archibald flew to the window; but what a surprise! what an unexpected disappointment—the ladder had been removed. What was now to be done—a leap from such a height was not to be thought of; and even had he succeeded in making it, how was he to get back again?

Archibald was torn by feelings of impatience and vexation; but a few hours before, he had determined not to be present at the midnight assembly, and now he was burning with the desire to be a witness of it, and the more so as every means of gratifying his curiosity seemed to be denied him. In a fit of desperation, he determined to try whether there would be any means of lifting the door from its hinges. This however was unnecessary, for, as he accidentally lifted the latch, to his ecstacy, the door opened; they had forgotten to draw the bolt, and Archibald saw himself in possession of

his freedom, in a manner which he least of all expected.

He rushed along the gloomy passage, illuminated by a solitary lamp, and down the staircase; but here he found himself in the cloisters, which were only lit by the ever-burning lamp, which was placed before the gigantic crucifix, and shed a dusky light. In this gloomy twilight, the dark pictures seemed to nod mysteriously from the walls, long shadows flitted across the hall, and the deadened sound of the voices, as they proceeded from the refectory, proclaimed to the trembling Archibald that the scene of misery had commenced; but how was he to reach the garden? every door was locked and bolted. Attracted by the mysterious charm of the marvellous, he groped his way to the refectory. The door was closed, but he distinctly heard the stripes as they descended on the back of the unfortunate victim.

The adjoining kitchen was open, and a lantern stood burning upon the floor. He looked around, it was empty. He entered boldly; the open door of Amadeus's dungeon yawned horribly at him as he passed: and, continually looking behind him, as if he feared every

moment that a ghost would emerge from it, and lay hold on him, he approached the grating through which the dishes were passed; it was closed on the side of the refectory, by a plate of tin, drilled into holes symmetrically arranged, and through which he had a perfect view of all that was passing.

Without for a moment considering the danger which threatened him, Archibald took up his position, whence his eye overlooked the whole apartment. His first glance fell upon the victim of implacable cruelty. Amadeus had been carried to the place of torture on a bier, and he was still extended upon it, and presented his back to the torture, with the careless resignation of a dying man. The scourge, furnished with leaden balls, stuck full of points, penetrated the sufferer's back, at every stroke, to a depth that required considerable force to withdraw it.

The master of the novices was the executioner, and wielded the instrument of death with an arm of might; but though he seemed doubly to exert his strength, he could only elicit a subdued groan from the dying man, who could no longer show the last struggles of pain by even the slightest convulsion. The hearts of the spec-

tators melted at this lamentable sight—one after another they stopped in their hymn.

"What will the continuation of this torture profit us?" commenced Hubert, rising from his seat. "Are we butchers, or executioners, that we should receive pleasure from such a sight? Cease, master of the novices; I repeat it to you in the name of humanity! Do you not see that this miserable being must expire in a few moments! Why prolong this brutal scene?" The executioner cast an inquiring look towards the prior, who only betrayed, by savage glances, his internal rage; but the reader exclaimed wildly, "On! on! twenty strokes have yet to be applied; the punishment must take its course, even should the last blows fall upon a stiffened corpse."

The master of the novices again lifted the scourge, but Hubert, with the quickness of lightning, rushed upon him, disarmed him, and hurled him to the ground. "Degraded wretch!" he cried; "base tool of a disgraceful barbarity! I disarm you."

"Accursed wretch!" roared the reader, springing up, scarlet with passion; "miserable impostor! your hour is at hand."

"*In pacem!* with him," cried the prior, recovering himself.

Two or three monks were about to obey the command, but the rest stepped forward to protect Hubert. Humanity, although too late, had at length overcome their hearts, closed and hardened as they were by habitual selfishness.

The reader foamed with rage. "Rebel—apostate—heretic," he raved; "why is it that I do not with my own hand ——"

"The provincial shall be made acquainted," stammered the prior.

"He already knows all," cried Hubert, in a tone of decision; "to him I appeal for justice. He shall learn that this unfortunate being, who now moans out his wretched existence at our feet, is innocent, and that yon pale sinner, elected by his creatures to be our chief, is himself guilty of that of which he has accused brother Amadeus—that he himself endeavoured, and would fain have commenced a prohibited intimacy with the miller's widow, in the valley yonder; and that, repulsed by her virtue, he vented his fury upon this victim, whom he unjustly fancied a favoured rival, in order to be avenged on him, for always having been more virtuous than himself. Infamy and punishment will thus be the lot of an unworthy chief! But you," he pursued, turning to the reader, "you!

the principal and most implacable murderer of this victim—you I summon in his stead, and in his name, before the throne of the Eternal Judge, there to render an account of your crimes."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the enraged reader, "miserable hypocrite, I despise your threats; heaven is as deaf to your impotent execrations as to the groans of this profligate, who now gasps forth his spirit before us, and who had merited a still more painful death."

"Deaf!" cried Hubert, in an inspired tone, and catching up one of the torches which burned at the foot of a crucifix; "deaf! Do you blaspheme that Deity who is every where present, and who is at this moment invisible in this chamber where we stand. Behold! the image of the crucified—the Saviour, who was our beneficent Redeemer, but who still will be a rigid judge to you, and to your infamous ally. Come! dare to look upon these features, which frown upon you with an expression of disapproval—dare to repeat, as you gaze upon his sacred wounds, the impious blasphemies which even now you uttered against his power, and fear his vengeance."

"I dare the trial," thundered forth the reader, rushing to the dying Amadeus; "I

place my hands upon these wounds, and may his lightning strike me if I have sinned against his glory, or against this criminal!"

"Woe!" thundered the choir of monks.

"Woe!" cried Hubert, as he thrust the torch against the pedestal of the crucifix. A dreadful light flashed through the room, which was instaneously followed by a terrific crash, and the crucifix fell to the ground, burying the reader under its weight. A cloud of dust, mixed with sulphureous smoke, extinguished all the lights, and the dreadful noise was followed by an awful stillness, amidst which not the drawing of a breath could be heard.

Archibald had heard and seen all that had taken place, and at the frightful crash, without knowing why, had thrown himself upon his knees. On a sudden the doors of the refectory were torn open, and those who happened to be nearest to them rushed with a wild panic through the different passages, towards their cells; others followed them, who appeared to be carrying something. "See, there is a light," stammered the voice of the kitchener, who, without casting a very prying glance around him in the kitchen, hastily seized the lantern, and again rejoined his companions.

"Carry him carefully," they whispered; "he

is without sensation. We will then return and remove the others, that the reputation of the monastery may not suffer." They departed with a hasty step, bearing the sick monk with them.

"Remove the others!" thought Archibald; "Whom? was not then the sick man they carried out the reader? The storm has ceased; I must take a look at the field of battle." He left the kitchen; the door of the refectory was wide open; the moon struggled through the window and the dusky vapour, and lighted up the scene of confusion. Tables and forms were overturned, and the crucifix was prostrate on the ground, with the face downwards; the reader lay extended beside the lifeless Amadeus, a stiffened corpse. Trembling and shaking, as if in an ague fit, Archibald hurried along the cloister, rushed up stairs, passed unseen before the open cell of the prior, in which all the monks were assembled around a groaning, dying man, and reached his cell in safety, where, oppressed by fatigue, he soon fell asleep.

On awaking, he found the news had already spread through the monastery, that the finger of God had descended upon the wicked prior and the reader; that the latter had been killed on the spot, but that the prior remained speechless

and paralytic. The wretched man, who had lost the use of both tongue and limbs, from fright, lingered until the next day, and died amidst the torments of a guilty conscience. He and the reader were privately interred; but the body of Amadeus had disappeared, and the manner of his death remained a secret to the inferiors of the convent.

Father Hubert was elected prior on the spot; and thus was his ambition, which he had always kept a secret, gratified to the utmost of his wishes.

On Archibald's congratulating him, the father asked him, with a smile, "Well, my dear scholar and friend! how is it come to pass that matters have taken such a sudden turn?" his eye, as he spoke, rested on the countenance of the youth, who, cunning enough to understand the real state of the case, as well as not to betray his suspicions, contented himself with answering, "This time, master, your question is the adder, and I am the traveller; you have taught me caution, and I therefore answer that I know not."

"You are right, my son," replied the prior; "your answer is a good one: if it be true, you have spoken the truth, and that is praiseworthy; if it be false, you have answered cleverly, and

that is still more praiseworthy; in the mean time you have no cause to regret that things have changed; we can now remain peaceably together, and you shall assuredly attain your object."

His instructor from henceforth seemed to take greater pains than ever with him, and two full years (during which Dee had frequently sent tidings of himself, and at the end of which he had promised to come to fetch the child of his adoption,) speedily passed away upon the wings of learning.

CHAPTER XI.

"Oh! soft desire! Oh! hope so soothing!
The golden time of dawning love."

SCHILLER.

AT the autumnal equinox, the doctor arrived at the monastery, to convey Archibald to his next destination. The lapse of five years had not made the slightest change in the doctor, but the alteration which had taken place in Archibald, appeared to make a deep impression upon him. "Receive my warmest thanks," said he to the prior, "for your excellent care of this youth, and reckon upon my readiness, should I ever have it in my power, to repay you. The time is now come to introduce the lad to the ways of the world, though the hour has not yet arrived when I can make use of him for the furtherance of my projects; I shall therefore give him, in the intermediate time, a year's probation, to put the seal as it were upon his years of study, and that he may learn the manners and customs of a distinguished family. A short time

ago I had an opportunity of rendering some not inconsiderable services to a princely family, who live upon their possessions in Moravia, since the unfortunate insanity of the head of the house has obliged them to withdraw from the imperial court. As a reward for my services, I have requested permission to bring into their family as page for one year an orphan youth.

"This youth is yourself, my dear Archibald; but mark two things before hand: first, that you are the son of a poor Bavarian nobleman, who, about fifteen years ago, fell a victim to a contagious disorder, whilst engaged in an expedition against the apostate Archbishop of Cologne; and next, that you have had the misfortune, from a severe fall, and consequent fright, received in early youth, to lose your speech."

"What?" cried Archibald; "I must pretend to be dumb."

"Yes, my boy," cried the doctor, smiling, and pulling him by the ear; "I must put your learning to the proof; I must convince myself that you have attained that premature strength of character, which I think you possess. For, as a dumb person, you must tread the path which is to lead you to riches and to honours. Dumb you must be, and dumb remain, until I give you permission to speak."

"That is inhuman," cried the youth, reddening with anger; "it is wicked, to impose such a yoke on me."

"Inhuman!" said Dee, as he measured the boy with a severe look. "Wicked! I fear, prior, that you have not altogether educated the lad according to my wishes."

"Let his youth bear the blame of his present very pardonable reluctance," replied Hubert. "Explain to him why this restraint is necessary. Let him be convinced of the advantages which he is to obtain through it."

"No advantages in the world shall induce me to impose such shackles upon my freedom," answered Archibald, angrily. "I am used as a play-thing. I am treated like a beast which earns its wretched subsistence by the cart or in the mill, and which fattens its barbarous master by its own sufferings. No! no advantage shall persuade me to become the slave of your wild caprices."

"Do you speak in this tone?" asked the doctor, scornfully; "well, be it so, my boy: I perceive that your wings have grown, and that the thankless cuckoo, hatched in a strange nest, and by stranger's care, is ready to take flight. Away, my bird! Have you really learned your A B C, and your multiplication table? Do you

really think that with this you can attempt what you please? Away, try your fortune; be tossed and buffetted about the world till you think with longing on your foster-father, whose benefits you have returned with ingratitude. It will then, however, be too late; your only chance will then be between the earning of a few pence that some ambitious prince may dole out to you for risking your life in a quarrel which nothing concerns you, or preserving the same life by begging alms, or perhaps by robbery and murder. Away, then, ungrateful boy!"

"I am not ungrateful!" said Archibald, much moved. "You have made me every thing, and I do not undervalue your benefits; but do not yourself diminish them by your harshness."

"Do I show any harshness, when I give you an opportunity of proving your strength of character?" asked the doctor with severity, or, suppose I do not think fit to assign a reason for every step which I command you to take. The creature cannot require it from his Creator. I stand in that position towards you; I am the superior whom God has placed over you in the world; I am authorised to demand unqualified obedience. Suppose I were to place you in a Carthusian monastery, where silence is a command, and speech without permission of the

superior a crime, what would you then say? But my only object is your happiness; through my guidance alone can you obtain it, and with this view it is necessary that you should pass a year of probation as a dumb person, and so indeed you must continue, until I allow you to speak, until the moment shall arrive when I shall think fit to employ you in my service. I pledge myself to you that my most anxious wish is to be very soon able to accord you this permission. Now make your choice. If you consent, I will forgive your insolence; but if you continue to resist my will, go! abandoned and deserted. Go! and try your luck in a tottering bark, upon the treacherous waves of life. Never will you reach the object of your wishes—never obtain a just revenge upon your mortal enemies."

"Revenge!" cried Archibald, starting up, and fixing his sparkling eyes upon the doctor.

"Never be able to reward your old protectress —never visit the castle of Vorosdar."

"Vorosdar?" asked Hubert and Archibald, with astonishment.

"To that place it is my intention to conduct you from this monastery," replied Dee. "I have already announced your arrival, and it is there that you are to pass your year of probation."

"In Vorosdar?" asked Hubert, as he bent his head upon his hand in a meditative mood, while Archibald's breast swelled at the recollection of the moment when that strangely-sounding name first struck upon his ear.

"What is the matter with you, my old friend?" said the doctor to the monk, in a tone of surprise; "why one would almost think that the name of the castle affected you."

"You are not mistaken," replied Hubert, recovering himself; "it has affected me, and I can scarce tell whether the emotions that I feel are raised by sorrow or by joy: perhaps it may be a mixture of both. I mourned the happiness to which I never could attain. Forgive my weakness."

"Have you then kept any thing a secret from me?" said Dee, in a tone of reproach.

"In point of fact, I have not; for every circumstance of that affair at Venice which brought me to the brink of the grave, and from which you snatched me back, is literally true. I merely changed the name, which to you could be of no possible interest; but now, after the lapse of so many years, after the proof of so much friendship, I think you have a right to know that Vorosdar castle was the scene of my misfortunes."

"Ah! a light flashes across me," said the doctor, rubbing his forehead. "The whole affair is now clear to me."

"How is she?" asked Hubert, in a warmer tone. "Has he made her happy? Does he feel her value?"

"You are avenged," replied the doctor; "deprived of reason, he drags out a wretched existence in the old family castle, since the Turk has laid waste his Hungarian possessions. She—that noble being, whose character has been so belied—she nurses his illness with the same resignation which has always distinguished her through every trial. She employs herself in the education of her daughter, and it is this occupation alone which presents to her an occasional rose as she wanders over the gloomy path of life."

"Unfortunate being," sighed Hubert. "She has a daughter, say you? No doubt a most amiable child—and her son?"

"The son," answered Dee, "is at this moment pursuing his studies at Prague."

"I thank you for this information," answered the monk. "You have afforded me a melancholy pleasure; but it is in your power to do still more for me. A lapse of twenty years has well nigh healed our wounds; they may now be

touched without bleeding afresh. Deliver a letter from me to her; perhaps a recommendation from me may be of service to your pupil."

The doctor cheerfully promised to oblige him; and then addressing Archibald, who, occupied with the recollections of his childhood, had paid little attention to their conversation, said, "Well, have you turned this matter in your mind, Archibald?"

"I am your's," replied Archibald, with eager emphasis. "You open to me a distant prospect of vengeance, and vengeance alone is the object of my existence. Do with me as you please; and now, do not think that because I willingly submit to loss of liberty, that my enthusiasm has diminished; I will ever prove myself obedient, willing, and in every respect deserving your approbation."

The doctor nodded a sign of approval, and then hurried on their departure with his usual impatience; scarce would his anxiety permit him to wait till Hubert had finished his letter, and scarcely did he give his pupil time to take leave of his instructor, and to thank him for his affectionate care and attention during five years. Every thing proclaimed the most violent hurry. The travellers soon sprung upon their horses, which the silent Patrick held in his accustomed

slothful manner. The inmates of the convent hastened to shake the departing Archibald by the hand. Hubert invoked a blessing on his head, and in a few moments the separation had taken place. Setting aside the feeling of sorrow which Archibald could not help experiencing at leaving his hitherto comfortable home, he entered with pleasure on the new scene which was opening before him. He had arrived at the monastery, seated behind Patrick on a clumsy baggage horse. He was departing in the dress of a gentleman, riding on the doctor's right hand, on a handsome steed, with Patrick following at a respectful distance. He had brought there with him nothing but a good disposition; he was departing well advanced in knowledge and acquirements; he was no longer the insignificant boy with whom the doctor hardly exchanged a word, and whom he appeared to class with his servant; he had now risen to be the adopted child of his protector, who seemed to take a pleasure in conversing with him, who strove to increase his store of learning, and thus threw open a wide and unknown field of knowledge; who further regarded him as his lawful son, and took every opportunity of impressing his servant with the fact,

that he was no longer talking with the beggar-boy Archibald, but with one who was to be treated with the same respect as his master. After a tedious journey, they approached the place of their destination, on a beautiful evening in October. It lay before them on a wide plain, interspersed with clumps of trees. The setting sun sparkled in the windows of the castle of Vorosdar. Archibald's heart beat as his eye rested on the castle, and beheld the spot which had occupied so prominent a place in his youthful thoughts, without his being able exactly to tell why. His imagination had certainly painted it to him in other colours. He had figured it to himself as romantically situated among mountains, and as composed of towers, battlements, and rugged walls, to which the only approach was by a narrow path, through a massive gate. Here, however, reality presented to him an antique but splendid building, situated in a plain, and composed of red sand-stone. A road, cut straight through the wood, led directly to the castle, which was surrounded by a moat, and a low wall provided with loop-holes. A draw-bridge, in good repair, flanked on each side by a guard-house (inhabited at that time by an old gate-keeper), led into the great court

of the castle, whose pavement, covered with grass, did not argue much for the hospitality of its owners.

The court-yard was principally taken up by the large Gothic castle, to which side wings had been added, in another style of architecture, and evidently of a more modern date. The lower story was surrounded by cloisters, supported by Moresque pillars, which gave the building rather an unusual appearance. A massive gate led into the inner court, into which opened windows of every form and shape. A Gothic tower rose in dark and gloomy grandeur above the shining tile-covered roof, and the hoarse sound of the evening bell welcomed the arrival of the travellers.

"Courage! Self-command!" whispered Dee to his pupil, as they dismounted from their horses. "The time of your probation has begun."

Archibald prepared to act his part, nodded without replying, and cast round a searching glance at every window, in hopes of seeing Sabina, but there was no sign of a human being. A short grey-headed man met them as they entered, and represented himself as the house steward.

"Welcome, Nepomuck," said the doctor, in a

slow and serious tone of voice, which he affected during the whole time which he remained in the castle; "welcome, my brother, in the Lord." The steward bowed respectfully, kissed the hem of the doctor's cloak, and answered in a low submissive tone.

"The Lord prosper your coming, worthy doctor and master; in what can the lowest of your servants assist you?"

"Announce me to her highness," said Dee, in his former tone of voice, "and ask her whether I may be permitted to pay my respects to her to-day, and to present to her the son of my adoption, as it is my intention to pursue my journey at an early hour to-morrow."

"I cannot say for certain, whether or not prayers are over," whispered Nepomuck.

"No doubt they are over ere this," answered the doctor, emphatically, at the same time thrusting a piece of silver into the menial's hand.

"What are you about? what do you mean?" asked the servant, pretending to be much shocked. "You do not suppose that a reward is necessary, to induce me to do my duty?"

"Heaven forefend," said Dee, soothingly; "you are a pious man, and the silver is for the poor."

"So be it then," answered Nepomuck, in a milder tone; "for the poor be it;" and as he thus spoke, he let the money fall into the great pocket of his wide hose, which he probably kept as his poor box, and then officiously shewed them up a flight of stairs, ushered them into a small room, and left them with stealthy steps.

"Be on your guard against that rascal," whispered Dee, when they were alone; "he is of the community of the Moravian brotherhood, and an arch-hypocrite; the princess alone is blind to his hypocrisy, and takes him for a pattern of virtue, in spite of what the village priest can say, who dislikes him, and is a great favourite at the castle."

"You had better, during your stay here, appear as a protestant; it will save you much discomfort; follow their ordinances. Your being dumb will relieve you from their prayers and hymns; accustom yourself well to the services of the table and the chamber, for in a year (God willing) you shall enter the service of a person of much greater consequence, where these attainments will be serviceable to you, and where you will still have to pursue this course of silence, till I shall say to you, 'Now speak, and say this or this.' Do you understand me?"

Archibald nodded, and determined within himself to keep his word; he intended however to make an exception as regarded Sabina, whose name he had never mentioned to the doctor: besides, he had such confidence in the affection of his former nurse towards him, that he felt she would never betray him.

The doctor added a few more instructions as to his general behaviour, and Archibald awaited the return of the house-steward, with confidential reliance on his own address. He made his appearance, and announced that the princess had finished her devotions, and expected her visiters in her study.

They followed their conductor through a long suite of apartments towards the one where she was, when a folding door was opened, and they stood in her presence. Archibald started, he had prepared himself for an introduction to one elderly lady, and here he found himself in the presence of five females. It was the first time he had been in ladies' society, and his breast throbbed with increased violence on observing, that four out of the five were young, and in the first bloom of beauty. The princess, a comely lady, of about forty, and with traces of very great beauty, was seated in a large arm-chair, before a round table supported by one

huge gilt claw. The room, which was hung with tapestry, was lighted by six wax tapers, which shone from two large silver sconces. She wore a brown dress, ornamented with black agate buttons on the body and sleeves; a velvet girdle, fastened by a broad gold buckle, surrounded her waist, and descended to her feet; a small ruff sat close upon her well-formed neck; and her hair was entirely concealed by a white coif of the finest texture; which, trimmed with a narrow lace, and falling over her high forehead, threw a slight and becoming shade across her pale and care-worn countenance. The princess was busily employed embroidering an altar cloth. Her daughter, the charming Ludmille, who assisted her in this laborious occupation, was seated by her side upon a low stool; her slender figure was wrapped in a loose white gown, while her golden hair descended in careless ringlets upon her beauteous neck; her fresh blue eyes rose like stars upon the entrance of the strangers, but she instantaneously fixed them again upon the work upon which her rosy fingers were busily employed. Three lovely assistants completed the circle; they were kneeling or crouching down, and struck wonder into the mind

of the astonished youth. They were, without doubt, inferiors; for they presented needles, worsted, gold and silver thread, or whatever else was required by the two ladies, with a reverential air, without presuming to assist in the work, and scarcely even venturing to touch the cloth when it required turning; but the foreign garb in which they were arrayed would have drawn upon them the attention of the most indifferent observer. The long flowing robes of the gayest coloured silks, embroidered with gold and silver flowers; the loose bodices, fastened with precious stones, and ornamented with loops; the many-coloured cloths which were wound around their heads in the most fanciful manner, and from under which their long dark hair fell over their necks and bosoms; the whole together made a lively impression upon Archibald, who had never before seen dresses that resembled theirs. The features of the maidens had no less foreign an appearance than their dresses; the deep brown complexion, black eyebrows, dark sparkling eyes, well-shaped nose, small mouth with vermilion lips, which, as they moved, displayed a row of pearls, and the gracefully rounded figure, declared at once that they were not of his country. They looked with curiosity at the

strangers, and, unlike Ludmille, never turned their eyes away from them.

The doctor entered the apartment with the ease of a man who finds himself in his own house; Archibald, with the shyness of a youth, unaccustomed to ladies and to the world. The princess rose from her seat, and saluting the doctor respectfully, motioned to the steward to bring a seat, and to retire; she then slightly nodded to Archibald. The doctor took his place without ceremony, commenced the conversation, presented his pupil to the princess, begged her to take him into her gracious favour, and at length presented Hubert's letter.

As the princess recognised the well-known characters, her countenance betrayed the emotions of her mind; she cast a searching glance at the doctor, the composure of whose features did not awaken the slightest suspicion of his knowledge of any closer connexion between the writer and the princess. Scarce had she read the first lines, when Archibald remarked that a tear sparkled in her eye. She quickly turned to the light, in order to conceal it, and continued to read with eagerness and attention; the letter was long, and the interval necessary for its perusal was a time of absolute martyrdom

to Archibald, as the three attendants of the princess never for one moment took their eyes off him. With a burning face, he turned away from them, and that made matters worse, for now his eye fell upon the figure of Ludmille, which, from its extraordinary beauty, set his very soul on fire, and made him feel at the same time that such an object never could be within his reach. He thanked heaven, when at last the princess, having read her letter, folded it up, and dried the tear which its perusal had caused to flow, turned to the doctor, and said, "You could not have brought me a better recommendation for your *protégé*. The writer of this letter" (here she sighed) "was well known to me in my earlier days —— It was impossible not to esteem him, for the goodness of his disposition, as well as for his acquirements; for years I have not received the slightest intelligence of him. This letter gives me joy, though not unalloyed, for I must conclude from it that he has been false to his faith; that he has turned catholic; that he has even thrown himself into a monastery."

"In the Roman Catholic faith, and in the retirement of a monastic life alone, could he find repose for his wounded heart," answered the doctor.

"Did he confide his sorrows to you?" asked the princess, with anxious curiosity.

"Never," answered Dee, with indifference; "for he never complains; but I feel convinced that he must have undergone much mental suffering, and that, as a monk, he will again enjoy tranquillity of mind."

"Do you think so?" asked the princess, with interest.

"I am convinced of it," cried Dee.

"But can he hope for happiness in the desertion of his faith?" said the princess, with a tone of severity.

"Why not?" answered Dee; "he merely exchanged one form for another; the essence is still the same; the end sanctifies the means. The King of France has given the world a great example in this respect."

The princess shook her head, as if she did not quite agree with him. "The count," she continued, "has recommended me this youth in the warmest manner; he has been his instructor, and has discovered much intelligence in the dumb child; he has formed him, and, by means of the art of writing, has enabled him to communicate with his fellow beings, from all intercourse with whom his misfortune had apparently excluded him; allow me, however, to

ask you one question—you have told me the youth was brought up by a Lutheran mother, after her own persuasion, did they succeed in persuading him to desert his faith while he inhabited the monastery?"

The doctor replied in the negative.

"You must be aware," pursued the princess, "that this would alter our whole plan." The doctor confessed that it would, but continued to deny that it was so, and referred to Archibald himself, who, according to his instructions, shook his head in token of denial. The princess then desired him to approach her, regarded him with apparent favour, received him formally into her service, gave him her hand to kiss, and then rang the bell. The house steward entered.

"I deliver this young man to your good offices, Nepomuck," said the princess; "I wish him to learn the duties of a page in our house; you will, therefore, instruct him in every thing that belongs to that office. Do not forget that Archibald is of noble descent, and, from no fault of his own, is suffering under a calamity which demands our indulgence till we can learn the signs by which he is accustomed to express his thoughts; shew him his chamber, and give him the place of honour at your table, for he

is a nobleman, and far your superior in rank, though the arrangement of the household may cause you to be placed over him."

Nepomuck bowed respectfully, and opened the door. "Good-night, Archibald," said the princess, to her new page; "repose from your journey, and be prepared to enter on the duties of your new office in the morning. You will not find them very irksome. It will depend upon your attention, your fidelity, and your behaviour, whether you will be looked upon in this house as a servant, or as something more."

She then dismissed him, but the doctor remained behind. Archibald followed the steward to the room intended for him. It was at some distance from the apartments of the princess, but connected with them by a bell. It was a small clean room, looking into the garden of the castle, which was situated at the rear of the building, and not of very great extent. A servant brought up Archibald's valise.

The steward asked the youth whether he would give him his company that evening to supper. Archibald declined, making signs that he was tired and sleepy, and had need of repose. Nepomuck did not press his invitation,

wished him a good night in his new domicile, and sent him a cool evening draught.

Archibald closed the door, and threw himself on a chair, for the purpose of contemplating his situation at his ease. It was indeed necessary for him to collect his ideas, though of what use was reflection, now the important step had been taken, and it was too late to retreat; the undertaking must be carried through. He thought sleep would never close his eyes, but it did so without his being aware of the fact.

CHAPTER XII.

Trau! Schau wem!
OLD GERMAN PROVERB.

ARCHIBALD awoke late; the house-steward was in his room, and handed him a sealed letter from the doctor.

Dee had determined upon starting early, and had therefore left his instructions for his pupil in writing. The page read them over hastily, and found nothing that he had not heard twenty times before. He then dressed himself, and as soon as he had finished his morning repast, Nepomuck led him into the princess's ante-room to enter upon his service; here he lounged up and down, caught flies on the wall, looked through the window into the court, and waited with impatience for the moment when the constellation of the castle would please to shine upon him; but he waited in vain. At length, about the eleventh hour, the door of the princess's apartment opened, and one of the three unknown damsels made her appearance. "My

honoured mistress will drive out," she said, in a foreign accent, but with considerable fluency, "and you are to accompany her on horseback." Archibald bowed obedience, and hurried to acquaint the steward, by signs, of the commands which he had received. Nepomuck could easily understand what he chose to understand, and in a few minutes the huge gilt open coach, carved with the armorial bearings of the family, stood before the door. It was lined with fine brown leather, in which the brass nails with which it was fastened, represented the strangest devices; large cushions of green plush swelled out from the back seat, while the front was very ill provided. On a golden ornament, which projected rather far from the fore part of the carriage, large plumes of heron and ostrich feathers were conspicuous, dyed to represent the colours of the family, and proclaiming at once the wealth and the taste of its representative. Four handsome black horses, in blue harness with gilt studs, stood snorting and pawing the ground, and could with difficulty be restrained by their conductor, who sat in his saddle adorned with the richest livery.

Archibald, by Nepomuck's directions, flew up to the apartment of the princess, who was at that moment coming out, accompanied by Lud-

mille and the before-mentioned attendant: he offered her his arm, round which he had wrapped a handkerchief of the finest muslin; she leaned upon it with condescension, and allowed herself to be conducted down the broad staircase. Archibald handed her into the carriage with every token of respect, but he scarce ventured to touch the arm of Ludmille, who followed blushing, and seated herself beside her mother. The attendant hurried in after them, and placed herself on the front seat, and the page, over whose shoulder Nepomuck hastened to throw a scarf, woven with the princely colours, and adorned with a gold fringe, immediately threw himself upon the dun-coloured horse that had been saddled for him, and rode quickly after the carriage, as it rolled before him.

They thundered over the draw-bridge, took their course along the moat of the castle, and drove with all speed towards the village. Here the princess caused them to slacken their pace, because young and old, children and aged, rushed out to meet their benefactress with salutations of joy and of gratitude. It was an affecting sight, and the kindness, one might say the condescension, with which their benefactress received this demonstration of feeling from her grateful vassals, was as much appreciated as her

bounty itself. She handed a purse filled with small coins to her page, for distribution among the people, while she herself, with the kindness of an angel, either listened to the supplicant, comforted the mourner, encouraged the despairing, or praised the industrious.

She was thus proceeding on at a slow pace, when a disagreeable occurrence stopped them; the minister of the village, a tall bony man, whose sunken eyes and dark countenance were lighted up with a malevolent expression, was standing upon the steps of his dwelling; he scarcely nodded in return to the respectful salutations with which the ladies honoured him; pulled his velvet cap sullenly over his brow, and cried, "God give you a good day, my noble lady, and forgive you your sinful pride. There you go again, like another Jezabel, in your gilt carriage, with your state and attendants; instead of walking humbly in the presence of God and his saints, and thus affording an example in Israel, you proceed, accompanied by pampered servants on prancing horses, whilst our Lord and Saviour entered Jerusalem riding upon an ass. The demon of vanity has surely taken possession of you, that you thus come in procession, like the Queen of Sheba, distributing money among the people in their presence. Is

it not written, 'Let not thy right hand know what thy left hand doeth;' which means, as applied to yourself, Go quietly, and by stealth, shew your humility in the huts of the poor, and not in the highways; shew it in the dwellings of the worthy servants of the Most High, who receive but a wretched pittance from the flock to whom they preach the glad tidings of the gospel, and who must wait, in religious confidence, till their Heavenly Father clothes them anew, like the lilies of the field; go and seek out poverty in the prisons and dreadful dungeons, where the sufferers for the true faith are confined, by the gang of the Babylonian harlot. Do good in secret, that you may escape the horrors of the bottomless pit, and attain to the everlasting Sion; for when you proclaim your charities of the world, you act a profligate, damnable, profane, and popish part—Amen!"

Archibald, enraged at the coarseness of this unworthy preacher of the word, shook his whip at him, when, to his astonishment, the princess hastened to descend from her carriage, and, followed by her companions, approached the minister with downcast eyes, and addressing him in an humble tone, while he remained unmoveable, said, "Forgive me, honoured Sir! forgive me;

it is not a sinful pride which animates me; I am on the way to meet my son, who returns this afternoon from Prague, to pass his vacation at the castle; the joy which my maternal heart feels at the prospect of again beholding my first-born, after a year's separation, has alone induced me to present, thus publicly to my dependants, a trifling present, as an earnest of my joy. You know that I am accustomed to seek in private the abodes of misery; and should you be yourself in want of any thing, be pleased to point out in what manner I can be of service to you."

The minister took off his cap, and answered in a far milder tone, "If that be the case, honoured lady! I forgive you! In the name of heaven, I must also beg you not to believe that it is from selfishness that I have thus addressed you; 'tis true, that my roof is sadly in want of repair, and that the rain penetrates into my very bed room, without my possessing the means of remedying the evil; 'tis true my shoes are worn out by my wanderings in the vineyard of our Lord, as a single glance will convince you; 'tis true that my cellar and larder are empty, as my flock appear to believe that the servants of the Lord can live upon air and

water; still I know not selfishness; I speak alone of the sufferings of my fellow creatures, though myself, I may continue to suffer from the rain of Heaven, which penetrates into my very bed room; though I may continue to travel bare foot, through briars and stones; and though I may be forced, like a frog, to still the cravings of hunger with herbs and water ——"

"This shall no longer be the case," answered the princess; "my steward shall see that your wants are provided for."

"'Tis thus you will be doing your duty,' cried the minister. "Expect no thanks from me; a tranquil conscience from the giver of all good will be your best reward; for the duties which we owe to him and to his church are always first to be considered. Go in peace, and Heaven grant that you may find your son, and find him every thing your heart could wish."

"I thank you, worthy sir!" replied the princess, much affected. "Fare you well."

"I should like much," pursued the minister, again removing his hood, "to be allowed to salute the young nobleman immediately on his arrival, and to assure him of the respect which I ——"

"You will be most welcome at our dinner

table," answered the princess, who understood his meaning.

"I expected no less," answered the minister, in an uncouth tone, at the same time replacing his hood; then, with a slight bow, wishing the princess a good journey, he re-entered his house.

This occurrence could not have been any thing very extraordinary, for neither the princess nor Ludmille took any further notice of it; the attendant, however, could not help smiling, and said, after a pause, "When my father, the Pacha of Bosnia, made an eruption into Croatia to chastise the marauding Uskoks, in the district of Zenag, and was reviewing his army in his usual state, mounted upon his splendidly-caparisoned horse, a mollah approached him, and reproved him for the pomp which he displayed, at a moment when his army was suffering from hunger, and every kind of privation. My father desired him to be silent; but instead of obeying him, the mollah became more violent, and even threatened him with the Prophet's vengeance; this enraged my father, and he commanded the meddling zealot to be seized, and had him well bastinadoed upon the soles of his feet; he was never troublesome

again, and my father's campaign was most prosperous, until at Sissek ——" here the maiden's voice faltered, and she could not pursue her narration.

"What does all this mean?" asked the princess, with a stern expression; "if I am correct in my supposition, I will take care that you shall not find an opportunity for repeating your impertinence. I never will allow the servants of the true faith to be considered in the same light as the heathenish priests of a vile impostor. While your eldest sister, Zenide, is a pattern of obedience, and the excellent Mermes, who comes next to her, seems indifferent to every thing but the performance of her duty, you, the youngest, are ever too forward, and too ready to talk upon what does not in the least concern you. Leila! Leila! you must not forget that the fortune of war has made you a slave, and that you owe to the compassion and to the fortunate intentions of my husband, the favoured lot which you and your sisters are at present enjoying."

"I do not forget it," replied Leila, in an animated tone. "When the siege of Sissek was raised, and my father retired across the Kulp, he was pursued and attacked by the imperial forces, when a dreadful slaughter ensued. We,

wretched women, transported in our litters, endeavoured to make good our retreat, but in vain; and, in spite of the desperate resistance of our guards, we were made prisoners. Heaven only knows what would have been our fate, had not the noble prince forced his way to us, and saved us from the violence of the excited soldiery. We owe every thing to him, and to your humanity; we will never repay you with ingratitude—but do not be angry, if now and then my thoughts will revert to my fatherland, which I have quitted but a very few years since."

"So they are Turkish damsels," thought Archibald, who had listened attentively to all that passed, whilst the princess, who appeared anxious to make matters smooth again, patted Leila on the cheek. Archibald then observed the infidel beauty more attentively, and discovered that she was the loveliest and most elegant of the three sisters; for the words of the princess, and his own recollections of the preceding evening, had taught him to distinguish the sisters from each other. The fine luxuriant form with the olive complexion, the proud and engaging look, was doubtless Zenide. The fairest of the three, with the expression of never-varying good humour, the placid eye, and the finely proportioned

figure, was the beauteous Mermes. The most lovely and most lively of all was Leila: her brilliant eye shone with the languid lustre of the gazelle, her dark complexion was relieved by the rosy hue of her cheeks, her dark-skinned neck shone bright beneath her raven locks, the crimson glow of the cherry smiled upon her well-formed lips, while the liveliest animation heaved her lovely bosom.

Archibald, with eager eye, devoured as it were the two transcendent beauties who sat opposite to him, Ludmille and Leila, each worthy of admiration, though differing from each other; Ludmille was however at length preferred. Leila appeared created to be loved, Ludmille to be worshipped; and their admirer was at that moment upbraiding his fate, when a cloud of dust appeared on the distant hill.

"He is coming—there he is!" cried the princess, standing up in the carriage, with signs of the utmost impatience, while Ludmille clapped her hands for joy: a tear rose to poor Leila's eyes; she thought of her own brother, in her far distant home.

Archibald raised himself in his stirrups, and could soon distinguish a band of horsemen hurrying at full speed towards the carriage. The prince was at their head; in a moment he

was at the carriage door, in another on the ground, and in the next in his mother's arms. She reposed upon his breast, weeping for joy; with his right arm he supported his mother, with his left Ludmille, whilst the horsemen stood grouped around. They were college friends of the prince, and had accompanied him, to pass a joyous vacation at Vorosdar.

Questions and answers, kiss after kiss were given and returned, during this joyful meeting. Archibald turned his eyes aside with a bitter feeling of jealousy, on seeing the prince continue to fondle his sister in fraternal affection, when he accidentally fixed them on Leila, who, regardless of what was passing around her, had rivetted her look, with an anxious expression of interest, upon him, and did not avert it until she was perceived; she then looked down, blushing. Archibald started from his reverie at the sound of the princess's voice, who ordered him to hurry to the castle, to give notice of the prince's arrival to the steward, with orders to prepare dinner for a numerous party. This commission was most welcome to him, for much as his vanity would have been gratified by receiving the beauteous Leila's expressive glances, the gratification was outweighed by the mortification he felt as a witness of that fraternal tenderness towards a

lady whom he scarce could even contemplate with bashful humility.

He returned, therefore, at full speed to the castle, and in his eager haste nearly rode over the village minister, who had also commenced his way in the same direction; the frightened exclamations of the latter, however, only elicited a shrug of the shoulders from Archibald, who at length, covered with dust, delivered his message to Nepomuck, who easily understood the signs by which he endeavoured to convey his meaning. He then followed the steward into the kitchen, under pretence of refreshing himself, after his ride, with a crust of bread and a glass of Malmsey, but in reality in the hopes of meeting with Sabina, whom he had not yet seen in the castle. All was however in vain, and Sabina was nowhere to be found; amid the many strange and haughty countenances of the female servants, the meek, mild face of Sabina was absent; he therefore seated himself at the dresser, and amused himself, while enjoying his bread and wine, by listening to the gossip of the maids around the hearth, who could not sufficiently lament that it had pleased the Almighty to visit so charming a youth with loss of speech, and also to Nepomuck's directions, which were all delivered in the low

tone of voice which the Moravian brothers affected, and which he in vain endeavoured to introduce into the kitchen and into the stable.

"For the love of the lamb," he moaned forth, "see what you are about; the turkey is burning to a cinder, the good-for-nothing people have no idea of roasting it as it ought to be done." "Ignatius!" he cried, to another cook, "more saffron in this soup, it ought to be as yellow as gold—come, be quick—be quick—you idle brothers and sisters. Why, where has Christopher hidden himself, it is time for him to be laying the cloth upstairs; there are fifteen more to dinner than we expected. Now, by your hopes of heaven, stir yourselves! never fold a wing." A chasseur now entered, laden with game; a fisherman with cray fish and some pike, and the baker with a basket of bread. Nepomuck examined every thing, found fault with every thing, and ended by taking every thing. "Come," he cried, eagerly; "the game to the spit, the fish to the pan, and the bread on the table; do be smart and active. Our noble master will be here immediately, and will not hear of waiting; our beloved prince will have a hungry stomach after his ride, and his esteemed friends will not be very different from him in this respect. Elias, take especial care of the wine

soup. As I am a sinner, if the first dish be not good, there is an end of the whole feast. Lord enter not into judgment with us; our worthy prince is a student, and just come from college; these nobles are all hasty, and take no time for reflection; if our treatment does not happen to please them, they treat us with their whips. Christopher, here are the keys of the cellar, and here the keys of the presses where the goblets are kept; put Hungarian, Austrian, and Spanish wines on the table. Use the goblets that were made for the christening of our adored prince, and place before his seat, which will be at the head of the table, the great goblet, with the crown and the effigy of the Emperor Charles V. of blessed memory—it bears his motto, '*plus ultra*,' a right imperial motto, and one well worthy a stout drinker; but mind, I am now speaking of us humble folks. He who would obtain an everlasting crown, must drink water, and not wine—do you hear me? Drunkards! chasten your bodies, that your sins may fly from you to the scape goat Hazeel, in the wilderness."

"Master Nepomuck!" at this moment cried a maid from the door; "Master Nepomuck! his highness is smashing in all the windows."

"Heavenly master!" cried Nepomuck, in an

agony; what, could none of you hear the mid-day bell? So it has pleased his serene highness to become impatient—Christopher! Christopher! I say; where can that man of sin have hidden himself?"

"Why you have but just sent him to the dining saloon," remarked a cook.

"Right! right!" said Nepomuck, rather disconcerted, as he went to a cupboard and took from it a damask napkin, a handsomely carved salver, some plates, and other eating necessaries, in silver. "There," he said, delivering them all to the attentive Archibald, "there, my good youth; be so obliging as to accompany me this once; I will never ask it again; but this impious Christopher, with my own confusion——Elias—come! the dinner for our noble master—the whole year round we never see a soul, and then here all of a sudden, heaven only knows why, we are deluged with a crowd of visitors—haste! haste, Elias! the dinner on a waiter—you may take that one with the adoration of the three holy kings on it—there, that will do—now give it me, and do you, my excellent youth, follow me!"

Nepomuck took the waiter, on which several silver dishes had been placed, and hurried, as

fast as his short legs would permit him, before Archibald, who, not able to guess what all this meant, followed him with the things which he had been desired to carry. They soon reached the first floor, close to the princess's apartment. "I must fetch some wine," whispered Nepomuck, placing his burthen on a stool, and hurrying down a side passage; in the mean while the door of the princess's ante-room was cautiously opened; Zenide looked out, and nodded familiarly to Archibald, who returned the salute with a smile.

"What! are you already returned, handsome Itschoglan?" she asked, in a tone so sweet as to give a charm to the harsh and difficultly expressed German. Archibald again replied by a nod and a smile.

"I wondered that I did not see you among the princess's suite; they have already passed the village, and will be here in a few moments," pursued Zenide, approaching nearer. "Ah!" she continued, on perceiving the dishes, "you are then going to wait upon his Highness?"

Archibald assented, with a shrug of the shoulders. "You are dumb then! unfortunate creature!" whispered Zenide, with looks of compassion. "Quite dumb! that is very melancholy, but still it is so far good that you cannot repeat what I say to you."

Archibald turned his ear towards her; she raised herself on tiptoe, and whispered, "I love you! do you love me in return?"

The youth, who had not expected this declaration, started back, and smiling, stood surprised. The lovely damsel, however, flew from him like a frightened fawn towards the apartments of her mistress, for Nepomuck at that moment re-appeared, with a handsome pitcher under his arm.

"Carry this too for me," said he to the page, "and now come." As they went, he asked "Did not something run away as I approached?" Archibald assented. "One of those Turkish damsels, I warrant—is it not so? I thought as much—that infidel vermin must needs get acquainted with every body, in order to get to the bottom of all that passes; but at all events, with you their labour is lost—you cannot chatter—Ha! ha! ha! you were born for noble service." While he was thus talking, they had ascended to the second story, and had entered the left wing of the castle. The passage which Nepomuck followed gave evident signs of its not being much frequented. Dust covered the floor, and numerous cobwebs the grey ceilings and darkened windows; old torn paintings hung from the walls, which were faintly illuminated by a dusky

twilight. A couple of open rooms presented the same appearance; the furniture was broken—the carpets torn; all was dusty, and in confusion. They now came to a door, secured on the outside by a padlock. Nepomuck unlocked it, but found that the door was also secured on the inside. The steward knocked first gently, then louder, and at length called through the key-hole, "Your highness! It is Nepomuck, your most obedient! who is come to excuse his delays!" After a pause, heavy steps approached the door, and it was slowly opened. Archibald started back, when it was half opened, on perceiving a long yellow face, with grey mustachios and bushy eyebrows, from under which gleamed a pair of blue glassy eyes. An old pointed beaver hat with a rumpled red feather stuck in its side, covered his head, while the forehead was overhung by a quantity of long grey hair, in a most dishevelled state. "So, you are come at last, you lazy varlet," cried this extraordinary object in a deep bass voice. "I began to think I should be obliged to set fire to the palace. Oh! generation of vipers! you thought to starve me, did you, or are you crazy enough to believe the report that has gotten abroad, that I am mad, and a prisoner? Is it so, eh?"

"Most noble sir," answered Nepomuck, in the

softest tone he could assume, "we believe no such thing, and request, with the utmost humility, that you will be pleased to taste what we have brought with us, although in truth it is utterly unworthy your highness's notice."

"Enter!" muttered his highness, throwing open the door. Nepomuck did so, and Archibald followed him. They found themselves in an ante-room with grated windows, of which almost every pane was broken, while the glass lay scattered about the dusty floor. A suite of apartments opened from the opposite side: the occupier of these apartments stood before Archibald; his form matched well with his face; his hands and feet, which appeared from out his white woollen night-dress, were of a gigantic size, and seemed wasted and dried like the limbs of a mummy. The collar of the order of the Golden Fleece was thrown over his coarse garment, which was edged by a narrow lace. A broad sword belt was girt round his body, to which was suspended a long Spanish blade, apparently rusted into its scabbard. This frightful-looking being cast a piercing glance at Archibald, and asked, "who is this stranger?"

"It is a worthy Portuguese!" answered Nepomuck, winking at Archibald.

"A Portuguese!" said the other, "and a

worthy one! You are welcome! my brave countryman; approach, and kiss the hand of your sovereign." He then extended his right hand with a gracious smile. Archibald hesitated, but the steward whispered to him, "Obey, and be not ashamed; it is our prince." The page instantly did as he was desired.

"What news from my kingdom?" pursued the prince. "Is it your intention to return there?"

Archibald shook his head.

"I think that you are right," answered the prince with animation. "An ungrateful people does not deserve it. But how is this? Why do you not answer?"

"He is dumb, my noble master," said Nepomuck.

"Who asked you your opinion?" cried the prince with a frown. "He can himself explain that he is dumb; or, perhaps," continued he, turning to Archibald, "you are able to speak, but prefer keeping silence?"

Every drop of Archibald's blood rushed into his face at this question, by which the lunatic had happened to hit the nail so very accurately on the head—a smile was his only reply.

"You are right," continued the prince in a confidential manner, and winking at him with

one eye. "The wise man sees, hears, and says nothing. Had I but done so, I should have preserved my kingdom and my life; however, when I say my life, I am only speaking figuratively, for my heart beats, my limbs move, and my stomach reminds me that I am hungry." He then turned his back upon the page, and entered the room in which Nepomuck had in the meanwhile spread a table, and soon made a sign to his companion that they were to depart. Archibald made a low bow, but the prince took no notice of him, and merely cried to Nepomuck, who was leaving the room, "Keep good watch, my old man, that no Mahometan, or worse than all, that no Spaniard finds his way to me, and now you are dismissed." Archibald and Nepomuck quitted the chamber, and the latter carefully locked the door.

"My poor master!" said the old man, despondingly, as they descended the stairs. "He imagines that he is Don Sebastian, the Portuguese king, who was either killed or made a prisoner by the Moors in Africa. His fate was never known with certainty, as his body was not found. Six or seven years ago my master had occasional fits of derangement, but he recovered under the care of our honoured princess, and of a worthy woman from Ulm in Swabia, whom

our princess met with on a journey which she made to the Rhine, upon business regarding an inheritance. Scarcely was he himself again, when a passion for military glory took possession of him, and he marched at the head of an imperial regiment into Hungary, where, like another Gideon, he dealt destruction among the infidels, until, at the siege of Sabalka, a Turkish arrow wounded him in the head. 'Tis true the unfortunate weapon was extracted, and the wound closed, but some splinter must have remained behind, for ever since that time the prince has betrayed symptoms of insanity, and has withdrawn himself altogether from the service. His condition in the mean time became every day worse, until at length news reached him that his friend, Count Hardegg, had lost his head at Vienna, for delivering up Raab to the Turks, when he fell raving mad, and they were under the painful necessity of confining him here, where he remains a close prisoner, and is moreover likely so to remain, because he becomes every hour more violent, and more particularly towards his own family. But look, here come our noble rulers, and their guests. With the blessings of Heaven we will prepare their dinner for them. You, my good youth, will have to wait to-day upon the three princely individuals,

and I will be at hand to assist you, whenever my other duties will permit."

The sly fox sneaked off towards the kitchen, while Archibald sauntered into the dining saloon, in order to make himself acquainted with the table arrangements, and to think over the duties of his service, that he might not betray too great an ignorance of his employment. Several of the servants belonging to the castle were busied about the room. The village minister stood in one of the window recesses, drumming upon the window panes with evident signs of impatience. He probably thought that dinner was too long delayed, for every now and then he leaned over the table, and robbed the bread-basket, which stood near him, of a portion of its contents. But on Archibald's entrance, his face grew red as fire; he approached the youth, and said, "Well, my lad! how goes it? You this day attempted to commit a hideous enormity—you attempted to trample under your horse's feet a servant of the true evangelical church! But the Almighty, without whose permission not even a sparrow falls to the ground, and who numbers the very hairs of our head, inspired the animal you rode with greater reverence for his servant than the rider entertained. Young profligate! think on what

you have done, ere it be too late. You have marked your entrance into this pious house by a sin against God and against me! Repent! repent! for life is short! the world is old! and the harvest is ripe for the reaper, who will separate the chaff from the corn." Archibald could not help smiling, but the minister continued, with an increasing earnestness of manner. "Do you dare to laugh, wretched boy, while I hold up to you the warning 'Mene Tekel,' as in ancient times it was written upon the wall? Is it possible that youth can be so advanced in wickedness? Are you a heathen? an anabaptist? a Roman catholic? or worse than all, a Calvinistic heretic? Verily! verily! a short time shall find you of another opinion, or my name is not Hans Schöneman."

Archibald shook his head with a smile, and regretted his inability to return an answer to his tormentor; but the entrance of the dinner put an end to the conversation.

Prince Bernhard took his place at the head of the table, the princess on his right, Ludmille on his left hand. The minister placed himself by the princess, while a young noble, of the name of Kaunitz, occupied the seat next Ludmille. The other friends of the prince placed themselves as chance or inclination prompted

them. The feast commenced; Archibald entered with joy on the duties of an office which gave him an opportunity of approaching his beloved, of touching her garment, and of inhaling her pure breath, as she occasionally turned to utter a wish, or give some directions to her devoted attendant. Archibald was all attention, active without being too officious, quick and intelligent in all he did, and his most difficult task was not to betray himself by an incautious word, and thus disobey the positive orders of his foster-father.

The princess watched him narrowly, and occasionally gave him an approving nod, while the minister, whenever Archibald approached, affected to shrink as if from a serpent, and directed oblique glances at him, which promised nothing favourable. But how could the youth direct his attention to the looks of one so indifferent to him, while he was conscious of the presence of Ludmille alone. He soon, however, remarked, with considerable vexation, that Kaunitz took especial pains to render himself agreeable to the young princess, and appeared more eager in his conversation than is usual when addressing a casual dinner companion. Appearances too, soon convinced Archibald that Ludmille's brother would be altogether favourable

to his friend's courtship. For when the young men round the table, heated by the strength of the Hungarian wine, began to grow loud in their conversation, and to relate their college freaks, while the princess was lending an attentive ear to a long discourse which the minister was making, and there was no danger of his being overheard, Bernhard addressed Ludmille in these words, "You know him now, dearest sister! The man of whom I have so often made mention in my letters to you, whose valiant arm preserved my life when I was attacked by two armed miscreants in a bye street at Prague. You expressed a wish to become acquainted with the youthful hero, who disarmed and put to flight the assassins. I have fulfilled your wishes. Kaunitz is now seated by your side; and I can assure you, that on our journey he talked of his anxiety to see you with almost childish impatience; but there you sit, in gloomy silence, as if you had not one friendly word to address to him."

"You mistake me," answered Ludmille, in a beseeching tone; "how could I withhold from my brother's preserver the esteem, the friendship, which his noble deed has so well merited. But what can you expect from me more than to esteem him, and regard him as a friend? It belongs to you to reward him as he deserves, and

you will do so, for you are a man; but I, a weak woman, can only offer him my heartfelt thanks, and invoke on him the blessings of Heaven for having preserved to me a brother whom I love with such heartfelt tenderness."

"Cunning sister!" laughed Bernhard; "you understand admirably the *Distinguo in Logicâ*. But you shall not escape me thus easily, for remember that I have all my college logic fresh still in my brain. In a couple of years, when we shall have donned the cuirass, matters will wear a different aspect. Am I right, Kaunitz?"

Kaunitz smiled his approval, and at the same time made signs to his friend to drop the subject; but Bernhard was not to be thus easily frightened, and continued.

"Now then, to return to my subject, dearest sister, I must tell you that I have already thought of rewarding my preserver, but to do so, in a manner worthy of us both, another person must be brought upon the scene, and that person is yourself—you must take my place in rewarding him."

Ludmille's face became glowing red, and Kaunitz, who interpreted her confusion to his advantage, then said—

"Ludmille!" he commenced, feeling certain of an easy conquest, "Lovely Ludmille! you

could indeed make me the happiest of earthly beings, if you would, of your own accord, assure to me the reward which your brother has already promised me, namely—your love! —your hand!"

"What!" answered Ludmille, half frightened — half offended — "My consent — already promised?—Bernhard, explain to me — what does all this mean?"

"What should it mean?" said the prince, with suppressed anger, "except that I have done what it is my duty to do as your elder brother, and the head of the family. I have decided upon your destiny, and promised your hand; I must have done so at one time or another, and in the course of my life I never could have found one more worthy of you than Kaunitz."

Ludmille was silent, her breast heaved, and she endeavoured, but in vain, to find words with which to express her feelings. Archibald fixed his burning glances upon the insulted princess. Jealousy had rendered him doubly sensitive, and though standing at some distance off, he had not lost a word of what had been said.

"I am aware that a more unworthy suitor than myself could scarce aspire to your hand," said Kaunitz, with a self-sufficient air. "But

we are told that even the kingdom of heaven is open to the unworthy, when they diligently seek after it. I shall endeavour to render myself worthy of you, by distinguishing myself as a soldier, wherever an opportunity may present, and in peace-time by rendering you happy within the domestic circle. My fortune is considerable; my family connections of no ordinary rank. The honour of a county is already in agitation for our house. The emperor will not fail to grant our earnest suit. He dare not refuse; for he well knows that my family never abandon a just claim. Neither will I, my lovely princess, resign my claim to that boon which I prize above all on earth—your hand! I will defend my right by word and deed, with the sword as with the pen, against every one who would think to deprive me of it. I have received your brother's promise, and if I could but add your own consent ——"

"That you shall never do," interrupted Ludmille, with that noble expression which the consciousness of an injury received never fails to produce in a well-thinking mind. "I am treated as a slave, and despised for being so. No more on this subject. I lament that my brother should have thought of driving a bargain with his sister, and of disposing of her to

the first bidder—I should have despised you, Lord of Kaunitz! had you not deserved well of my family by preserving my brother's life. On this account alone do I forgive your language and behaviour towards me—a language and behaviour, permit me to say, which I have remarked in this castle for the first time."

After having thus spoken, she arose, and quitted the room in a dignified manner. Increased admiration for the princess took possession of Archibald's breast. Her unqualified rejection of her impetuous admirer had inspired him with a feeling of happiness for which he in vain endeavoured to account to himself.

CHAPTER XIII.

" Saw'st thou beauty never, in the moment of affliction?
Then never hast thou beauty seen."

SCHILLER.

" THE rule of our house appears to me to be like the Holy Roman Empire," said Bernhard in disgust, directly after the preceding scene. " One goes to the right, another to the left, a third will not go at all, and the head of the house is as crazy as our beloved emperor himself. But as I am a man, all this must have an ending. The women must learn who is master. Ludmille must practise obedience, and my mother dismiss that accursed black-frock, whose face has the same effect upon me as would a soup maigre during Carnival. My father must leave the house, and betake himself to one of his Hungarian castles. He may then storm, rave, and curse, at all who approach him as much as he pleases, and die as soon as he likes. And suppose the infidels should send him out of this world a year or two sooner

than nature intended, what consequence would that be of? A maniac is no man, and I am sure he has occasioned us quite torment enough. But rest assured of one thing, brother Kaunitz, I will keep my promise."

"I trust you will," replied his friend. "You recollect what we agreed upon, when I advanced you the money, which saved you from perdition."

"I recollect it well," answered Bernhard, despondingly; "but let that rest. My mother could not then assist me; besides, I would have suffered death sooner than lay aside the cloak of virtue with which I still continue to deck myself in her presence; in a word, I remember well what I promised to my deliverer in my hour of need, and I will keep my word."

They both stood up—it was a signal for the rest of the party to follow their example, much as they would have preferred a lengthened carousal, and they agreed with one accord to ride out to view the forest in which they were to shoot on the following day. Kaunitz alone excused himself, on the plea of fatigue, and remained within, while the rest of the party rushed from the castle into the open air.

Heated by his journey, and the wine which

he had swallowed, Kaunitz wandered about the castle without either end or aim. Ludmille's image alone occupied his thoughts. At one moment he stood at a projecting window and gazed at the prospect, gilded as it was by the mellow rays of the setting sun, at another paced up and down the long passages of the castle. While thus engaged, the tones of a guitar struck suddenly on his ear. He stopped and listened; it was accompanied by a soft female voice, which inflamed his imagination by its touching pathos. "That must be Ludmille," was his first thought; his second, a determination to take her by surprise, and perhaps by importunity, by flattery exerted at a favourable moment, to obtain her consent to his addresses. He cautiously followed the sounds, and in a few moments found himself at the door of the room which contained the singer. Convinced that he was not mistaken, he opened it gently. Exactly opposite the door at which he entered, sat Leila on a Turkish sofa, her guitar in her hand, which she laid aside on the entrance of her unexpected visitor. Kaunitz entered. The singer was not indeed Ludmille, as he had hoped, but still she was a lovely maiden, more graceful in figure, and with a more sparkling

eye even than the princess, whilst he himself was not at all difficult in his choice. Heated with wine and love, he boldly approached the stranger, praised her music, her voice, her beauty. Leila listened with astonishment, and, as he was on the point of placing himself on the ottoman beside her, arose to depart. The libertine youth however, unaccustomed to halt half way, detained her, and endeavoured, by prayer and flattery, to obtain a kiss from her beauteous lips. Leila at first timidly refused this request of her mistress's distinguished guest, but when he became more rude in his advances, she repulsed him with threats and reproaches. Kaunitz only laughed at her impotent rage, and urged his request with redoubled violence, so that nothing remained to the forcibly-detained damsel but to call loudly for help. Kaunitz supposing himself to be in a retired part of the castle took no notice of her cries, but endeavoured on the contrary to stifle them with kisses; he was, however, too late. He had been overheard, and in an opportune moment for Leila, but most inopportune for himself, Archibald rushed into the apartment. The attitude in which its occupants were discovered, and the earnest manner in which Leila stretched out her clasped hands, imploring assistance, imme-

diately made Archibald acquainted with what was going forward. Without a moment's hesitation, he rushed upon Kaunitz, who found difficulty in parrying the impetuous attack of his opponent. In the struggle he fell back upon the sofa, and Leila made her escape. Kaunitz sprung on his legs again, and in a paroxysm of anger was about to dart on Archibald, who, like an avenging angel, stood ready to receive him, when a consciousness of the enormity of his attempt caused him to pause; for at a side door, frightened, and at the same time attracted by the noise, stood Ludmille, a witness of the passing scene. Kaunitz endeavoured to stammer forth a few words of apology, but her look at once annihilated him, and he rushed from the apartment, at the same time threatening his antagonist with gestures of impotent rage. Archibald was on the point of following him, when he remarked, that Ludmille, partly through fright, and partly from the degrading thought that she herself had been destined by her brother to be the victim of this libertine, became suddenly faint, changed colour, and, with a trembling hand, endeavoured to support herself against the door. She appeared more lovely than ever in this position, and Archibald was unable to withstand

the excitement of the moment. He flew to his beloved mistress, and supported her with a firm but gentle hand. Ludmille remained for a few moments with her eyes closed, then gradually opened them, and became red as scarlet on finding herself in the arms, almost on the breast, of a youth, to whose pleasing exterior, and high bred manners, she had not hitherto remained indifferent. Gently, but quickly, she disengaged herself from him, and muttered in a suppressed tone,

"I thank you, young man; 'tis past now."

Archibald removed his right hand from around the princess's slender waist; but, lost in admiration of her beauty, and almost without being aware of it, his left hand still retained her's within its grasp. The slight attempt which she made to release herself failed, for it only called forth a more decided pressure. Ludmille raised her eyes in astonishment towards the daring youth, but immediately turned them again to the earth, on perceiving with what a burning glance his eyes were directed upon her. The pressure of Archibald's hand became more ardent, in an instant he was at her feet. Dumb though he was, the youth's impassioned gestures failed not to express what he felt, and he imprinted a burning kiss upon the velvet

hand of the beloved object, who returned his admiration by a slight pressure, and then tearing herself from him with an evident effort, and casting a hasty and expressive look at the delighted youth, disappeared into her own apartments.

Archibald was long before he could collect his thoughts, lost as he was in the confusion which a first love never fails to produce in the breast of youth; could it be possible that she, the object of his adoration, had regarded the expression of his feelings without anger? Had he indeed felt her hand return his pressure?—Had he indeed received a look which promised favourably to his passion? Doubts still continued to occupy his mind. Could he have been mistaken? Could the look, which appeared to him as the harbinger of love, have been intended to express resentment?—At that moment the bell rang in the princess's apartment—the call of duty partly restored him, and he prepared to obey the summons like a wretched criminal—not knowing but that Ludmille might have complained of him to her mother, and that he might now be called upon to account for his conduct. Perhaps his countenance may have betrayed what was passing in his mind, for the princess, who was alone in her

apartment, addressed him, on his entrance, in a kind, good-natured tone. "Be not afraid, my son, I do not blame you for your conduct towards young Kaunitz, although perhaps you have not treated him very hospitably—Leila has acquainted me with the whole affair, and Ludmille has confirmed the truth of her statement. Kaunitz was the first to violate the right of hospitality, by his behaviour to my handmaiden, and you were perfectly right in bringing him back to a sense of propriety; as a gentleman, and as one of this family, it is your duty to protect the innocent whenever opportunity may offer. I thank you for the moderation which you displayed on the occasion, and I now present you with this poignard; that you may wear it as a mark of my esteem, and be prepared to use it upon all occasions for the protection of virtue. There is no danger in permitting a youth of your prudence to possess the means of defence; you will never abuse my gift." She then handed him a beautiful dagger. It was a two-edged Damascus blade, in a red velvet sheath set in gold; the handle was gilt, beautifully carved, and studded with crystal knobs, and it was suspended from a richly-embroidered belt. "This poignard," said the princess, as Archibald was engaged in fastening it on, "was

taken by my husband as a trophy from Hassan, Pacha of Bosnia, whom he killed with his own hand; the belt was embroidered by Ludmille, and was intended for her brother, but it appears they have had some slight dispute; and instead of giving it to him, she presents it to you, as a token of admiration of your conduct towards the unprotected Leila; wear it, therefore, in remembrance of her, and never disgrace it by an unworthy action."

Archibald, in ecstacy, at a gift which so far surpassed all his expectations, kissed the hand of the princess, and endeavoured, by signs, to express the extent of his gratitude and attachment.

"I believe you," said the princess, with feeling; "but allow me to make one request, and to impose one command. My request is, that you will take no further notice of young Kaunitz; he is a bosom friend of my son, and once preserved his life; and on this account I will overlook his conduct towards Leila, that I may not render unpleasant the few days he has to pass here in the society of my son Bernhard. I think that as he has already felt your strength, he will scarce wish to molest you. Do not you, on your side, seek a quarrel with him."

Archibald bowed, and laid his hand on his heart. "You will now," pursued the princess in a solemn tone, "attend to my command. The minister Schöneman has complained bitterly of your conduct towards him. Do not smile, else you may rouse me to anger, as well as the minister. Do as I desire you; shew more respect to him, and the doctrine which he preaches. Though his appearance may be disagreeable, his voice rough, and his behaviour repulsive, he is a servant of the Lord, and of his holy gospel; and as such, you are bound to respect him, and I command you to do so. Your most faithful services will lose their value in my eyes if you do not reverence her religion as much, aye, more than your mistress herself. I am ready to make every allowance, to ascribe your indifference towards your religion to your protracted residence among a parcel of mendicant monks, who doubt lesslet slip no opportunity of decrying the Protestant faith; but with God's assistance you must be brought back to a right way of thinking, and the most efficacious way to accomplish this is a regular attendance in the castle chapel at prayer time, where I shall expect you to be present without fail. I shall now see how far you are disposed to yield obedience to my command. And now in Heaven's name go your ways."

Archibald bowed, and was preparing to retire, when the princess re-called him. "One word more," she said, concealing a little confusion under the mask of indifference. "Since I have touched upon the subject, how is the count, I mean the monk who educated you? Is he happy, or at least contented? You shake your head. Oh! no, no!" she cried, with evident marks of sorrow, "he never can be happy in the bosom of a strange and hostile church; it is impossible."

She placed her handkerchief to her eyes, remained silent for a few moments, and then continued in a calmer tone:—"I hear from Nepomuck that you assisted him to-day in waiting upon my husband."

Archibald assented.

"It was contrary to my wish. I should have rather spared you that melancholy spectacle. I do not wish my servants to be witnesses of the wretched state to which he is reduced, and for this reason, none of the inhabitants of the castle, except Nepomuck and Christopher, ever entered his apartments until this day; I have the greatest confidence in the discretion of Nepomuck, and Christopher is too simple to be dreaded. Chance has made you a witness of what I wish should remain a secret; I am sure

you will not make a bad use of it, and never betray, by the smallest sign, what you have seen." Archibald shook his head, and laid his hand upon his breast in the most solemn manner. "Now then depart in peace," said his mistress, "and take this key with you."

She loosened a key from the bunch which hung at her side. "It is that of the library in the right wing of the castle, to which Nepomuck will give you admittance. The collection of books is considerable, for my ancestors were more men of science than of war; while those of the prince, my husband, on the contrary, preferred the sword to the pen: since my father's decease, all has been confusion there. The last village minister was a man of learning, and used to come constantly to the library; but he only pursued his studies there, and did not think of arranging it. Since his death nothing of the kind has been thought of; for the minister, Schöneman, despises books, as he says that every thing necessary for man to know is contained in the Bible. He is very probably right, inasmuch as that holy volume is given to us from above; but some men have a regard for learning. My son, immediately on his arrival, desired to see the library, and complained of the disorder in which he found it; as he intends,

at some future time, to make use of it, but has neither time nor patience to arrange it himself, I commission you to do so, in the afternoons and evenings, and for that purpose release you from your attendance until it is completed. Father Hubert tells me that you are learned and diligent; arrange the library, and make a catalogue of the books, but do not remain too late at night in that wing. The servants imagine it to be haunted, and a light seen there at unwonted hours might strengthen their superstition, or perhaps alarm my husband, whose apartments are directly opposite. Go, and execute your commission with zeal and diligence. The Lord be with you!"

Archibald retired to the solitude of his own chamber, to contemplate that invaluable present of Ludmille—the proof of her regard — the pledge of her forgiveness; he pressed it to his lips, and vowed upon it eternal constancy to the mistress of his thoughts: while still regarding it, Nepomuck crept softly into his room.

"Good evening," he said, in a mild but false tone; "good evening, my good boy! The Lord be merciful to you! What are you about here, all alone in this dark room, instead of being in my apartment, where all is so cheerful and comfortable? I could have amused you

well for an hour or so by talking, and you could have answered me by signs and gestures. The time would have thus passed pleasantly—particularly as I understand the minister has over-eaten himself, and has earned a bilious attack. Laugh, you rogue, do; but it is all your own fault. You have certainly kicked up a tremendous row in the house. You have scarce been twenty-four hours in the castle, and have already turned the heads of half the girls in the neighbourhood, to the utter disgust of all the gentlemen. Our excellent lady has made you a most valuable present, and the young princess has followed her example; those infidel daughters of the devil, do nothing but mark your coming and going; every maid in kitchen, cellar, and out-house, prates of you; his highness himself, as just now I carried him up his supper, took that opportunity of making inquiry concerning you. If you had but the use of your tongue, all would soon be right. In the mean time you have made enemies for yourself, and the minister has given you up; but let him talk, pedantic Lutheran as he is; whatever he can say will never quench one spark of hell-fire, or bring you one hair's breadth nearer paradise. His harsh, uncouth doctrine will avail nothing in this respect. Silent prayer and

private meditation is the only road to heaven. But you have other enemies, who can do you more harm than that uncouth preacher, who (heaven only knows how) has entangled our good princess in his net. You have grossly insulted the young noble Kaunitz, and he has confided all to our gracious young prince, as just now he returned from riding; and the prince has had a very earnest conversation with his mother on the subject."

Archibald opened his eyes with astonishment, at the information he had received. Nepomuck understood his meaning, and replied, with a smile—

"Are you surprised that I should have heard all this, and so soon after it took place? Nothing happens in this castle that escapes me —mark that for the future. Old Nepomuck can see through the very walls. I have some good spies in employment; and where they fail, I make use of my own ears, and assist them by a peep through the key-hole."

"Rascal," thought Archibald, making signs as though he would cut off Nepomuck's right ear.

"Let go! let go!" cried the old man, as he shook Archibald off, who, to make himself better understood, had seized him by the ear;

"I understand you well enough—I can at all times take a hint. Do you mean that listeners ought to have their ears cropped? Have I made a good guess? But do not be afraid; we never crop the ear of the man who has often listened for us, and who is acquainted with much, which would appear strange to any one—By heavens! you have pinched my ear till I have no feeling in it—to any one with whom no secrets were deposited. Do you understand me?"

Archibald shook his head.

The steward continued—"Time will make you wiser. You will learn all this in your present service. In the mean time, however, our gracious princess desires that you will not wait at table, so long as the young prince and his friends remain here, in order to avoid the possibility of any thing unpleasant."

Archibald regarded him with a look of inquiry.

"Prince Bernhard," replied Nepomuck, "in conjunction with his friend Kaunitz, has sworn to be avenged of you; he declared to his mother, not half an hour ago, that he would not rest till he had given the low miscreant who had dared to lay hands upon his friend, the chastisement which he deserved. He also said that Kaunitz

would have slain you on the spot, had not the princess Ludmille's appearance restrained him."

Archibald could not help smiling, for the young noble had not made the slightest gesture as though he would use his sword.

"'Twere pity," continued Nepomuck, as he related the prince's conversation; "'twere pity that the blade of a noble should be tarnished by the blood of so low-born a varlet; but I will take it upon myself to punish him—he shall taste the whip. These are his own words."

Archibald sprung up in a violent passion, on hearing the whip mentioned, and a glance which he turned on his hands (where the marks of Philip's spurs, and of the lash of his whip, still remained) served to increase his fury. He shook his clenched fist, bit his lower lip, and stamped with rage, so that Nepomuck began to express alarm, by retreating towards the door.

"How fortunate that you were not there," recommenced the steward. "The princess earnestly pleaded your cause, and did not spare Kaunitz. But it was all to no purpose. The prince, who, as it is easy to see, is marvellously changed by his residence at the University, grew more violent than ever, and imperiously demanded that you should be delivered up. He even

threatened, in case the princess should refuse to comply, that he would instantly quit the castle—never set his eyes on her again as long as she lived, and cause you to be seized and maltreated whenever an opportunity for so doing should present itself."

A repressed cry of indignation burst from Archibald, and he laid his hand upon his poignard.

Nepomuck seized his arm.—"Do not draw it," he said, in a tremulous tone—"it is a tool of the devil—steel is the cause of almost every evil. But to make an end of my story—The princess will not give you up, neither does she wish to lose her son, whom she loves most fondly. She therefore desires that you will remain in your room till the prince has taken his departure. She has told him that you have gone to execute a commission at a distance, and will not return till late at night. The prince has in consequence deferred your punishment till to-morrow, has taken his seat at the backgammon table in high good humour, and to-morrow it will be given out that you have made your escape, from the dread of punishment."

Archibald arose with an indignant gesture, and moved proudly towards the door. Nepo-

muck threw himself in the way, and locked the door. "For the love of the lamb who bears our sins," he cried, in a tone of despair, "do not ruin both yourself and me. The princess specially commanded me to watch you, and the angelic princess Ludmille desired me to say, that she requested you not to expose yourself to any danger. Leila wept; Zenide lamented; and even the fat Mermes, who is not easily roused, appeared to feel rather uneasy when the prince quitted the room, uttering the most dreadful threats."

The name of Ludmille instantly calmed the violent emotions which raged in Archibald's breast. Her slightest desire was a law to him. He threw himself into an arm-chair, thought on her who, in so short a period, had gained such thorough possession of his heart, and no longer paid attention to what Nepomuck was saying, who proceeded to recommend patience, caution, and self-command. At length he left Archibald to his own reflections, promising to bring his supper to him with his own hands, as his residence in the castle was henceforth to remain a secret to all the other servants.

He kept his word, and soon re-appeared with a repast intended for Archibald and himself. A single taper, provided with a shade, afforded

a dim light for their meal, which they ate with the door locked. Archibald was neither hungry nor thirsty, but Nepomuck announced himself as both, and declared that the labour and anxiety of the day had not left him leisure to devote a single minute to the recruiting of the body.

"The gentlemen," he said, as he seated himself comfortably to his supper, "are feasting in the small saloon, upon cold meat and ale, which it appears is at college much preferred to wine. The ladies have had biscuits, and a flask of Malmsey, served in their own apartment, with Elias and Christopher in attendance; and I thus find time to chat a little with you. For you, it must be pleasant to have some one to talk to you, as unfortunately you yourself have not the use of your tongue; and for me, it is delightful to meet with a person who will listen and not interrupt me, than which there is nothing in the world that provokes me more."

He helped his companion to some woodcock, filled his glass, did the same good office for himself, ate and drank for some little time, and then pursued his discourse.

"This is a very good opportunity of making you acquainted with the position of affairs in the castle, in order that you may avoid making

a false step, and thus produce consequences which frequently turn out most disastrous. I shall have real pleasure in giving you advice, under the seal of the most inviolable secrecy, as to how you had best conduct yourself on the slippery path which you have determined to follow. I shall do this, first, because I like you; you are such a quiet well-behaved young man, and have the art of making yourself loved by your mistress. Witness the proof." (Here he pointed with a smile to the poignard.) "And, secondly, because it is difficult to say how soon we may have it in our power mutually to serve each other."

Archibald assumed an air of the deepest attention. The steward wiped his mouth with the table-cloth, pushed away his plate, swallowed a glass of wine, and commenced.

"In the first place then, there is a noble princess. Do you nod? Sly fox! you well know what you are about there. Is it not so? And you flatter yourself that you have not been altogether unobserved by her? Am I not right? Well, to proceed with what I was about to say, although you may be well proud of having obtained as much favour in the princess's eyes on the first day of entering her service as those who have faithfully attended her for years; it

would nevertheless be no difficult matter to supplant you, should you make a bad use of your power. The most certain means of offending her, is by often and inopportunely reminding her of her lord and husband's melancholy state of mind, which may be compared to that of the Assyrian King Nebuchadnezzar; but with this difference, that he does not, like him, imagine himself an ox, and imitate the gait and bellowing of that animal, but fancies that he is a king, with crown and mantle; nevertheless, the simile is not amiss, because he is as mad as Nebuchadnezzar, and because, before he became so, he led a thoroughly Nebuchadnezzarian life. From his childhood he was of a wild unruly disposition, which delighted but in strife and quarrelling. He was six-and-thirty years old before he thought of marriage, and he then cast an eye of longing upon the heiress of this house—the noble princess Eleanora, who, persuaded and coerced by her father, bestowed her hand upon him, contrary to her inclination; for her heart it was not in her power to give. That was another's—it belonged to a Courlandish count, of great learning and personal attraction—whose name has escaped me. The fame of the vast acquirements of our noble mistress's father had attracted him to the castle. They

studied together, practised Alchymy and Astrology, and in the mean time he fell in love with the daughter. It was about this time that I entered the house, as an inferior servant; and I heard at that time a great deal of the disputes and contentions which arose from an endeavour to force the young countess to a marriage with the prince against her inclination.

"At length she confessed to her parents that she had already bestowed her affections upon the before-mentioned count. Her mother would have willingly consented, but her father would not hear of it; for it happened, that but a short time before he had drawn his daughter's horoscope, and had discovered that her marriage with the man of her choice would be unfortunate; but on the contrary, that she would be happy with the man whom she did not love.

"As he was a man who placed the most implicit faith in the occult sciences, every attempt to dissuade him failed. His resolution was taken, and all the entreaties of the count, of the mother, and of the daughter, were in vain. The horoscope had been drawn, and the prince, the accepted lover, was already in the castle. Dreadful scenes occurred in the family, till at length the affectionate mother could no longer endure it. She took to her bed, and shortly after closed

her eyes for ever. Gently may her noble spirit rest, and taste of joy without end in the heavenly Zion. But, as I said before, prayers and entreaties were of no avail, the Courlander was forced to retreat, and leave the field in the possession of his more fortunate rival. The young countess, Eleanora, became a princess, and was conducted by her husband to his possessions in Hungary. Her father was now content; and as he then found himself quite alone in this spacious castle, and still an active healthy man, he determined on a second marriage, but took ill during his courtship, and never recovered. As he felt death approaching, he set his affairs in order, and summoned his daughter to comfort him, and keep him company; that daughter, who would have all along sooner clasped death himself in her arms, than her detested husband. In a word, the princess was unhappy with the man whom she did not love. Perhaps the horoscope had prophesied falsely, or the father had misunderstood its signs. 'All will still be well,' said he, but the promise never was fulfilled.

"The princess nursed her father with a daughter's care, and ere much time had elapsed, her husband arrived. He was tormented by jealousy, and took possession of the castle as it were by storm. He ate, drank, gambled, shot the

roe and wild boar in the forest, ill used his wife, and took not the slightest notice of his father-in-law, who dwindled away from day to day, because grief for the sufferings of his daughter was preying on his heart.

"The princess suffered in silence, nursed her father and her son Bernhard, who was then a year old, and made preparations for her second confinement, which was near at hand. Just at this period ill luck conducted the Courlandish count to this neighbourhood. He was informed of the situation and sufferings of the princess, and by bribery and persuasion, gained over several of the inmates of the castle."

The steward said this with so embarrassed an air, that Archibald had little difficulty in concluding that his informer must himself have been of the number of those who had been bribed by the count.

After a short pause he continued. "With their assistance he found no difficulty in sending letter after letter into the castle, but the princess never returned any answer, and at length declined to receive them. The impetuous count, however, did not rest there. One evening (at least it was so said) as the princess retired to her chamber to prepare for going to bed, who should appear from behind the screen but the Courlandish count. He fell at her feet, and entreated

her to cut short his misery, by consenting to accompany him to Italy or to Spain; in short, Heaven only knows where. By way of reply she pointed to her child, who was slumbering near her in its cradle. He then grew violent, and threatened to kill himself before her eyes, when her father, who had lain awake upon his bed of sickness at no great distance from where they were, suddenly entered the room, and almost immediately afterwards the prince, whom some faithful servant (here Nepomuck coughed significantly) had acquainted with the count's arrival, and subsequent proceedings.

"No creature can say, for certainty, what then took place in that apartment which is situated in the right wing of the castle. Something dreadful it must have been, for the prince himself summoned the old count's valet from his couch, and conducted him to the room, and on the following morning it was given out that the old count was dead—suddenly called away.

"That he was dead, was indeed true (God rest his soul); but there was something in the manner of his death not altogether as it should be. This I tell you in the strictest confidence. 'Tis true that no one was permitted to approach the body but his aged servant, who himself died within a twelvemonth afterwards; but there

were those who were unable to resist the very pardonable curiosity of peeping through the key-hole, and who remarked, when the corpse was stripped, a ghastly wound upon its neck. It was not therefore for nothing, that the princess Ludmille was born with a mark like a wound upon her neck; and this it is, as her waiting-maid assures me, which causes her to wear her neck always covered.

"In a word, the corpse was interred; the count (to all appearance the murderer of the old gentleman) was no more heard of—the princess was taken ill, and soon after brought a daughter into the world. The prince left the castle, and did not return for several years, during which time the princess continued to reside here. At length her husband again returned to Vorosdar, and we then perceived that his brain was somewhat disturbed. The care, however, of the good Sabina, from Ulm, restored him, and he was able to take a part in the campaign against the Turks. Not long after, he sent home the three young infidels whom he made prisoners, returned here himself shortly afterwards, and became quite insane, from a cause which I have already related to you. He is in general tranquil, except when he commands the Portuguese army, and defies

the Spaniards and the Mussulmans. But should any of his own family come to see him, he raves, and becomes so dreadfully violent, that, after many endeavours, they have at length been obliged to give up visiting him. Any attempt to clean either the in or outside of his apartment renders him equally furious, and drives him absolutely to frenzy. The princess, in the mean time, has almost ceased to think of him. In fact, they have been estranged ever since the death of her father. 'Tis true the illness of her husband had somewhat reconciled his distinguished wife to him, and willingly would she have done her duty to him, had she been allowed—but now all is at an end—and whoever should talk much to the princess concerning her husband, or her marriage, will run the risk of losing her good will. But with regard to the prince ——"

Here Archibald placed his finger on his lips, and made a sign to the steward to listen. Light steps were indeed plainly to be heard in the passage, which, on a sudden, seemed to stand still.

"Good-night," whispered Nepomuck, in a trembling tone, as he extinguished the light, caught up a large carving knife, entreated the youth, in a low tone, to bolt the door on the

inside, and after assuring himself that no light was to be seen in the passage, groped in the dark, not without fear of ghosts, through the well-known passages, towards the more inhabited part of the castle.

"Where have you been, Master Nepomuck?" cried Elias to him, as soon as he appeared, "we have been hunting for you every where."

"I was in the village," he replied, "paying a visit to the minister."

"Why, the minister is at this moment in the princess's apartment," answered Elias.

"Well! could I not pay a visit to the minister's wife?" retorted Nepomuck, somewhat embarrassed.

"The minister's wife!" cried Elias, laughing; "it was but yesterday that she set out for Olmutz, to see her son."

"Well then," growled Nepomuck, angrily, "I have been to the devil!—Are you satisfied now?" And without waiting for any further questions, he made his escape from the inquisitive servant.

In the mean while Archibald heard, as it were, a very gentle tap at his door. He listened, hardly daring to breathe; the tap was repeated, and a voice whispered through the key-hole—"Page!—Page! Open the door, 'tis Zenide."

Archibald's heart beat, as he partly opened the door, and the pale rays of the moon clearly sketched to him the outline of his lovely visitor's form. She hastily pushed by him into the room, and Archibald again fastened the door.

"How dark your room is, dear Archibald!" said the lovely maiden, as she pronounced his name with apparent reluctance.

Archibald could not help smiling, though at the same time he cursed his vow of silence, which prevented him from saying something complimentary in reply.

"My visit is a very late one," she continued, "but I could not resist the pleasure of bringing you this very night into a place of safety; besides, I do but execute the commands of the princess."

Archibald eagerly seized her hand, and conducted her to the window, that he might have an opportunity of watching her countenance. "My mistress," she continued, "wishes that you should this very night quit this apartment, where you will not be safe from treachery, and betake yourself to the wing where the library is situated. She procured the keys from the old steward, who is too great a gossip to be trusted with the secret of your hiding place, and then asked, which of us had the courage

to be your guide there, at this late hour of the night. Mermes was afraid, Leila would willingly have undertaken it, but that I had already offered myself; and now come as quick as you can, for your enemies are carousing, and suspect nothing. Will you come?"

Archibald made a sign of consent, as he pressed the soft hand of his conductress; she warmly returned the pressure, carried his hand to her lips, pressed it to her heart, and then drew him after her out of the apartment.

She must have been well acquainted with the arrangement of the building, for she conducted her follower with hasty steps to a small winding staircase, which brought them to the cloisters under the left wing of the castle. Servants with lanterns were at that moment crossing the court-yard, towards the principal entrance. The fugitives concealed themselves in a corner, where the shade of some projecting columns screened them from observation. As Archibald involuntarily threw his arm around the fine full figure of Zenide, her head rested on his breast. In this position they remained for a few moments.

"How regularly your heart beats," she whispered to him at length. "Feel how stormily mine heaves up and down." She pressed his

hand to her throbbing bosom, which soon communicated to the youth the wild emotion which it felt. His head sunk down towards her's; a burning kiss was imprinted on her lips, and was returned with equal ardour. "Beloved!" whispered Zenide—"My own!—my adored!" She clung still faster to the youth, when, at that moment, a cloud passed across the moon, and all was darkness. "Sweet is your kiss," said Zenide, rousing herself; "but your safety is the first object. Come, the moment is favourable—follow in haste."

They flew with quick and hurried step across the court to the cloisters, situated under the right wing of the castle, and ascended another winding staircase, which corresponded on the opposite side to that by which they had descended. The ponderous key opened a door, which conducted into the interior of the building.

"I must now quit you, my beloved!" cried Zenide. "I commend you to the prophet, and to your own courage as regards your safety. One of these open apartments must afford you a place of rest. Trust to your friends for what may happen afterwards. Adieu!—dream of your Zenide."

And, with these words, she gently extricated

herself from the youth's embrace. "Good night, my beloved," she said, as she departed. The door instantly closed; and Zenide's footsteps were heard as she descended the staircase. Archibald remained alone, in utter darkness, and in an apartment totally unknown to him.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Gaudeamus igitur
Juvenes dum sumus."

OLD STUDENT'S SONG.

"Is the boy not yet returned?" asked the half-drunken prince of Elias, as the latter was in attendance upon the carousal of the young noblemen.

"Of whom does your highness speak?" inquired Elias, in a submissive tone.

"I mean," cried Bernhard, "the fellow whom my mother doubtless picked up in the streets for charity's sake—in a word, I mean the impertinent page."

"I can give no account of him," answered Elias; "but I will call the steward."

"No, it does not matter," said Kaunitz; "I have already asked the old goat, and he swears that he has not set eyes upon the boy, though he himself has never for a moment left the castle."

"I beg pardon for interrupting your highness," said Elias, who was enchanted at the idea of getting the steward into a scrape, "Master Nepomuck in this instance at least has told an untruth, I'll take upon me to swear that he *was* out of the castle, for he was nowhere to be found in it, neither could he give any account of himself, where he had been, but made excuse upon excuse."

"Then depend on it," interrupted Kaunitz, "that the sly hypocrite knows well enough where Archibald has concealed himself, perhaps he has even hid him somewhere himself, in order to make fools of us."

"By heavens you must be right," cried the prince, at the same time giving the table a blow which made the whole company start; "brother Kaunitz! you must possess a '*spiritus familiaris*.' You must be right; the fellow is no doubt concealed somewhere."

"Not unlikely," remarked Elias, with a shrug of the shoulders.

"But where do you think," continued the prince, "that it is likely he has concealed himself?"

"To the best of my poor opinion," replied the servant, "he must, if indeed he be any where in the castle, he must, I say, be in his

own apartment, which is in a lonesome part of the building; for as I crossed the garden an hour ago, I perceived a faint light in the room, and I will bet ten to one that Nepomuck was at that moment with him."

"Oh! the hypocritical villain!" cried the prince; "but we will be a match for the cunning fox. Elias! go and fetch the old rascal here. And now, my friends, we will have a piece of sport with this Bavarian vagabond, that shall be talked of in the castle of Vorosdar for the next twenty years. We will pull him out of bed when he least expects it, and give him such a thrashing with whips, and the flats of our swords, that, between pain and fear, he shall soon find the use of his tongue again."

"Capital," exclaimed Kaunitz, "the varlet deserves nothing better. The coward trembled so at the sight of my sword, I was ashamed to cut him down, and thus tarnish my blade with such ignoble blood."

"Down with the wretch!" exclaimed the prince, "who presumed to lift his hand against my friend, for condescending to amuse himself with an infidel slave. But patience! patience! He shall pay for all this."

In the mean time Nepomuck, whom Elias had summoned to the presence of the prince, entered

the room, without at all suspecting what a frightful storm was about to burst over his head.

"I'll unkennel the fox in one moment," whispered Kaunitz to his companions, who had all crowded around the prince, "Come here, Nepomuck, and stand before us; deliver up, without loss of time, that devil's imp, the page Archibald, whom you have endeavoured to conceal."

This unexpected address took the old man rather by surprise. "I know nothing of him," he said at length, in a hesitating tone.

"You lie! hypocritical Moravian," thundered the prince; "your whole tribe, beginning with the founder of your order, down to your miserable self, are but a set of liars and deceivers. Confess, and for once speak the truth, or your back shall be scourged till you cry, *Sancte Zierotine, ora pro nobis!*"

A peal of laughter followed the prince's wretched wit, who drew his cap deeper over his brow, in order to terrify still more the trembling Nepomuck; the steward however repeated his assertion, that he knew nothing whatsoever of Archibald.

"Do you persist in your lies?" pursued Bernhard; "well then, comrades, prepare yourselves, and let this old dotard taste the whip."

His comrades approached, prepared to fulfil the commands they had received, upon which, Nepomuck fell on his knees, entreating mercy in the name of his Saviour, and declaring that he would confess every thing.

"Confess," cried the prince; and at a sign from him the whips and swords were no longer brandished over him. "But, beware of any attempt to deceive us, for we have all sold ourselves to the devil, who reveals every thing to us. Commence."

"It is soon said," sighed Nepomuck, with downcast eyes, "Archibald has run away, because Elias disclosed to him the plots that were hatching against him."

"You lie like a Jew!" cried Elias, emerging suddenly from the crowd, and presenting himself before the astonished steward, "I never set my eyes upon the page."

"I made a mistake," stammered Nepomuck, "fear has disturbed my faculties; I am not certain who told it him, whether Christopher, or Gottlieb, or the Chasseur, or—the ——"

"Or, the devil!" cried the prince, as he cast his heavy tan leather glove into the steward's face. "Silence! accursed heretic! as you do not choose to confess, I will tell you where the

youth has hid himself. He is in his own room! and thither you must instantly conduct us."

"How is it possible?" cried Nepomuck, in amazement; "how is it possible that you should have ——" The words stuck in his throat.

"That we should have found it out? Is that what you meant to say, false varlet?" asked Kaunitz. "What! I am then right, am I? Why, our patron told us of it! who else? Is it as I say? Confess, or ——"

"Well then, in God's name," sighed the steward, "since nothing is concealed from you, I may as well confess your patron is in the right."

Shouts of laughter burst forth from every side. The prince arose, buttoned his doublet, girded on his rapier, drew on his gloves, and said to Nepomuck, "Come, old fool! get up. Take this light, and lead the way for us; and do you, Elias, accompany us, lest he should attempt to mislead us."

"But what are your intentions, my noble master?" whimpered the steward.

"To hunt the badger out," laughed Bernhard, "and you shall draw him from his hole, my brave fellow!"

"You will have my life to answer for," groaned the steward. "The page is armed with a sharp dagger, and is a determined fellow. As soon as he sees me ——"

"If he were the giant St. Christopher himself, or bore the spear of the holy Longinus, you must go before us," blustered the prince. "Forward, my friends; and since the old chap will not go of his own accord, shove him along."

The command was instantly obeyed; amid blows and pushes, the unruly crew thrust the old man towards the door, till he prayed for mercy, and promised to do every thing that he was desired.

The prince enjoined the strictest silence to him and to the rest of the company, and they proceeded towards Archibald's room. Every step that brought them nearer to their destination caused Nepomuck's knees to knock more violently together, and he muttered to himself prayer upon prayer as he went along, for he expected nothing short of death from Archibald's violent disposition, who could scarce avoid looking upon him as the traitor. They had already approached within sight of the door, when Elias whispered to the prince, "that they were now close to where their game lay."

Bernhard commanded the whole party to stand, and told the trembling steward, "that he must advance alone, knock gently, and entreat admission for himself, as the bearer of some important intelligence."

Nepomuck hesitated—lingered—but the glittering weapons, which were immediately directed towards him, soon reduced him to obedience. Recommending his soul to God, he knocked; no answer. He called in a low tone through the key hole; all quiet. The impatience of the prince did not allow him to wait longer. He went to the door—knocked loudly—pressed the lock, and it flew open.

"How! not locked!" said Bernhard, in a scornful tone. "The ass has not even the instinct which would teach him to secure his door. Come, my friends!"

On this they rushed into the chamber. The steward kept himself in the back-ground, and held up the light. But, after all their hunting and searching, the nest was empty.

"The boy has escaped us," cried Bernhard, gnashing his teeth with rage. "May Saint Anthony's fire consume him; but never mind, sooner or later he must return, or at all events come forth from his hiding place, and I will never leave this spot, even if, like the old

Greeks before Troy, I should have to wait ten years before I catch him. The mouse will be sure to fall into the trap."

"He seems to have taken pretty good care of himself before he ran away!" said Kaunitz, in a bantering tone; "there are the remains of no bad supper."

"'Twas you that provided this for him," growled the prince, addressing the steward.

Nepomuck swore by all that was most holy, that he had neither brought nor sent him any thing of the kind.

"Hah! the table was laid for two!" remarked Kaunitz. "He must have supped *tête-à-tête*."

"What is this?" said Bernhard, picking up a coloured handkerchief, which lay on the ground near the table. "What kind of a rag do you call this?"

"Some woman's trumpery!" answered Kaunitz. "It is a handkerchief, or something of that kind."

"May I turn catholic if it does not belong to one of the three heathen lassies," cried Elias, whose curiosity had urged him to squeeze forward through the crowd.

Nepomuck, enchanted at this opportunity, not only of bringing the Turkish damsels into

a scrape, but also of setting the inmates of the castle by the ears, and slipping his own neck out of the noose, strenuously bore evidence to the truth of Elias's assertion.

"By all the devils alive! you are right!" cried Kaunitz. "I now remember that my coy one wore just such a handkerchief round her head. 'Tis pretty clear that she has visited the champion who fought for her—caroused with him, and then secured his escape. Come, let us fasten the handkerchief on a rapier's point, and display it as our standard of victory—a trophy gained against this pretended Turkish modesty. Heaven only knows how the banner came to be lost."

As there was nothing more to detain them in the apartment, the company commenced their retreat, bearing the handkerchief before them, amidst shouts, laughing, uproar, and every demonstration of exuberant joy; when, as they passed the apartments of the princess, the Minister Schöneman suddenly appeared in the midst of them.

"Silence!" he cried, "ye are intoxicated with the juice of the grape, or of barley, and not with the pure spirit of the word of God. And you, my prince, conduct your friends in silence,

for your mother has summoned me to pass the night with her in meditation and prayer, for your weal and improvement."

"What do you mean?" cried the prince, laughing, and measuring him contemptuously from head to foot; "what do I want with your prayers and meditations?"

"You entered your paternal mansion as an innocent dove, and you have changed yourself on the very same day into a raging beast," continued the priest, in his usual rough and independent manner; "I can only compare you to that wicked son Absalom, who rose in rebellion against the father who begat him. You have made use of harsh words, and even threats, towards your excellent mother—have bruised her tender heart, and caused her to weep almost tears of blood. 'Tis for this reason that, in the depth of her affliction, she has had recourse to the assistance of her God, and to me his unworthy servant; that by prayer and supplications he may assuage her sorrows, by softening your heart, and leading you back to the paths of duty."

Some of the party appeared struck by the solemn manner of the priest, and listened to him with attention; but the greater number, with the prince and Kaunitz at their head, burst

into shouts of laughter, which they made no effort to repress. "Busy yourself about the salvation of your own soul," cried the prince to his monitor, "and you will find you will have enough to do. Leave me to myself, and I will not meddle with you."

The priest trembled with passion. "I stand here in the name of the Lord, and will not be silent, when he commands me to speak."

"We will soon see that," cried Bernhard; "I stand here your lord—I will not suffer you to speak in this impertinent manner to me."

"How can you forbid what the Kings of Israel and Judah were forced to endure? Those mighty heroes, Saul and David, were forced to humble themselves in the dust before the Prophet Samuel, who treated them in a manner far more severe than that in which I handle you, and why? because the Lord sent Samuel; and now the Lord and your own mother send me."

"I am glad that my mother is still up," answered the prince, with a dark scowl, "for I have something to say to her. I will talk further with you when I enter into possession of my property. And now, my friends, return to your chambers, and leave this fanatic to himself; to-morrow, betimes, I will meet you again." With this he pushed aside the priest, who

appeared disposed to dispute his entrance into his mother's room, and locked the door after him. His companions wished the priest "Good-night," with words and looks of contempt; and nothing was left for the unfortunate man but to make the best of his way towards his own room, full of anger and disappointment.

Bernhard entered his mother's sleeping apartment; he found her sitting at a table, with an open bible before her, while her countenance wore an expression of the deepest melancholy, for she had heard every word with which the hot-headed youth had wounded the feelings of the priest, and of herself at the same time. Religion held the first place in the breast of this exemplary woman, and even the doting affection which she lavished upon Bernhard (the object of all her earthly cares) yielded to it; and rather would she have borne a personal insult from one of her own dependants than have heard an insult offered to the minister of the church. She received Bernhard on his entrance with a grave and offended air. He took no notice of the mood in which she appeared, but commenced in an angry tone, as before.

"I have been much surprised at the language which the priest of the village makes bold to use towards me, and I cannot but look upon you as

the cause of it. This ridiculous fanaticism must have an end; you are become a common laughing stock. Or can it be that this overstrained devotion is meant to atone for former sins, too heavy to be expiated by ordinary repentance? I am almost tempted to believe it."

"Bernhard!" cried the princess, clasping her hands, "what do I hear? and from your mouth?"

"Nothing but plain good sense," replied the prince, coldly. "Granted even that your piety springs from the purest motives, you do but spoil in one way what you cure in another. The ignorant priest makes use of the most insulting language towards yourself, and towards me, who am his lord; and you not only take up your cross with resignation, but wish me to do the same. When I demand satisfaction for an insult offered to myself in the person of my best friend by a low-born caitiff, you refuse it me; and upon my insisting, you use every kind of evasion. That wretch, Archibald, whom you so zealously protect (for what reason you best know), was, a short time ago, in this castle, secreted by Nepomuck, in obedience to your orders. And one of those Turkish women, who infect your dwelling with their presence, has held a guilty assignation with the impudent boy, in his own apartment. This handkerchief,

which I have just found there, belongs to the hussey, who, without doubt at your command, has assisted the youth in his escape. I demand that she shall be brought to an account, and punished. Putting her disobedience to my commands out of the question, her immodest conduct merits a severe chastisement. The deeply-injured Kaunitz must receive satisfaction; and if the caitiff who has insulted him has escaped, the paramour who has assisted him in his flight shall take his place. With regard to the offence which you, mother, have been guilty of towards my friend, by your passionate sallies, you can only in part make up for it by using your maternal influence to persuade my self-willed sister to acquiesce in my arrangements. I have promised her to Kaunitz, and pledged my princely word to that effect. My promise must and shall be fulfilled; that I am determined on. I am the heir, the lord and master here, and have a right to dispose of my younger sister. You, even you yourself depend upon me, and I think that you will not venture to interfere with my rights, because a few months may still be wanting to the completion of my majority. You will scarcely compel me to take refuge with my uncle, the Marshal, and there cause myself to be recognised as the head of the family

by the Diet. Reflect well on what I have said, and early to-morrow I will hear what you have done—and what it may be your intention to do."

Tears of bitter anguish rolled down the cheeks of the princess as she cried, almost out of her senses, "Bernhard! Bernhard! what have you become? The minister is right; the gentle dove has indeed been changed into a raging beast. My son turns against his mother—against the breast which nursed him."

"Wrangle with heaven itself for this," said the unnatural son, as he quitted the room; "its curse is visibly weighing upon our family, and how could you ever hope for a dutiful son?—you who have yourself been a guilty mother—you who have been the cause of my father's insanity, and of my grandfather's violent death. All—all this has had its origin in you; and what else can the she-wolf produce but a wolf?"

He then closed the door after him with violence, and left his wretched mother to her reflections. They were most dreadful. The black ingratitude of a son whom she so loved, had harrowed every feeling of her heart; even the consolations of religion failed to pour their balm into her wounded spirit, for she was not in a frame of mind to receive them.

On the following morning she refused to see any one except the tranquil Mermes, who, in her apathetic manner, permitted her mistress to mourn undisturbed, without making matters still worse by any importunate sympathy. The solitude in which the princess remained, lost as she was to every thought but that of grief, was most irksome to Leila and Zenide. Ludmille wandered in the garden in a melancholy mood. The two Turkish maidens were seated alone in their chamber, when the Prince, Kaunitz, and Nepomuck entered.

"Are these the women?" asked Bernhard.

Nepomuck answered in the affirmative.

"And which of them was the original cause of the whole business?" pursued the prince.

"That is *my* little prude," answered Kaunitz, pointing to Leila.

"Were you yesterday evening in Archibald's room?" inquired the prince, in a stern tone.

She tremblingly answered, "No!"

"Which of you assisted him to escape?" cried Bernhard. "Confess, and at the same time tell me where he is concealed. This handkerchief, which she who visited him last night, the confidante of his flight—his paramour—left in his room, bears witness against you."

"The handkerchief belongs to me," replied

Zenide, haughtily, as she approached the prince. "I am not the paramour of the persecuted page, but his deliverer!"

"What impertinence!" cried the prince. "Where is the miscreant? Tell me, or I will use force to——"

"If you were to kill me," answered Zenide, "I could only tell you that I opened for him the postern, which is at the back of the castle, and that he reached the open country in safety by means of the parapet of the broken bridge; whither he then bent his steps is a matter of indifference to me, provided he has succeeded in eluding the vengeance of your unworthy friend."

"Well, and you?" said the prince, turning towards Leila, with a scowl, "are you disposed to be more communicative? Let us hear what you have to say."

"I will confess, noble sir," answered Leila, "that I am the person who set Archibald at liberty. My sister nobly wishes to screen me from blame. I feel deeply grateful to her, but she must not suffer for her generosity. I am the only guilty one."

"Sister, do not be guilty of a falsehood," cried Zenide; "I told you the truth."

"Do not believe her, 'tis I that am the culprit," cried Leila, in a louder tone than Zenide.

"The shameless hussies seem to vie with each other in proclaiming their disgrace," cried Kaunitz to the prince. "Will you permit such a got-up farce as this to be played off in your presence?"

"Could you for a moment suppose it?" cried Bernhard. "I am not my father's son if I bear it any longer. Nepomuck, do your duty."

"But my noble master," stammered the steward, in a pathetic tone, "will you go bail that I am not to be responsible for the consequences?"

"I pledge you my word of it, cowardly fool," answered the prince. "You have nothing to dread as regards your safety; but come, no more loitering; and you, dishonoured maidens, follow this man. My mother directs that you shall be chastised for your scandalous behaviour of last night—too lightly, as I think, for the crime you have been guilty of. One of you only was to have suffered, but as you both appear to be emulous of the honour, I shall not thwart your wishes. And now, away; and may what you are about to undergo be the means of turning you from the paths of vice."

"Noble prince!" cried Leila, in alarm, "your compassion——"

"Stop, sister!" cried Zenide, in a firm tone, "let us neither beg nor excuse ourselves. We

are but slaves—he our master. Let him chastise us, if it so please him. Let us suffer valiantly for our friend."

"For him, do you say?" cried Leila, turning her eyes, with an inspired air, upwards. "You are right, Zenide, we suffer for him—for our friend; and any torture for his sake will be bliss. Come, let us go. We will derive courage from each other. It is not the princess, who has been a mother to us, who condemns us to punishment. It is he alone—our barbarous master. But we will not complain; and for the sake of the noble lady who gave him breath, we will give him a lesson of generosity, by not betraying his barbarity to his mother."

They followed the steward with a haughty air to a remote apartment of the castle, where two gigantic peasant women, hired for the purpose, and armed with stout rods, that were to be the instruments of punishment, to which the prince in his cruel despotism had condemned them, awaited the unfortunate maidens. Zenide and Leila presented their tender shoulders in the most heroic manner to the blows of these furies, and underwent their dreadful punishment without the least resistance, or an exclamation of pain; and if, in a moment of torture, the slightest sound did escape them, they instantly

muttered the name of him for whom they were suffering, and whom they loved beyond expression. They thus gained sufficient courage to endure their sufferings to the end, and returned to their apartments, determined to conceal their treatment; but as they both were not long after summoned to the presence of the princess, where their disturbed appearance excited her kind inquiries; as Leila on a sudden fainted away from the effects of her sufferings, and Mermes, on undressing her beloved sister, perceived the bloody traces of the punishment which she had undergone, the affair could not be longer concealed, and the princess, disgusted and enraged at her son's barbarity ordered her carriage, with the determination of yielding all up to him, and retreating from his tyranny to Olmutz; but at the very moment when the females were holding council as to the best means of releasing Archibald from his confinement, and of smuggling him out of the castle, Bernhard, alarmed at his mother's sudden determination, rushed into the room. He did all in his power to turn her from her purpose, and even so far did violence to his feelings, as to entreat her forgiveness. Nay, more, he stammered forth some sort of an apology to those whom he had so grossly insulted. He entreated the princess to forget the past,

promised to amend his conduct, to return in a week to Prague, and take with him the riotous crew who had thrown the whole house into confusion. The princess, weak in her resolutions, and far too indulgent a mother, permitted her just resentment to be mollified by the entreaties of the hypocritical Bernhard, received his honied phrases as sterling coin—and forgave and forgot all, so that the good understanding between mother and son appeared perfectly re-established, and a complete reconciliation effected. The prince attempted to purchase forgiveness from Leila and Zenide with presents furnished by the princess's liberality, but they were indignantly refused, while they entreated the princess and Ludmille not to betray Archibald's place of concealment, however much the prince might pretend to be reconciled to him; for they felt certain his promises could not be relied upon as long as Kaunitz exercised such influence over him. The princess gave the required promise, not from any mistrust in her son, but from fear lest Archibald might be roused to some fresh attempt, either by his own fault, or provoked thereto by Kaunitz; and Ludmille on her part trembled at the idea of Archibald's being discovered. She had a much better knowledge of her brother's character than her mother had,

and no longer felt any confidence in him; she feared his rudeness, his violent temper, and Kaunitz's pernicious councils. What if Archibald should be betrayed and condemned by her implacable brother to the punishment but lately inflicted on the daughters of Hassan? She shuddered at the bare idea of knowing him to be in danger, who she could not conceal from herself was no longer indifferent to her, and who caused her to look with alarm at what was going forward in her own breast.

CHAPTER XV.

Hamlet. "Oh God! I could be bounded in a nutshell, and count myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I have bad dreams."

SHAKSPEARE.

ARCHIBALD had in the mean while dozed on till the morning in a disturbed slumber, into which he had fallen at a late hour, upon the dilapidated sofa which he had chosen as his resting place. A gentle shaking awoke him. Mermes stood over him, with a friendly smile, whilst on her arm hung a basket containing provisions. He sprang up with a feeling something akin to shame. "Do not let me disturb you," said Mermes, in a low soft tone, "the sun is indeed too high to permit of sleep, nevertheless it is refreshing to both mind and body to pass a little time in comfortable repose—doubly so, I may say, for a poor prisoner like yourself. The princess sends your breakfast by me—it comes from her own table, that neither steward

nor servants may know any thing about you, for you must remain here a week in the strictest concealment, till the prince takes his departure."

Archibald sighed.

"It is not in my power to be of any service to you," pursued Mermes in a melancholy tone, "neither can Zenide or Leila do more for you than myself, else they would not have remained so long inactive. The princess Ludmille sends you this basket of fruit. She hopes that you will find it refreshing, and begs you to bear with patience your present confinement; and that it may not appear to you so very irksome, the princess my mistress requests you to begin the task which she confided to you, *viz.* the arrangement of the library. In the mean time we all wish you patience, and be assured that we will not forget you."

Archibald, as well as he could, expressed his gratitude to his kind protectress. Mermes was much affected at the warmth of his feelings, and her gossiping did not long leave the youth in ignorance of what Leila and Zenide had suffered for him. His passion was so far excited by what he heard, that he was on the point of breaking his long kept silence, but he restrained himself in time, and pacified

himself with the idea that the moment of vengeance would yet arrive. He then entreated of her, by his most expressive signs, to carry back to her sisters his thanks, and to assure them of his everlasting attachment. Mermes promised to obey, and then cautiously departed, locking the door after her.

Archibald now determined to take a survey of his new abode, and to seek out the library, where he intended immediately to set about his task, which he trusted would diminish the tediousness of his confinement, and calm for a time his feelings towards Ludmille. The doors of a long suite of apartments lay open before him. The room in which he had passed the night adjoined the picture gallery, which was very ill arranged. It contained a few of the best works of the old Italian and German masters, mixed up with a number of the most wretched daubs. The ancestors of the family were placed by themselves, in a line along the wall; a number of stern and austere faces seemed to scowl upon the intruder as he entered the apartment; the last of the row was the father of the princess; his countenance seemed furrowed by care and sorrow, and shaded by a large grey beard; one hand rested on a

celestial globe, whilst his look was directed towards the sky. The following inscription ran under the portrait:—

" *Evrardum, ultimum Comitem ex præclarâ stirpe*
VOROSDAR
Terrestrem felicitatem perquirentem, infelix mors
Ad æternam duxit.—A.D. 1578."

Reminded by this inscription of what had been related to him by Nepomuck, Archibald examined the picture closer, and to his horror perceived a deep open gash close to the neck, which the painter, probably at the suggestion of the family, had so far concealed with a ruff, as to be distinguished only by a very close observer. The youth was very much affected at this discovery; 'twas then indeed true that his preceptor, Hubert, had entertained a guilty attachment, and had perfected his crime by committing murder. Could he indeed appear so tranquil, after the perpetration of such a deed? Archibald shuddered, and turning from the picture, hurried into the adjoining room. It had a much more cheerful appearance than the one he had just quitted. It reminded him of the successful bravery of by-gone times, for it was surrounded by a number of wire presses, many of them open, which glittered with a quantity of warlike implements—trophies which the valiant

arm of the prince had many years before won in the Turkish campaign; while at the end of the apartment hung a small collection of arms, under each of which was an inscription. They were presents from the friends and brothers in arms of the prince. Among them he remarked a handsome Hungarian sabre, presented to him by the Ban Thomas Erdody, on the field of battle, after the victory of the Kulp, June 12th, 1593; a poignard studded with turquoises; a remembrance of Rupert of Eggenberg; a splendid pair of spurs, from Andrew Auersburg, the commander of the imperial forces; a magnificent gorget, given him by Hardegg, who was beheaded for the surrender of Raab, with a number of other articles. Some were of intrinsic value, others valuable only as they marked the friendship of the donor. The youth's attention was next arrested by a plain unornamented sword, which contrasted strangely by its simplicity with its companions. How was he astonished, as he read on the ticket attached to it the name of his beloved uncle, "Ehrenfried Verner, of Ulm, captain of artillery in the imperial army, killed before Sabalka, in November 1593, after having saved the life of our noble prince and master." Tears of genuine sorrow flowed from

Archibald's eyes—his uncle Ehrenfried—he who alone of all his relations had shown him any affection—on whose knee he had so often sat, while playing with his thick mustachios. Was he too gone for ever?—fallen beneath the Turkish sabres—far from his beloved country—far from his deserted nephew. "Oh!" said the youth with a sigh, "had he but known how they behaved towards me, matters would have taken a different turn—he would have summoned me to him—he would have taught me to fight by his side, and there perhaps I should have found my death—far better such a death than the existence I now lead, where every hour advances me farther in the paths of hypocrisy and deceit." With pious reverence he kissed the blade which his veteran uncle had so often borne in his hand. It was evident that, after his uncle's death, the prince had procured and preserved the weapon as a remembrance of the man to whom he was indebted for his life. His thoughts were occupied in this manner, when a noise, close to him, startled him, and made him turn round.

He stood with his back towards a pair of large folding doors, and as he turned, he saw the word "Bibliotheca," written in large letters over them. "Here then at length," he said, "is the object of my search, and the noise which

I have heard has been in all probability occasioned by some books which a rat has dislodged from their shelf."

Convinced of the truth of his reflections, he boldly pressed the lock. The door flew open, and the cloud of dust, in which he found himself enveloped, seemed to confirm his conjecture; some large folios lay on the floor. Well-filled bookcases surrounded the room. There were several tables covered with manuscripts and writing materials, and in the corners large celestial and terrestrial globes. Archibald felt his heart leap within him at the sight of such treasures of learning; with eager eye he overran the entire collection, and slipped behind the bookcases, which divided the room, in order to see the extent of the library, when his eye suddenly fell upon a figure, which seemed to have been some time in possession of the apartment. It stood with its back towards Archibald, in one of the large window recesses, and was busied in turning over the leaves of a ponderous volume. Alarmed by the noise occasioned by Archibald's entrance, the reader suddenly turned round, and Archibald, with utter astonishment, beheld the prince.

"Who is there?" he cried, with a harsh voice. The page, true to his purpose, remained quite

silent, and approached the dreaded prince with an humble air.

"Stand," cried the prince; "do you attack me in my very camp! Tremble, Turkish dog." With these words he seized his sword, but it was so rusted in its scabbard that all his attempts to draw it were vain.

Archibald had at the same moment drawn his poignard, and put himself in an attitude of defence. The prince, frightened at the sight of the weapon, desisted from his vain attempt to draw his sword, and motioned aside the dagger of Archibald.

"Desist," he cried. "You see that God and my good sword have deserted me; I surrender myself. My kingdom will pay you a heavy ransom, if you will only not deliver me up to the Spaniards."

Archibald made a sign of acquiescence, returned the poignard to its scabbard, and made every gesture calculated to prove his friendly intention. The prince approached him still nearer, and carefully examined his countenance. "No!" he said, after a pause, "you are no Moor—you are no Spaniard neither, but a noble Portuguese. I now recollect that you waited upon me at my royal table, at Belem. Noble Don! welcome to my solitude."

He then presented his hand to the page (who kissed it respectfully), and continued, as he played with the chain round his neck, and regarded him with a fixed look, "True! I now remember all. You have one qualification which renders you superior to any grandee of my kingdom—you have one merit which cannot be sufficiently prized in a royal servant—you are dumb! Is it not so? You need not put on such a melancholy face. You ought rather to rejoice. Were I in your place I should be enraptured at it. To be silent while alive is good, but far better to be silent in the grave."

He ceased, placed his hand before his eyes, and remained motionless. Archibald gazed with compassion on the wasted form of the maniac prince. He could not imagine how he had contrived to leave his own apartments, and find his way to where he then was. In the mean time the prince stood motionless as a statue, till at length sensation seemed to return. His hands sunk down, and he opened his eyes as though he had just been roused from a sound sleep. "How is it," he asked, in a totally altered tone, "that a compassionate being visits me in my prison? I had imagined myself abandoned by the whole world; I am not the less glad, noble youth, to show you the curiosities to be seen in

my palace. Come." He then, in spite of Archibald's resistance, seized his hand, and dragged him after him. "Come! it is growing dusk, and I fear that what I am most anxious to show you will not long be visible." Archibald followed his conductor with some dread; but he kept his hand fast on his dagger's hilt, prepared to use it in case of necessity.

The prince opened a small door, heavily adorned with carved work, and they entered a room, of an oblong shape, which was fitted up as a sleeping apartment. Although it appeared tolerably clean, every thing lay in the greatest disorder. The bed was unmade, and a cradle stood by its side. On the table were two candlesticks; the candles were burned down to their sockets. Clothes were negligently flung upon the chairs. In short, every thing in the room might make one suppose that the occupier had run away in a hurry. But on the floor, nearly in the centre of the room, a large stain of blood was visible, and close to it a carved Hungarian sabre, died with specks of the same hue. Archibald started with horror at the sight. The prince now said, with a solemn tone and manner, "See, young man, see! to what crimes a faithless wife can bring a man of honour. Here he surprised her with her paramour, as she

was about to elope with him, and take her child with her. The enraged husband insisted that her father should deliver her up to his vengeance; but the doting grey-beard resisted the demand. Mad with rage, he drew his sabre, bent upon the destruction of his rival, but his evil genius threw the old man before the sword which severed the feeble thread that bound him yet to life. Horror seized him after this deed—he disappeared—long sought for death on the plains of Alcacar, under the banners of a valiant king; instead of this, he was entangled in a disgraceful retreat, and found himself once more in Europe."

The prince remained silent for a few moments, passed his hand across his forehead, and continued, in a more composed tone, "He sought for rest in every country, but found it nowhere; at length he returned home to the wife who had betrayed him, who, here where her victim fell, had never ceased from prayer, in hopes of appeasing her father's shade, and atoning for her own crimes. But even here he was disappointed. He fell ill, and while upon the bed of sickness, made a vow that he would once again march against the Infidels. He performed it; beat the enemy at Sissek, and slew, with his own hand, the Infidel general, whose youthful

daughters he sent home here as slaves; to atone, in some measure, for the deed. How do you like this story, young man?"

Archibald regarded the maniac with a feeling of awe. His countenance began to assume its usual expression, and after a short pause, he continued in a livelier tone.

"I must hasten on, or else my memory will fail me. He fought again at Vesprim, at Stuhlweissenburg, and was at the storming of Sabalka, where a Turkish arrow pierced his skull. See! somewhere about this spot."

He lifted the hair from off his forehead, and a long purple scar was visible.

"And this agony," he continued, pausing at every sentence, "this arrow—has——"

With an exclamation of pain he carried his right hand to the wound, and covered his eye with his left hand: a fresh cramp seemed to take possession of every limb.

Archibald shook him, and conducted him from the fearful apartment. The prince permitted himself to be led like a child through the armoury and the picture gallery, till they arrived at the first room in the passage. Here he came to himself.

"What do you want with me?" he asked in an agitated tone. "Am I not your king? though in Mehmeta's chains, still your king! Portu-

guese! will you assassinate me?" By a vigorous effort he freed himself from Archibald, looked at him straight in the face with an angry frown, and exclaimed—

"Are you aware that your life is in forfeit, that you have lifted your hand against your king? The council has pronounced your sentence; I cannot save you, but I will send you a confessor." With these words he turned, and hastened back the way they had come. Archibald, who had recovered from his first surprise, followed him, apprehensive least the maniac should seize some weapon in the armoury and attack him; but the moment the prince perceived that he was followed, he took to flight, and gained the library. Archibald hurried after him as fast as he could, but it was only in time to hear the noise, as of a slamming door. He entered the apartment, but the prince had disappeared; and notwithstanding the narrowest search, not the slightest trace of any secret door was to be discovered in the wainscoted walls.

In a desponding mood he desisted from his endeavours, and returned towards the room where he purposed to pass the night. It was twilight, and the pictures in the gallery assumed strange and indistinct outlines as he passed along. Archibald again stopped before the portrait of the

unfortunate Everhard, as he had already done before his uncle's sword, and an indescribable horror took possession of him. The form, the wound on the breast, the entire figure, appeared to him under a frightful aspect.

"Dreadful picture! am I to gaze at you for an entire week; each time that I pass and repass on my way to the library," he said to himself, "and look upon you, upon each occasion, with unceasing dread. No! that shall never be; sooner shall you leave your resting place, that I may be at peace." With this he seized the huge painting, which reached to the very ground, with both his hands, tore out the hooks that secured it, and turned it towards the wall. He perceived, however, when he had torn it away, that the picture had covered an aperture in the wall, and, though the passage which it presented was in complete darkness, he hesitated not a moment to enter it. He felt his way through different turnings and twistings, till at length his foot struck against what he soon discovered to be the commencement of a narrow flight of stairs, which, to judge from the damp and murky air which he then encountered, appeared to lead to the vaults of the castle. He descended, and scarce had reached the bottom, when he heard the sound of voices.

He stopped, hardly daring to breathe, for the noise was almost close to him.

"Listen, Christopher," said a voice; "did you not hear something? I am sure that I perceived a noise."

"Where?" asked Christopher.

"There! near the small staircase," answered the first voice, which Archibald now recognised to be that of Elias. "Let us see whether some rascal has not ——"

"The Lord be merciful to us," interrupted the voice of Nepomuck. "Desist from your rash design. No dangerous mortals inhabit that staircase, but dangerous spectres! I would not for worlds ascend those stairs, and above all, at this hour, with twilight coming on."

"Pooh!" said Christopher.

"But what ghost is it that haunts these stairs?" asked Elias.

"Whose else," answered Nepomuck, "but the ghost of our late Lord. Had he not that staircase built that he might descend from his own apartments to these vaults, to raise by conjurations the spirits of his ancestors, and learn from them the destinies of his race?"

"The Lord preserve us!" cried his auditors.

"But such a wish to penetrate into the secrets

of the dead never yet led to good," continued Nepomuck. "In proof of this, remember what a violent death our lamented lord met with! The Lord have mercy on his soul! As soon, however, as his valet, Erlwein, had finished his portrait, our noble lady had it hung up before the entrance to those stairs, that no mortal might again attempt the dangerous passage. But what are you about, Elias? Put more fuel on the fire."

"But let me ask you, Master Nepomuck," said Elias, "why then is the vault to be aired and fumigated?"

"Because the princess has so commanded it," answered Nepomuck, drily. "And this answer ought to satisfy you. But my belief is, that our Prince Bernhard is desirous of paying a visit to the resting place of his maternal ancestors."

"I can't believe that," said Christopher, laughing. "He and his wild companions have been out hunting since morning; I rather think that he prefers looking for living game, to searching an old charnel house. But perhaps I can make a nearer guess.—The brother of our minister arrived here with his wife this morning, from Austerlitz, on a visit in the village. The minister probably wishes to pay his relations

every civility that he can, and intends to shew them all that is remarkable in the castle. You know that he has only to say one word to our noble mistress."

"We know that! — we know that!" said Nepomuck — "at least we *ought* to know it. Our mistress is rather odd on this one subject! Well!—well! it does not become me to find fault with what she does. But if you really think, Christopher, that the vault is to be cleared merely to please the minister, we will not give ourselves any further trouble about it. Put out the fire, Elias, for juniper wood is scarce. No more cleaning, Christopher! the ornaments are bright enough, and 'tis of no use your slaving yourself to death. Come, boys! Let us be going, and pray to the Lord to bless our labours! We will leave the grating open; the air will soon purify the vault."

As soon as they had quitted the vault, Archibald ventured to enter it. Huge stone coffins, upon which armorial bearings were engraved, were ranged along the wall. In the centre was a metal coffin, resting upon a stone bier—a shield and helmet, hung with crape, were placed upon it; it was the resting-place of the last Lord of Vorosdar. Archibald hurried by it with a feeling of awe, and hastened

to ascend the wide flight of stone steps which led to the chapel above the vault.

The last rays of the setting sun, as they shone through the stained glass of the windows, threw such strange tints over the building that Archibald felt dazzled for a few moments. When he had accustomed himself to the light, he perceived that there was one individual in the chapel; it was a female figure, kneeling in silent prayer. Her face was covered by her hands. He stood for some moments without daring to advance; but as she raised her eyes towards heaven, he perceived that it was Ludmille. In an instant he had flown from his hiding place to her side. A slight exclamation escaped from her lips, as she perceived who it was.

"Archibald!" she cried, in mixed joy and alarm, "Archibald! how did you get here? What are you doing?"

He endeavoured to make her understand how it was that he had arrived there. She regarded his every gesture with intense interest; a tear of compassion glistened in her eye; and a sigh escaped her!

Archibald seized her hand, and pressed it to his heart. Her trembling fingers felt the wild throbbing of his bosom, which extended

its agitation to her own. She endeavoured to release her hand; and after a slight struggle succeeded. She then regarded the submissive Archibald with a look of indescribable tenderness, and said—

"No—you are not ungenerous. You will not take advantage of my weakness—endeavour to forget me. Our attachment is only of a few hours duration, can it have taken root for our lives? Courage, my friend — God will assist both yourself and me."

Archibald clasped Ludmille's hand in both his own, moistened it with tears, and then gazed on her lovely face with eyes of the deepest interest.

"Not so!" said Ludmille, half turning away from her lover. "Do not put on such a melancholy expression. Your mute impassioned tenderness affects me more than the most eloquent language. A most dangerous compassion is pleading for you. Oh, spare me!"

Archibald, affected by the tender tone of her voice, obeyed, and retreated one or two steps, assuming, at the same time, a sad and serious expression.

"I thank you," said Ludmille, softly and mildly. "Now let us part."

Archibald wrung his hands in despair.

"Do you love me?" asked the princess in the same mild tones.

Archibald made the most impassioned asseverations.

"Do you wish my happiness?" pursued Ludmille.

The youth affirmed it by every means in his power.

"Well then," she pursued in a flattering tone, "prove what you say, by avoiding me—by forgetting me."

He shook his head with a mournful expression.

"You hesitate?" she asked. "Then, I must avoid you."

Archibald seized her hand with gestures of alarm, and endeavoured to shew, by signs, that she might command him.

Ludmille sighed, smoothed back the hair from her forehead, and continued. "I am a dependent upon my brother's will, and must submit to his decision. He is capable of bestowing me upon any wretch, however abandoned, who happens to possess sufficient fortune to support his coronet of prince or count; while the suit of one, however estimable, who did not possess these worldly advantages, would remain unnoticed. Persecution of every kind, need, and sorrow,

would be my lot, and that of the beloved being who, in spite of every obstacle, would dare to make me his." With these words she burst into tears, and sobbing bitterly, rested her head on Archibald's shoulder. At this moment affairs took a very important turn. Nepomuck, who happened at this moment to pass the door of the chapel, was surprised at perceiving it partly open. Curiosity prompted him to look in, and he could scarce believe his own eyes, on beholding Archibald and Ludmille in confidential conversation. Archibald, whom he had imagined to be a hundred miles away—Archibald, whom he considered to be about to turn the favour of his mistress from him to himself—Archibald in secret understanding with the princess. Without losing a single moment, he flew as fast as his legs could carry him to his mistress, and brought to her the news which he hoped would for ever blight the prospects of his rival, and which, to say the truth, astonished her not a little. Without losing a moment, she threw her veil over her head, in order to proceed to the chapel, having first given strict charge to Nepomuck to preserve the most inviolable secrecy. Nepomuck, however, long accustomed to fulfil his mistress's commands as far as they suited himself, ran straight off to meet the young prince, whose approach was just

then announced by the sounding of their hunting horns, and the shouts of the sportsmen who accompanied him. With the utmost eagerness he hurried by the minister (who, accompanied by his brother, and sister-in-law, was walking towards the castle), and requesting Prince Bernhard, to whom, as his future master, he hastened to pay the most servile attentions, to give him a moment's attention, announced to him what he had seen, and how he had hurried to acquaint him with what was going forward, that he might surprise the culprits together.

"Can this be true?" cried Bernhard. "Kaunitz! Brother Kaunitz!" he cried; "huzza! Your vengeance is at hand! Vengeance not only upon the miscreant who dared to insult you, but also upon that unworthy creature who publicly refused your addresses, and whom I will no longer call sister. Hitherto I took her for a fool; but I now perceive in her the vulgar libertine—the partner of a low-bred varlet. On, friends—on! Do not spare the spurs. We will dismount at the drawbridge, that the birds may not be alarmed. But rejoice beforehand at the sport that will follow."

At these words the entire company with silent speed galloped past the priest and his relations, and alighted at the drawbridge, while the latter,

urged by a lively curiosity, followed with his companions as closely as he could.

"Pardon, mother!" cried the sobbing daughter, as the princess, having observed them both for a few moments without uttering a word, suddenly stepped in between them. Archibald knelt at her feet, and kissed her robe; it was sometime before Eleanora was able to address them.

"Unhappy pair!" she cried in a tone of soft reproach, "what are you about? Ludmille, is it thus that you betray my misplaced confidence? Deceiving me with half a confession only to lull me to security. And you, Archibald! Is this the manner in which you repay the kindness which I have shewn you, endeavouring with the deepest ingratitude to lead astray my child—my darling child! Aye! in the very house of God! It matters little that you are dumb; your deeds cry out against you, and proclaim aloud your infamy. Unhappy pair, you have broken my heart. How can you attempt to exculpate yourselves?"

"We are not guilty!" cried Ludmille. "I swear it before God in this holy house. Mother! you are acquainted with my love, but you also know the persevering manner in which I have endeavoured to resist it. I have imparted my

courage to this youth. We part for ever, and you came upon us in the first kiss of our affection —in our last farewell kiss. I could not refuse it to his despair. Now decide!"

"Most edifying, truly," resounded a rough voice behind them. They all looked round in amazement. Bernhard and his companions stood beside them, and the servants, who had hitherto borne their torches shaded, suddenly displayed them, and let the dazzling light fall upon the startled group. The kneeling pair sprang up. "Fly, my beloved!" whispered the trembling Ludmille to the page; but it was now too late for flight; and besides, a feeling of honour forbad him to depart, when perhaps his presence was necessary for her protection.

"Most edifying, truly!" repeated Bernhard, as he eyed the princess, who stood motionless, endeavouring in vain to regain her self command. "Here is the princess-mother acting the part of a procuress to her daughter, and a noble choice she has made. The emboldened page naturally covets the more youthful of the two, and the mother delivers her to his embraces with the same eagerness as she loaded him with the presents which he even at this moment wears as pledges of her doating passion."

The bystanders were horror-struck at the

enormities of which a son thus ventured to accuse his mother. These insults, however, had in the mean time brought the princess to herself, and she replied with dignity. "Silence, ill-advised son, and look around you; if you still possess one single spark of shame, be silent in the presence of your comrades, before whom you thus defame your family. Wicked liar that you are!"

"Not so! my pious mother!" laughed the prince; "these my companions are present, as witnesses of your conduct. You never felt ashamed at giving to this wretch the most open proofs of your vicious attachment, and now your daughter's shame shall be exposed to the entire world."

"Merciful God!" cried the princess, extending her arm towards heaven.

"This is too much!" sobbed Ludmille, and sank senseless on her mother's breast.

An indomitable passion ran through Archibald's veins, and forgetful of himself in the storm which raged within, he rushed before the women, exclaiming, in a voice of thunder—

"Silence! Wretch! be silent, or I swear by the stars of heaven above, that your next word shall be your last!"

Astonishment took possession of all at this daring speech, which burst like a storm from

him who had hitherto been supposed dumb. Ludmille and the princess looked on in silent wonder, when a loud cry was heard to proceed from the farthest end of the chapel—"'Tis he!—'tis he!—let me pass, that I may see him; that I may assure myself that I am not mistaken." The voice was that of an agitated female, whom Archibald soon recognised as Sabina.

It was indeed his kind nurse, who accompanied by her husband, the brother of the minister, forced her way to the youth, and with rapturous delight folded him in her arms. "Welcome!—Welcome!—Master Verner," she cried, half weeping, half laughing, and at the same time seizing his hand. "You are growing tall and stout, but your features are the same, and your voice not the least changed." Archibald wished to play the stranger; but one look at Sabina's husband, the notary Kalander, caused him to be silent.

"Yes, it is indeed, my pupil Archibald," said Kalander to the priest, as he approached them. "It is indeed that unfortunate lad, about whom I have so often talked to you."

They then turned towards Archibald, who, forced at length to yield to their caresses, was prevented from remarking how earnestly the minister was conversing with the princess, how

he then drew the prince aside, and how the attention of all was instantly directed towards himself, in a manner that did not promise very favourably; in a few moments, the prince approached with a triumphant mien, and desired the Notary and Sabina to stand away from the youth; they obeyed, and Archibald stood alone like a criminal before his malevolent judges.

"Gentlemen and friends," commenced Bernhard to the surrounding company, "you have all witnessed the disgraceful scene which has been enacted before us; the principal actor, however, in the same—this varlet, Archibald, is, as I now learn from the minister, no Bavarian noble of an ancient house, as my poor silly mother was made to believe; he is no citizen or peasant, or even serf. He is lower than that, he is the miserable bastard of a common trader of Ulm, who, for reasons which he shall confess to us on the rack, has affected dumbness, and thus deceived us all. And now what think you of all this?"

A murmur of contempt ran around the assembly. Sabina and Kalander, alarmed at their precipitancy, and trembling for the upshot, stood by themselves in a corner. Archibald, thus mercilessly exposed, threw himself at the

feet of the princess, and entreated forgiveness. "Away!" cried the princess, in anger. "The unfortunate but well-born youth had won my favour, but I know not the hypocrite—the liar —the bastard!"

"Princess Ludmille! will you too refuse me your forgiveness?" cried the despairing youth, at the same time seizing her hand; but she withdrew it without a reply, concealing her face with her handkerchief, moistened by her tears. Archibald was annihilated by this last stroke of fortune. In the mean time some of the servants of the castle, who had been summoned by the prince, made their appearance.

"The son of iniquity," said Bernhard, "shall never boast of having been touched by noble hands. Therefore, do your duty, bind and gag him." The princess and Ludmille seemed to plead in his favour, but Archibald cried out, "What! bind, gag, maltreat me?—who will venture to do this, who is not prepared for another world?" As he thus spoke, he leaned against one of the pillars of the vault, and brandished on high his brilliant Turkish poignard; the menials retreated at the sight of the weapon.

"Cowardly dogs!" cried the prince, drawing his sword. "Are you afraid of a poignard?—

Drop your weapon, villain! or I'll cut off your caitiff hand."

"Then would you be the caitiff!" answered Archibald. "Try it, however."

"Contemptible wretch. Do you dare me?" cried the prince, rushing furiously upon Archibald, who awaited him firmly and steadily; but just as he was endeavouring to seize him by the throat, a spectral figure rose from the vault, with a hideous laugh, and stood by the side of Archibald!

A cry of horror ran through the chapel; the prince started back; the princess hid her face in her hands, and Ludmille sank fainting to the ground. She had recognised her maniac father in the spectre; but Archibald profited by this favourable opportunity, and while all present stood fixed as statues before the strange but to him well-known figure, made his way to the door of the chapel, without a single person making the slightest attempt to stop him.

"Death! and Hell!" raved Bernhard, recovering himself—"Who are you?"

A discordant laugh was the maniac's reply.

"Die then, impostor! if you will not speak," growled the prince, making a blow at the lunatic.

"For the love of heaven, hold!" cried the

princess, throwing herself breathless between them. "It is your father!"

"My father!" repeated the prince, as he fell back into Kaunitz's arms, for the thrust had told, and his mother fell to the ground, bathed in her blood.

CHAPTER XVI.

" The oath which at that time, amidst hell's pains I made,
Is a sacred debt—it shall be paid."

SCHILLER.

IT was Christmas time, and the house of Philip Verner, Merchant, of Ulm, resounded with musical instruments. A grand feast was held there, to celebrate some occasion of rejoicing. In short, the merchant's first-born son was to be admitted, by baptism, into the number of Christians. The tables were loaded with the most costly viands, served upon dishes of silver. The apartments were fumigated with the most expensive perfumes; and the glittering tables were surrounded by richly-dressed guests. Notwithstanding all this, however, the guest who would have been most welcome, by name Hilarity, that all-enlivening joy, was absent. The company sat at table with a stiff formality; the master of the house presided with an anxious countenance and depressed spirits; and the christening might have been taken for a funeral

feast, had not a couple of minstrels, by their jovial songs, continued to throw a pale gleam of joy upon the meeting.

In a neighbouring apartment too the same scene was enacting, where the mistress reclined upon a splendid sofa, with her child by her side, and attempted to assume an appearance of gaiety towards her female friends. An evil genius seemed to exert his influence over the entire household. The very servants moved about in silence, the counterparts of their master; and in a retired room, lay old Simon, in a violent fever; while two implacable enemies, Life and Death, were sternly disputing his possession. At the foot of his bed sat a skilful physician, watching the progress of the disease—feeling the patient's pulse—listening with astonishment to the extraordinary disclosures which delirium forced from him—and awaiting the result of the crisis which was to restore him to life, or sink him to the grave.

Philip's reflections also were rather busied with the death-bed of his confidant than with the christening of his child; and he impatiently counted the minutes until he could, with propriety, leave his guests, at least for a short time.

In the interim, however, a servant entered, and announced, "that a young lad was standing

without, and a poor one too, to judge from his rags; he is travelling about, and has called here, in order, as he says, to impart news to you of so joyful a nature as he thinks will ensure him a handsome reward."

"Hem!" said Verner, rubbing his bald forehead; "I have indeed sworn never again to listen to any wandering beggar, but as I celebrate a festival to day, and he is a messenger of good, I will see him. Let him enter; but let it be understood that he is to be brief."

The servant retired, and returned soon after, leading in a pale ragged youth. His forehead, and one of his eyes, were covered with a black handkerchief, which nearly covered his entire head. A thick mustachio shaded his upper lip. His gait was tottering and feeble. He stopped at the door, as if unwilling to enter; and as the entire company continued gazing at him with evident astonishment, Philip thought it would be a good opportunity for displaying his generosity.

"Come here," he said, in a half-friendly tone; "I see that you have come here to beg, but as I happen to-day to be in good humour, you will not miss a good present, provided that you bring me the welcome news which you promised."

"Yes, worthy sir, I think, from the pleasure

which I trust my intelligence will afford you, that I shall deserve a good present; but that I may not keep you longer in suspense, and as your servants here have desired me to be brief, know that I bring you news of your brother Archibald."

"Of Archibald!" cried all the guests, in amazement, "of him whom we have so long thought dead? Of Archibald?"

"Of Archibald?" stammered Philip, thunderstruck.

"In my travels, I found your brother sick and in distress," pursued the stranger. "He was, like me, on his way to Ulm. He related to me his adventures—his misfortunes. As he has no one to look to—as he can expect no assistance from any person but yourself, he has determined to fly to you—to fall at your feet—and to crave your protection, since all the world rejects him—But his weak condition, not allowing him to keep pace with me in my journey, he has remained behind, and has earnestly entreated me to announce his approach, in the certainty that the intelligence would please you."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Philip, turning to his guest, how does the tale, which this scarecrow has trumped up, in order to coax a florin

out of my pocket, please you? Archibald alive? and on his way here! when I possess documentary proof of his death? Away with you, wretched liar! You cannot impose upon me."

"Worthy sir," cried the stranger, with warmth, "I am no liar; I will bring the thing to a proof. I will wait patiently in your house till your brother arrives; he will not be very long after me."

"A capital plan, indeed," answered Philip, with forced gaiety; "I make no doubt of your patience. The vagrant intends to pass some days here, living well at my expense, and then hopes to slip off undetected; but he is mistaken. No! no! my friend; much as I should wish your news to be true—much as I should rejoice to receive, and be kind to that poor Archibald, who, in a fit of obstinacy and madness, fled from hence, were it only to give the lie to those malicious slanderers, who dared to assert that I had driven him to misery; nay, that I had maltreated, and even murdered him—I can nevertheless assure you, that your assertions are without foundation, and that the boy is dead; I have documents in my possession to prove what I assert."

"Your documents are false," exclaimed the

stranger, in a positive tone. "But I rejoice to hear that you are so well disposed towards your brother, for I—I myself am Archibald!"

He tore the handkerchief from his brow; his golden locks appeared in all their beauty, the false beard was gone, and a fresh and healthful countenance replaced the pallid cheeks. The guests arose from their seats with a cry of surprise; Philip alone remained as it were petrified, staring at the youth with a fixed gaze, who, at the same time, extended his hand towards him, and said, in a friendly manner—

"How fortunate I am, brother, to have arrived on a day of rejoicing; for on occasions of this kind the heart is more alive to the kinder feelings of our nature than at other times. After an absence of six years I again enter my paternal mansion; no longer that of a father it is true, but nevertheless of a brother. Deserted by the entire world, hungry, and friendless, I fly to you for assistance. God has conducted me thus far. You are a father, be also a brother; do not reject me. I have suffered much—borne much; let me at length find an asylum under your roof."

Philip preserved a moody silence. The guests were mute, as though they feared to disturb by a sound this exhibition of fraternal affection.

After a pause, Archibald, who had been

anxiously watching his brother, continued, "Philip! brother Philip! look at me! like the prodigal son, I return to you in rags of poverty. 'Tis true, I have no longer a father who will receive me, but do you supply his place. Take me into your house! In the whole world I have no one to look to but yourself. Oh! do not reject me."

Philip still kept an obstinate silence.

Archibald, urged by feeling and affection, pursued in a pathetic tone, "Let me not wait so long for one friendly word. Reach me your hand. Believe me, it is against my will that I am become troublesome to you. This very day, on entering the city, I endeavoured to avoid it; I went first to the carpenter, with whose daughter, Gertrude, I used to play in my early childhood, entreated him to receive me as an apprentice to his craft; he refused me, because—because—I was not born in wedlock. It deeply pained me, but I thought that though the stranger reject me, still the brother will assist me."

"What a cunning impostor!" stammered Philip, who perceived that some of his guests appeared moved; "he acts his part so well, that one might almost take him for the person he pretends to be, but I am not to be so easily caught."

"Brother!" cried Archibald, while tears ran down his cheeks. "Speak not so, brother! you know me well, and, could you doubt, look at these scars upon my hands. These wounds, the traces of which I shall ever retain, were made by your spurs, when you thrust me out of your house; and by these wounds I implore you to have compassion upon me. I have no roof to shelter me—no bread to satisfy my hunger—and no clothes to cover me. Receive me, brother! I will never be a burthen to you. I have not been idle since we parted, and I will work for you—I will be your secretary, your servant, your porter, any thing. 'Tis true I was not born in wedlock. I am" (here his voice seemed to fail him) "a bastard; I cannot claim equal rights with you; but, Philip, do not forget that we owe our being to the same father. Forgive the hatred which I felt towards you, and I for my part will forgive, from the bottom of my heart, whatever wrong I may have suffered at your hands. Let us be friends. Do not refuse to your brother what you would have granted to a stranger."

"Will no one protect me from this importunate liar?" cried Philip, jumping up in a fury.

"Philip!" pursued Archibald, in a still

more earnest tone, "what are you about? Your mouth disowns, but your heart must recognise me. Be merciful; here I am again at your feet, as on the day when I knelt down to loosen your spurs. See! here I kneel before you! I, your brother, kneel, and beg a corner which you would not deny to your dog. Oh! it is cold and stormy without—my wounded feet stick to the ice with their blood, and I can go no farther. Oh! assist me—spare me a corner with a little straw, till spring appears—the crumbs from your table, and water from your well."

"Away, wretched impostor!" cried Philip, retreating several steps, "I know you not. Is there one among the company here present who recognises in this impostor that Archibald, whose death has been so satisfactorily proved?"

There was a general silence.

Archibald rose up slowly. "Must I then away?" he said calmly, and in a suppressed tone, whilst all his features assumed an expression of agony. "Must I then? Well, be it so. Nevertheless you will scarce refuse me a crust of bread, and a drop of wine from your table, before I go."

"I will not give the smallest donation to the impostor who has attempted to mock me by his

deceitful tale," growled Philip. "Out of my house, and thank your good fortune, impudent adventurer, that my father-in-law is not here, and that I celebrate my son's baptism to-day, else might you have had cause to repent your rashness."

"If either of us," answered Archibald, with a furious look, "has cause to congratulate himself that this is the christening day of your son, it is you, Philip Verner. This might otherwise have been your last meal!"

"What, villain! do you threaten?" asked Philip, hastily drawing back. "Help, servants; call the guard!"

Servants of every description rushed into the room, but Archibald drew his dagger, which he had hitherto kept concealed, and prepared to offer resistance to those who appeared anxious to seize him. "He is a dead man, who dares to touch me," he cried, turning towards the company.

"Murder!—help—murder!" cried the guests, while Archibald made his way to the door. "Farewell, Master Verner," he cried, with a savage look, "I have performed an almost superhuman duty, and my conscience is now at rest; as far as you are concerned, we will meet again."

He hurried from the house, and thence through the deserted streets into the open country, there kneeling upon the snow, a prey to rage and suffering, and raising his dagger towards heaven he said—"Almighty One! thou hast witnessed my sufferings and my struggles. I have entreated him—he has rejected me—I knelt before him, and he thrust me from him—I now vow vengeance against him—the fullest—most horrible vengeance; and I here consign myself to eternal perdition, if I desist till I have drunk of his black, his hated blood, and so help me God, as I keep this my vow."

After this dreadful vow, the third which he had uttered against Philip, he arose from his knees, and, indifferent as to what became of him, wandered at random across the dreary and desolate plain.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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THE NATURAL SON.

THE NATURAL SON.

A German Tale,

DESCRIPTIVE OF THE AGE OF THE EMPEROR RUDOLPH II.

TRANSLATED FROM SPINDLER,

BY

LORD ALBERT CONYNGHAM.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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THE NATURAL SON.

THE YOUTH STRUGGLING WITH HIS DESTINY.

CHAPTER I.

" Let him who binds himself for e'er,
That heart with heart agrees, take care;—
Short the delusion, long the woe."

SCHILLER.

On the evening of the christening, the physician entered Philip's apartment.

" It has pleased the Lord," he said, " to spare Simon's life; he has passed the crisis of the disease, and I can answer for his recovery."

A gleam of pleasure passed over Philip's care-worn face, while the physician continued, in a more earnest tone, " I must now give you my advice as a friend; persuade the old man to pass the remainder of his life in retirement, and provide for his comforts; for I fear that hereafter he may prove a source of annoyance to you."

" Why so?" inquired Philip.

" I will tell you," replied the physician; " a

heavy load of errors, if not of crimes, appears to weigh on Simon's conscience; words escaped him, in the height of his fever, which, though unconnected, were yet capable of a dreadful interpretation. Do not fear that I should ever divulge what I have heard, for the physician and the confessor have the same duties; but beware of the habits of intoxication, to which Simon is giving way, and which were the foundation of his illness; these may cause him to betray himself, and be the means of divulging what perhaps would be better kept beneath the veil of secrecy."

"What are my servant's actions to me?" muttered Philip, in a surly tone; "perhaps, however, you suspect me to have been a partner in the crimes of which you accuse old Simon; crimes which, in all probability, will turn out to be the ravings of delirium."

"Heaven defend me from suspecting any such thing," answered the physician. "I merely thought it right to put you on your guard, as a wicked servant may sometimes bring disgrace upon the most respected master. I have satisfied my conscience, and that is enough." Having said this, the physician took his departure, while Philip, whose anxiety to unburthen his mind gave him no rest, lost not a moment in repairing to Simon's apartment.

"All is safe!" gasped forth the old man with difficulty; "I shall not die this time."

"I say that all is lost," replied his master, in a low cautious tone; "our cares, our crimes, have been in vain—Archibald lives."

"Archibald lives?" stammered forth the affrighted Simon, clasping his attenuated hands.

"Aye! and was here," pursued Philip, "a few hours back, begging, supplicating me to receive him into my house, or at least to give him alms. I repulsed him, in the presence of my guests; he then quitted the house, with dreadful threats, and soon after left the town."

"God be praised!" sighed forth Simon, in a tone of satisfaction.

"And the devil as well," answered Philip; "but may he not return? and will he not return more importunate, and with louder threats? I tremble at the very thought. It is true, that I am blameless in the sight of the law; but—I feel it—Human nature will revolt at my conduct; at this very moment the report of his untoward appearance is spreading through the town; most of the guests believed Archibald's statement; he excited compassion, and it was only fear of me, or at least of my father-in-law, that curbed the tongues which,

had they dared, would have declared in his favour."

"Confound it!" muttered Simon, how very "unfortunate, that I should have been thrown on my back, at the very moment when my presence was most necessary. You always act so precipitately, so totally without aim, whenever I am not present to direct you. When you saw the disposition of your guests towards Archibald, you ought to have chimed in with it —enacted the part of a generous brother, received for a time the wretch into your house, and have then taken an opportunity either to remove or to silence him."

"What!" cried Verner, horror-struck, "what! do you propose to me to destroy my brother with my own hand?"

"Well! well, you need not be so hasty," answered Simon, with a look of scorn, "such speeches lead to nothing; besides, whether your own hand mixes a powder for the youth, or whether you pay a witch to charm him to death, I think there is not much difference."

"Well done, Satan!" growled forth Philip. "Scarcely escaped from death yourself, you instantly meditate a new crime, and then endeavour to make me a participator in your villanies,

and to draw me, if you can, into the same depth of crime into which you have yourself plunged."

"That would not require much trouble," answered the old man, with a bitter expression, while he turned round, to settle himself comfortably in his bed. "I at least never attempted the life of my own brother."

Verner made no reply to this biting taunt, but it drove him from the old villain's room. At the door his wife's maid met him; she had been sent by her mistress to require his attendance; he promised to come immediately. He returned into the chamber, paced it once or twice hurriedly, sighed, rubbed his brow, and then suddenly quitted the room again. His reception from his wife was not of the most agreeable kind.

"This is kind conduct," cried Barbara, on his entrance, "to leave your wife in order to pay those attentions to an old drunkard, which you do not dream of rendering to her within a week after her confinement."

"Forgive me," muttered Philip, with an air of disgust.

"Better and better," answered Barbara, ironically; "your entreaty for forgiveness resembles a threat; but it is nothing new; I well know that I was never so dear to you as is that old servant; still I thought that you might show some

solicitude for your child; since your departure, the poor little thing has been taken suddenly ill, and you really ought to bestow a little notice upon it."

"What is the matter with the child?" asked Verner, in a careless tone; "he seems to sleep soundly enough."

"Soundly?" cried Barbara; "you must be mad, if you call that distracted sleep sound, do you not see the cramps that distort its limbs? I have sent for the doctor."

"You have done quite right; he will soon be better; it is nothing more than a slight indisposition, to which all very young children are subject."

"Do you really think so?" she said, with a scrutinising glance; "but you are cold as ice, when you ought to be in a raging fever, if what has so lately taken place has had any effect upon you."

"What is it that you mean?" inquired her husband, in a trembling and anxious tone.

"Does not your conscience tell you, you unnatural father?" raved forth Barbara; "your child was well, but he is now in fits; your brother's curse has brought this illness upon him, and it will condemn him to an early grave."

"My brother's curse?" stammered forth Philip, whose conscience smote him.

"Yes, I repeat it," cried his wife, trembling with rage; "or do you suppose that the bastard in his fury neglected to curse our house? The servant whom I hastened to send after him, in the hopes of pacifying him, saw him at a great distance, kneeling in the fields, and praying to the devil; he then took the Augsburgh road, and my messenger, who thought that he had no chance of coming up with him, returned home. He has cursed you, and us all; the seed has taken root; from that hour my child has been suffering; and there you stand by his cradle, like a statue, without any symptom of alarm or feeling, heartless man as you are!"

Here the child awoke, crying bitterly, and the nurse, who heard it, came to remove it, that her mistress might not be disturbed. As soon as they had left the room, Philip approached his wife, and fixed a steady gaze upon her, while he spoke with a bitter smile.

"You call me heartless? well then, I must either have become so from your example, or Heaven must have brought us together, because on this one point we are matched to a hair, although you tell me every day that our dispositions do not agree. How is it that this child

has a greater claim upon your affection than that which, although the offspring of a more beloved object, could not escape the rage which caused you to destroy it yourself before its birth."

Barbara grew alternately pale as death, and red as scarlet; her lips were hardly able to articulate. "It becomes you well to repeat these infamous calumnies, which you seem to have caught up with such eagerness, that you might the better conceal your own crimes."

"Silence," cried Philip; "did I not seize the two masks who dared to rally me at my wedding ball; and, tearing off their disguise, did I not insist upon instant apology, or satisfaction? Recognising them however to be the young nobles, Viblingan and Ehingen, who bear the most honourable characters ——"

"Your courage fell," interrupted Barbara; "the cowardly tradesman trembled before the swords of those youths of gentle blood, who calumniated me from rage at my having resisted their seductions."

"At your having resisted them?" said Philip, with a sneer; "did not you throw yourself into Ehingen's arms? Was he not the father of that child which was destroyed, without his knowledge, in order to save you from dishonour? Did he not shun you as he would an adder, when

you ventured to boast to him of the deed? and did not your second lover, too, the Baron of Viblingan desert you, on hearing the story from his comrade in arms? Can you deny all this? and that you came to my embrace a woman without virtue, when I had pledged my hopes of salvation on your chastity."

"Hold, monster!" cried his wife, "take compassion, at least, on my present condition. Why do you not think upon your own crimes? Think of that wretched woman who, though far advanced in pregnancy, followed you on foot from Antwerp to Ulm, and whom you forced to throw herself, in a fit of desperation, into the Danube—the best bath, in truth, wherein to quench an unchaste flame."

"Silence!" raved Philip. "She was an angel, whom I doomed to dishonour—a martyr, on whom, for your sake, I dealt the blow of death. She haunts me constantly, under the form in which I found her when the stream had thrown her upon the bank—disfigured indeed past recognition—but too fatally identified by my guilty conscience, from her shorn head, and the state of her body, which was on the point of giving birth to a child; she whom I murdered was an angel,

while she whom I have chosen for my wife is a devil. Oh! could I but regain the years which my misery has subtracted from my life, the sums which your father has extorted or begged from me, and which he has squandered, thus obtaining a character for liberality, or else freeing himself from his embarrassments! Restore me the happiness of which you have deprived me!"

"Liar!" cried Barbara, in the wildest emotion; "is this your language to the mother of your child? Do you wish to see me stretched a corpse before you?"

"You may thank that child," answered Philip, with a scowl, "that I have not given way to the criminal thoughts which your wickedness, and the virulence of your tongue, have often raised within me. You call the child mine, and I am willing to believe that it is so. I do not love it, as you are its mother; but still your having borne it, saves you from a violent death, and me from the scaffold. Remember that you often call to my mind your title of mother, that I may think of it at the moment when the planets bode calamity to our house."

"I hear my father," sobbed forth Barbara,

hardly able to articulate. "Base wretch, he shall give you the answer which your conduct deserves."

The burgess entered the room almost immediately; his forehead was red with anger, and his movements hasty; his daughter trembled at the storm which those signs portended, and she deferred her complaint against her husband until some better opportunity.

Thurneisen merely nodded to her in a hasty manner, and then approached Verner.

"Here have you again contrived to make a pretty mess," he said, in his most bitter tone; "you are indeed a clever fellow, and my very esteemed son-in-law! What devil tempted me to bring you into the magistracy—you who possess not one grain of common sense?"

"What does all this mean?" asked Verner, surlily.

"That you are a thoughtless being," answered Thurneisen; "scarce am I returned from my journey, when I am told of what has taken place in your house during my absence. Where the deuce were your senses? How could you think of driving that bastard from your presence before all those guests, instead of recognising him, as you ought to have done? I dare say you thought that you were very clever—but I tell you that

your conduct has raised the greatest outcry in the city; nothing is spoken of but your barbarity —every one pities Archibald. Nay, if he had remained in Ulm, I really think that he would have found partisans enough to have raised a tumult, and sacked your house."

"Well, and what would you have had me do?" asked his son-in-law, in a gruff tone.

"Recognise him, and receive him in the most affectionate manner," answered Thurneisen; "whatever it might have cost you. You ought to have disarmed him by your kindness, and afterwards you might have delivered him up to justice, as a vagrant. He would then have fallen into my clutches—and I promise you that he would not have escaped from them as easily as did that old witch, Lene—no burgomaster's indigestion should have come between me and my vengeance. The bastard threatened you, drew upon you in your own house, in presence of twenty witnesses. I could have had his head as an assassin; or at least he would have come under the law as a marauding vagrant, and dangerous character."

"And I suppose," cried Philip, with an air of triumph, "that we should then have been called humane and compassionate?"

"No," answered the burgess; "but we should

at all events have obtained our ends, and got rid of this youth, whom neither sorrow nor want can destroy; and whom even a witch's incantations fail to affect. But now the bastard is a constant cause of dread to you; threatens you with assassination at some convenient season—may set your dwelling in flames whenever an opportunity offers; may any night break into your house, and carry off your property—while you may esteem yourself fortunate if you escape with your life. You now see the consequences of your accursed half measures—much better come at once to the most violent determination, than lose every thing by hesitation. Whatever you did, you were sure to suffer in the world's estimation, and you now do so without profit."

"You are right," said Philip, after a moment's reflection; "the adder is grown to its full size—has been provoked."

"And will make the most spiteful use of its venom," remarked Thurneisen; "you are right in saying this. But yet, as you confess your fault, I will lay a soothing balsam on the wound; I have disarmed the adder of its sting, or I am much mistaken; still it would have been better, had I known at Gunzburgh what has happened here at Ulm."

"Why?" cried both Verner and Barbara, with one accord.

"As I was walking through the streets of Gunzburgh, accompanied by the Syndic, towards the inn where I had put up my horse, a young beggar met us; 'an alms, cousin Thurneisen!' he cried, as he extended his ragged cap. I stood thunderstruck, and thought I should have sunk to the ground with shame, at hearing a common beggar dare to call me cousin. 'Impudent scoundrel,' cried the Syndic, who perceived my confusion, 'is that the way to beg—is that the way to excite compassion? Come, be off!'—'Never mind, my good sir,' answered the beggar; 'among relations, we do not use ceremony, do we, cousin Thurneisen?' At the disgraceful apostrophe being repeated, I looked up, and cast a furious glance at the impertinent wretch. I stood in amaze, for I instantly recognised the bastard's features, and the malicious smile which curled round the mouth of that devil's child, completed my confusion. The Syndic took compassion on my dismay, and threw the beggar an alms, at the same time telling him to be off. 'With your permission, my noble gentleman,' answered the bastard; 'I did not ask alms of you; I only begged of my cousin, the burgess Thurneisen, but as he

cannot even assist me with the poor benediction of 'God help you,' I beg of you to bestow your charity upon him; he is poorer than I am, for he has no heart.' With these words, he throws back the alms to the Syndic, and walks by us with a stately air. I stood petrified, while my companion remarked—'What an odd adventure—is the youth really connected with you? or, if not, what does the whole thing mean?' I had already formed my plan; I told the Syndic that Archibald was a bastard, and a vagabond of the most dangerous description, and requested him to have him secured, and conducted to Burgau, there to be enlisted among the soldiers who are now being levied, in order to fill up the vacancies in the regiment of the Margrave Charles, at present on service in Hungary.

"No sooner said than done, the Syndic consented; in the mean while, I remarked that the rascal had entered a mean drinking-house, in the same street; I remained on the watch, that the bird might not escape from the net, while the Syndic collected the city guard. They came, rushed into the hut, bound Archibald, whom they found asleep upon a bench, and before I quitted the town, I saw him on a cart,

escorted by four soldiers, on his way to Burgau. Could I have suspected that the youth had been conducting himself as he did in your house, I would have had him brought here, instead of to Burgau, and would have dealt with him as I told you;—nevertheless, I think him well disposed of. An escape from the Turkish campaign is not so easy; or, at all events, not so speedy."

"I am indeed grateful to you!" said Philip, breathing more freely.

"I am well pleased that my services have been useful," replied Thurneisen, with a dignified air, "but ——" and he cast a searching glance upon the agitated countenances of his daughter and son-in-law—"what has happened? Are these the faces to be seen at a christening? Speak Barbara—I insist upon knowing."

Barbara commenced her complaint, but the burgess did not allow her to continue it; before he even had heard what it was about, he interrupted her.

"What is all this I hear? while I am wearying myself to death to serve this man, he is ill-treating my daughter. Philip, Philip, listen to what I say; this must not happen again. Take shame to yourself, at not being able

to live in peace and harmony with a wife for whom all the youths of the place have pined in turn; before God and man, it is a shame."

"Is it my fault?" answered Philip, bitterly; "does she not herself seize every opportunity to make a quarrel?"

"Do not utter such falsehoods," thundered the burgess; "is she not like a lamb, in patience and in mildness? Does she not endure your vulgarity with resignation, and Christian fortitude? But you are not aware of these qualities, and unable to prize them; all beyond arithmetic appears out of your comprehension; from standing behind your walnut counter, to which so much bad money has been nailed, you appear to have grown into a being of wood, as false as the coin before you. I must lament that I have raised you, by your marriage with my daughter, to the magistracy, since you are so ungrateful as to maltreat her."

"If you regret it," answered Philip, "let us remedy it. I will willingly assist in so doing; you have in your hands considerable sums of my money, for which I have your acknowledgments; these I will destroy before your face, and you may keep the money, although it is the half of my property, so that this abhorred

connection be but dissolved. I would make any sacrifice to be freed from it."

"What a proposition! what an offer!" cried Thurneisen. "Do you think, wretched shopkeeper, that every thing can be remedied by cash? and that the burgess Thurneisen would permit you to give him money! No! to the uttermost farthing shall you be repaid; and you shall be divorced from my daughter. Now a word with you." He here whispered to Philip—"and I shall take care to give a hint to the magistrates, of the affair with the witch Lene, and about the will, in order that they may know what you really are."

Philip grew pale as death, at these words; for Thurneisen, who was perfectly acquainted with his character, knew well how to subdue him.

"Fool that I was," he exclaimed, striking his forehead, "to connect myself with such a monster, and by my own crimes to make those ties indissoluble."

A burst of laughter, from both father and daughter, followed this ebullition of despair, when at that moment the nurse, followed by a physician, whose looks betrayed his anxiety, rushed into the room, bearing in her arms the child, who had fallen into the most dreadful convulsions.

"The child is dying!" cried the nurse.

"Dying?" repeated both Barbara and Philip.

The physician gave a sign of assent.

"Unnatural father," cried Barbara; "this have you brought to pass! your brother's curse has destroyed our child."

"Ask your own conscience, rather, why this visitation has come upon us," answered Philip.

Thurneisen, almost frantic with rage and shame, hastily pushed his son-in-law aside, while he muttered, in a low tone, "for your own honour's sake, as well as for our's, do not thus, in the presence of a stranger, expose us all to infamy."

"You are right," answered Philip, with bitterness; "it is enough that we despise one another in private;" so saying, he turned from the burgess, and hastened to Simon's room.

A night lamp was burning on the table; Simon, apparently asleep, lay as still as a corpse, upon the bed. Philip carefully closed the door, and paused when within a few paces of the bed. His very flesh shuddered, as he approached. "I feel," he said to himself, "as if about to summon, by my incantations, the powers of darkness to my assistance; and as if some invisible hand was trying to restrain me!—it is in vain—I am driven to desperation, and no

other course is left open to me. The worst which that fiend could counsel me, would be better than to live as I am now living." His resolution once taken, he shook the old man, to awaken him.

"What is the matter," cried Simon, starting from his pretended slumber; "a sick man ought not to be so roughly disturbed. What do you want with me? I am surprised at your again visiting me—people of your rank are not in general accustomed to associate with such as I am."

"Excess of care has driven me to you," answered Philip, with the greatest emotion; "I am come to you for comfort, counsel, and assistance."

"Indeed!" said Simon, sarcastically; "so it is sorrow which has lowered you to my level—I thought as much. Well! let me hear how I am to comfort, counsel, and assist you?"

"Listen to me, Simon!" commenced Philip, seating himelf at the foot of the bed; "I am an unhappy man—it is impossible for me to live any longer with my wife; both she and my father-in-law treat me ill, and the thing must be put an end to, one way or another."

"I see no difficulty," remarked the servant; "the church furnishes you with a way to

retreat; come to a separation with your wife, and thus conclude the farce."

"I cannot—I dare not," answered Philip, much excited; "I fear the vengeance which the burgess would wreak upon me; I am in his power?"

"This is indeed unfortunate," replied Simon; "you have acted very foolishly; you have treated that violent man with too much frankness; I well know what it is that makes you dread him. For my own part, I could easily disown my share of the transaction; but for you it would be more difficult; you are as meek as a dove, when your rough father-in-law thinks fit to bully you; and for every reason, it is better not to stir up the mud, now that it has been once settled; make up your mind, therefore, and bear with resignation the chains with which you have loaded yourself. I have no other advice to give you."

"You still remember, with anger, the last visit which I paid you," answered Philip, in the most soothing manner; "is it possible, that you have no counsel to give me, by which this intolerable burthen may be removed? Ordinary measures would not now avail; decision is absolutely necessary."

"What do you mean?" asked Simon, regarding him with an air of inquiry; "explain yourself."

"It is too bad!" replied Philip, with hesitation, "to force me to explain what you can so easily guess. Do now, at my request, what you did once before without my connivance—let Barbara share the fate of Hedvig."

"What?" cried Simon, with affected horror, "what is it that you recall to my mind? that deed by which I sacrificed every hope of eternity to the welfare of my future master? Well have you rewarded me for that ruthless act, which, although not by your command, was nevertheless for your benefit. I removed the ill-chosen mistress, and consigned her to darkness and oblivion. Domineered over by your wife, your distant demeanour towards me has taught to me the lesson, that when the work is finished, the useless tool is cast aside; and you now venture to propose to me, who am on the brink of the grave, to commit a fresh crime, for your benefit."

"It may be," answered Philip, in the greatest distress of mind at the hypocrite's unexpected hesitation; "it may be that I have appeared ungrateful to you; I will not now enter upon

that subject, but forgive me this once; assist me. The period in which you alone lived with my father in his house ——"

"That was indeed a happy time," interrupted Simon, in a thoughtful tone. "My master's commands and my own were obeyed without the interference of any other person."

"Those happy times shall return," continued Verner, with a slight sigh, as the thought of his future dependence upon his servant flashed across him. "I will never marry again, but end my days as a widower; and your old age shall meet with every comfort under my protection."

"Hem! hem!" muttered Simon, shaking his head; "I will think about it."

"What is there to be thought about?" cried Philip, with vehemence. "Yes! or no! only one word, is required."

"True, true," said the old man, thoughtfully, "but——just give me that glass off the table, and mix me up one of those powders—all this talking must not make me forget my health."

Philip did as he was desired. Simon slowly swallowed the medicine, and then continued.

"Your promises are fair enough; but making them is the act of a noble—keeping them, the act of a peasant. I must have something on

which to depend; for both time and men change. In spite of your present intentions, it might come into your head to marry; I should have then built upon the sand; offer me, therefore, something more substantial."

"Three hundred ducats down, shall you receive, if you assist me," cried Philip.

Simon was a moment silent. "Will you see if the window is open?" he said. "I feel such a draught." Philip did so, and found that it was closed. "Three hundred ducats are, I allow, a handsome sum; and paid down in advance?"

"Do you doubt my word," cried Philip, angrily.

"Not exactly," answered Simon, slily, "but in affairs of this kind, one must act cautiously and prudently; this affair is one in which the parties concerned can feel no great respect for each other. However, if you had rather not, so much the better; you keep your money, and continue to bear your cross; and I shall have a load the less upon my conscience."

"Not so," cried Philip, hastily. "I agree; the money shall be ready whenever you desire it."

"Indeed?" said Simon. "We have therefore come to an understanding. Just rub my

feet, to warm them—that will do—and —— what was I going to say?—for your sake I will venture into this depth of crime."

"You are my saviour," exclaimed Philip, in ecstacy.

"So then, you are grateful to old Simon?" said the hoary sinner, drawing his night-cap over his brows. "Only have patience, till I am strong enough to quit my bed, and we will then soon settle the affair; in the mean time, be as kind as possible to Dame Barbara, that no devil may be able to awake suspicion; you may then depend upon me. She has often enough poisoned your meals, by the venom of her tongue; it may next be her turn to taste poison, at her repast; one hand washes the other."

At this moment a loud cry resounded through the house, the greatest disturbance prevailed, doors slammed, and steps were heard hurrying to and fro.

"What means all this?" cried Philip, to a maid, who was hurrying past the door,—"what's the matter?"

"Your son has this moment expired," cried the child's nurse. "Do come, Master Verner, my mistress has fainted."

A better feeling for a moment took possession

of Philip's heart, and he hastened from the sick man's room.

The hoary villain wrapped himself more closely in the bed-clothes, and prepared himself for sleep with a bitter smile. "If Dame Barbara had the feelings of another woman," thought he to himself, "my three hundred ducats might escape me; she would perhaps die of grief: but she is of a tough nature, and a trifle does not affect her. God willing, I shall yet perform my master-stroke upon her. Master Verner, too, shall then first learn whom he has to deal with; the juice of the grape shall cause the winter of my days to pass jovially; and should my conscience be so absurd as to wake, and become troublesome, I will abjure my faith, throw myself into the arms of the Roman Church, and, at my first confession, rid myself of all my sins. My great object, however, must be attained; should it cost me three times what I have already done, I must rule as master over Philip's house, till the day of my death, which, heaven grant, may yet be far distant."

The old criminal, invigorated by his wicked projects, soon fell into a sound slumber, while his master, Philip Verner, sat by his son's bier. He did not shed a tear, and he appeared to be

watching the slumber into which his wife had fallen through debility and fatigue. The most penetrating would have been deceived by the mask of affection which he assumed, even while his black heart dwelt with complacency upon the surest method of closing the dreadful tragedy, and of concealing it from the knowledge of the world.

CHAPTER II.

" Thou ask'st of life, with tranquil air,
Why hast thou won me? Come, declare,
Thou ask'st in vain—for life is dumb."

GRUMBERG.

ARCHIBALD lay upon a miserable bed of straw, in a strong room of the castle of Burgau, where vagrants, or bad characters, who had been forcibly enlisted, were secured. The Gunzburgh patrol had delivered him over to the guard, at the gate, and had immediately taken their departure.

Trembling with cold, and thoroughly wet with the snow, which had begun to fall heavily, he had entreated permission to warm himself at the gaoler's fire; it was in vain. " A low-born bastard shall never disgrace me by warming himself at my hearth," growled the gaoler, as he thrust his prisoner into a cold and dark cell. The miserable wretch groped round the room, and discovering the straw, sank upon it, in a

state of exhaustion. A cold wind sighed through the window. "Can it be open?" he thought, invigorated with fresh courage; "is it possible, that there may be the possibility of escape?" He arose, and approached the feeble light which discovered to him the position of the window.

On reaching it his heart failed him, the casement was indeed open, for it was without glass, but it was strongly barred. What a death-blow to his hopes! In the fury of disappointment he shook the bars, but not a single one of them yielded to his efforts.

"Take no more trouble, countryman," suddenly said a gruff voice, at his feet; "it is all in vain. I have already made every effort to remove them."

"Who is there?" cried Archibald, startled.

"A poor devil, like yourself," answered the voice; "who wishes to get a little sleep, and cannot, because of your foolish attempts;—so lay yourself down, and do not continue disturbing your companions, otherwise you may chance to have us both upon your shoulders."

Archibald commenced his retreat, without noise.

"Keep to the right," cried the voice, "or you

are likely to tread upon my companion's face: and now good night."

Archibald found his way to a corner; and throwing himself on the straw, buried himself in it, in the hopes of finding a little warmth. His confinement did not appear quite as dreadful, now that he had discovered some companions in misfortune.

Warmth spread itself but slowly through his chilled frame; and as sleep was therefore hopeless, he passed the time in reflecting upon the events of the day, and upon his prospects for the morrow.

"Ought I not to despair of my destiny?" he sighed, with mingled feelings of anxiety for the future and disgust at the injustice of the world. "But what a fool have I been, not to follow the only path which it would have been in my power to follow. Why did I, on that dreadful night which closed my stay at the castle of Vorosdar, and where the catastrophe was brought on by my own want of caution—why did I so easily lend an ear to the instigations of those fiends, fear and shame? What has it profited me, that, on that night, whilst flying by paths and roads which were unknown to me, I made the most virtuous resolutions, that for the

future I would abandon deceit and deception, and pass a life of rectitude and virtue? Why did I forget the harsh treatment that I had received in the house of my birth, and, like a contrite sinner, meekly return to my native town? Cursed be the hour when I sought that wretched joiner, and proposed to learn his craft. I met there with nothing but insult. Cursed be the hour when I threw myself at the feet of an unnatural brother, to beg that which is mine by right! And, lastly, cursed be the hour when I met with that detestable Thurneisen, to fall a victim to his malice! Lene's cottage is in ruins, and no one knows what has become of her; the hollow tree, which she desired me to search, does not contain the slightest memorandum; my only chance of living a life of honesty was to beg my way to my old instructor, and, with him, to assume the cowl; but even this path is closed against me by my evil destiny. I must yield to my fate, and languish here, like an animal condemned to the knife, till driven to that Hungarian slaughter-house. I here make a vow, never again to act right, because of its being right. The stain of my birth drives me from the society of my equals; I have thrown away my prospects, and lost the Doctor's favour; in Lene I have lost my best friend; Ludmille has rejected

me; Gertrude, the object of my boyish love, as I was quitting her in a melancholy mood, after her father's coarse repulse, cast me a loaf of black bread; this was the present of the play-fellow of my childhood. She was ashamed to say one word of consolation to the poor despised bastard,—and she has for ever torn herself from my heart. Leila, Zenide, those kind-hearted sisters, doubtless despise me, who could follow up such a course of deception towards them. I am now reckless of my fate, and dash at once into the roughest breakers of the sea of life, indifferent whether, in my passage through them, I may reach the shore in safety, or be hurled on the points of the rock which they conceal."

The dawn had begun to gleam through the wintry fog before a slight slumber had closed his eyes; it was of short duration, however, and his companions in captivity soon awoke him by their conversation. Archibald, who wished to find out something about them, affected sleep, and merely peeped at them through his half-closed eyelids. The light was now sufficiently strong for him to distinguish their features. One, who was short, thickset, grey-eyed, light-haired, and pitted with the small-pox, lay upon some straw, and was occupied in turning over a packet of papers; the other, who was taller, with dark

eyes and black dishevelled hair, was brushing from his clothes the dust and pieces of straw which had adhered to them. Both possessed very marked features, and the fairest of the two bore a strong expression of malicious cunning.

"What are you about, so early?" asked the last-mentioned, in a low tone. "Do you want to cut a decent figure in the presence of the Governor, when he chooses to send for us? What is the use of all that trouble?—a straw more or less upon your garments won't get us out of the net, if we have not a pass by us."

"And so you dare put in your word?" answered the tallest, in whom Archibald recognised the voice of the person who had spoken to him on the preceding night, "who is it that's in fault for the whole affair?—You, and you only. If the devil and drink had not combined to take possession of you, instead of being here, in this cursed hole, we should have by this time nearly reached Augsburgh. But it can't be helped; whatever pains you may take to behave with discretion and respectability, the profligate student will break forth, in spite of all."

"Silence!" cried the shorter of the two; "let not your tongue have so much liberty, friend of the pencil and brush, or the profligate student will get you into ten times as many scrapes. But,

joking apart, it is my evil destiny that has brought us into this evil pass; that is to say, my evil destiny joined to the strong juice of barley. A hundred times in the course of my life have I displaced a girl's handkerchief, and she has only laughed: how can I help it, if the waiting-maid at the sign of the Goat takes it into her head to be different from every body else, and takes my advances amiss? I dare say that a hundred times I have struck my man when he has meddled unasked with my affairs, and attempted to come between me and my lass, and the rascal has always taken it quietly: how should I know that the fellow whom I struck yesterday on the face, for daring to come to the maid's assistance, was a constable, who was not disposed to take the matter so pleasantly? You see, therefore, that the whole business was merely bad luck. But be of good cheer, friend Erlwein, our papers will get us out of this hobble; and instead of being caned into fighting against the Turks, you may soon wend your peaceful way towards Prague,—there to prepare an *ex voto* for your patron saint, for having delivered you out of this mess."

"The order for my release is as yet neither signed nor sealed," remarked Erlwein, thoughtfully.

"Not signed, nor sealed? shame on you for an unbelieving Thomas," exclaimed the other, laughing; "the papers which we have got, signed by Don Zuniga and our confessor, will bring us with as complete security into Bohemia, as if the emperor had given us that kingdom as our territory, and we were about to take possession of it at the head of an army. That poor wretch there, in the corner, who sprang up among us, like a mushroom, in the course of the night, will not get off so easily; his hide will be well flayed, I promise you."

"'Tis a bold lad," said Erlwein; "he tried to make his escape in the night; so that we may suppose that being in a scrape is nothing new to him: besides, he sleeps like a top, although among strangers."

"I should like to know what danger the lout can run by falling asleep, even were we of the light-fingered tribe; what could we get worth the taking, among his rags? We may esteem ourselves rather lucky that he sleeps so far apart from us, as to prevent the danger of catching any thing unpleasant from him?"

"Appearances are deceitful," replied Erlwein, as he threw a searching glance towards the sleeper. "I thought I perceived something glittering from under the lad's half-

open jacket, which to me has the appearance of silver."

"Most likely a stolen pewter plate, the cause of his arrest," cried his companion, laughing; "he has hidden it under his doublet; and the burgher guard, not having the wit to search their prisoner, have left him in possession of it."

"No, no," answered Erlwein, who in the mean time had approached the sleeper, "it is neither pewter nor copper—'tis either gold or silver; and I must get a nearer sight of it." With these words, he stretched his hand gently, to grasp the dagger, whose glittering handle shone from out the sleeper's garments. At that instant Archibald suddenly seized his hand. Erlwein, startled at the unexpected movement, almost sprang back upon his companion, who started up from his couch.

Archibald instantly sprang on his feet. "Come, come, my masters, no insolence towards a stranger; say and think of me what you like, but leave me and my property in peace; otherwise I shall indeed take you to be of the long-fingered tribe, and treat you accordingly."

"That fellow has been listening to us," remarked the shortest of the two to his companion, after a pause; "he has outwitted us, before we even thought about him."

"I should like much to know who are in the same cage with me," said Archibald to himself with a smile, as he cast a searching glance at the two friends, and leant against the wall, that they might not get behind him.

"The lad is not so stupid," whispered Erlwein to his friend.

"More wicked than stupid," was the reply, and uttered in the same under-tone; "but I will sound him, and soon find out all about him."

"They are coming to disturb us," cried Archibald to the whisperers, "or I should have insisted upon being admitted to your secrets."

At this moment the gaoler entered, and motioned the prisoners to accompany him before the governor of the castle; they obeyed, and, under the escort of a few armed men, entered the captain's ante-room, where they were desired to wait. The light-haired stranger was the first to be called to an audience—he was shewn into the governor's sitting room. Not a word passed between the others. Erlwein kept his eyes fixed upon the door through which his friend had passed, and whence his own fate would be declared. Archibald sat near him, firmly resolved to bear his fate with fortitude, whatever it might be.

He awaited in patience the moment which was

to seal his destiny; for there is no calamity that can terrify a man prepared for the worst.

Erlwein's friend soon returned; joy sparkled in his eyes, and he held a paper in his hand. "Prosperity to Don Zuniga," he cried; "his letter acted as a talisman; joy, joy, my friend Erlwein! I have gained my cause; in a few moments you will be free; the maid at the Goat is to rest contented with her kisses, and the constable is to make no more disturbance about the blow; Eschenreuter is free as a bird—in with you, brother of mine, the ambassador has helped me out of the mire, and the confessor will do as much for you; I shall wait for you at the sign of the Goat."

Placing his cap on one side of his head, and his rapier, which had been returned to him, under his arm, he hurried from the chamber, humming a jovial student's song. Erlwein went up to be examined with an infinitely lighter heart, and soon returned, in the same high spirits as his friend. In the joy of his heart, he wished Archibald a happy termination to his confinement, or at least courage to bear misfortune, should it be his lot; and then hurried away to join his companion.

It was now Archibald's turn, and he entered the presence of his unknown judge.

The spacious gothic apartment into which he found himself ushered, wore a much more comfortable appearance than he had expected. The walls, wainscoted in oak, were illuminated by the December sun, whose rays danced upon the bright armour, as it hung between the escutcheons and banners which decorated the apartment. At the farther end of it were numerous small windows, emblazoned with the arms of Austria, the Tyrol, and the Margraviate; while on a platform extending underneath them, sat a young female of the most engaging appearance, in a plain but distinguished dress; near her was a cradle, in which a child was slumbering: within a few paces of her stood the governor of the castle, at a great table covered with a green cloth scattered over with papers, and on which it was easy to see that breakfast had lately been served. The governor was armed, and decorated with the Margrave's colours.

Imposing as was his appearance, which was more stern from his being armed, the stranger could not but gather confidence from the mild and soft features of the knight of Herbenstein, and their beauty was increased rather than diminished by the expression of melancholy which was spread over them. The governor gazed upon Archibald for some moments with an

air of compassion, and then, taking up a paper, said—

"You have come before me under rather an extraordinary accusation, young man. The Syndic of Gunzburgh hands you over to me, at the instance of a burgess of Ulm, and describes you as a vagabond of a desperate and very dangerous character. I am to enlist you among the band of foot soldiers, who are shortly to be sent to join his highness the Margrave's regiment in Hungary; this is the Syndic's request. Before I grant it, I must know more about you? What is your name?"

"My name is Archibald," answered the youth.

"Your surname?" pursued Herbenstein.

"I have none," answered Archibald; "or rather it has been taken from me. I am a natural son—a bastard"—he added, with bitterness.

"Is it so?" said the governor, somewhat moved—"your home?"

"I have been driven from it," replied Archibald, in the same tone as before. "I have none."

"Hem," muttered the knight of Herbenstein to himself. "A natural son, and without a home. You are liable to be punished as a vagabond; but I will not meddle in the business; I am not the Syndic's thief-catcher. As to your being enlisted, that can never be; as our noble prince

has issued a special order against the admission of bastards into his regiment. I must strictly obey his orders; and therefore, my good friend, go your way; but do try to find some employment; it would be a pity that your youth should be corrupted by bad company."

Archibald was moved by the tone of kindness with which the governor addressed him, and stooped down to seize and kiss his hand.

The lady, who had listened with interest to the preceding dialogue, opened a velvet purse which hung from her girdle. "A trifling present may be of service to you, poor young man," she said, in the mild tones of an angel, while she held out to him a piece of money; "take this, to assist you on your journey; I will take care, too, that you shall be provided with bread and wine. The weather is cold, and it may be that your way is long."

"It is indeed very long, my noble lady," answered Archibald, moved even to tears; "I travel in search of a home, and that is what the orphan rarely meets with. Thanks be to Providence, however, which has conducted me through the gloom of a dungeon, to make me acquainted with such noble minds. Lady, I am not in want of your gift, for I am inured

to privations; but still I will keep it, as an eternal memorial of this hour. Should I ever reach a station which will enable me to be myself charitable, and should my heart be deaf to the voice of humanity, one glance at this piece of money will recall to me that lady who, without entreaty, bestowed on the bastard stranger that which he fruitlessly begged with tears of blood from his relations, and will cause my heart to melt. May heaven bless you and your noble husband, and may your children be a blessing to you!"

The lady of Herbenstein had listened with kind sympathy to the youth's impassioned speech; but at its close she became violently affected, motioned to Archibald to be silent, and covering her face with her hands, wept and sobbed aloud.

The youth stood thunderstruck at so sudden an alteration, and cast glances of astonishment, first at the lady and then at her husband. The knight shook his head mournfully, and said, "Young man, I ought to be seriously displeased at your thoughtlessness, but, —— how was it possible that you should be aware —— depart in peace, therefore, and God be with you."

"Permit me, noble sir," answered Archibald,

much concerned, "first to know in what manner I have unintentionally wounded your lady's feelings, and then to entreat her forgiveness."

"You are inquisitive, young man," answered Herbenstein; "but as your countenance bespeaks the sorrow which you feel, learn that this unfortunate mother has already lost one child in a cruel manner, and that she will soon have to mourn a second, which now lies slumbering in its cradle."

"What! lose that lovely child?" said Archibald, in a tone of compassion, as he approached the cradle, and now for the first time remarked the pale and sunken features of the child.

The father, in reply, lifted the clothes that covered the child, and discovered to Archibald the withered leg, and wasted form of the infant.

"Is there no hope?" asked Archibald.

The governor shook his head, raised his eyes towards heaven, and said, in a low tone—"The poor sufferer has been given over by the doctor."

Archibald felt deeply at the reply; he regarded the child with attention, and then said, with modest confidence—

"If, noble sir, you would place sufficient confidence in my poor skill, I feel very nearly sure that I could recover that child, although the doctor has given him over."

The governor stared at him in surprise.

Archibald continued—

"Only put it to the test, sir. Do with me what you please, if I do not succeed in saving the child."

"Could you but do so," cried the mother, diverted from her grief by these consolatory assurances, and catching at any hope,—"Could you but do so—you would not find me ungrateful."

"Indeed, indeed you would not," affirmed Herbenstein, "your reward should be a large one."

"Talk not to me of reward," answered Archibald, with earnestness, "I do not undertake it in the hope of payment—I have been already rewarded by your kindness, and your son shall owe his life to my gratitude alone."

The governor and his lady were silent, and knew not what to think of the youth, who immediately set about his undertaking, in order that his actions might give some security for his promises. He hurried through the town, searching for the drugs which he required. He ransacked the laboratory of the Margrave's family physician, who was absent in his suite, and had soon prepared soothing and strengthening lotions and draughts, for his patient. Archi-

bald appeared to know so thoroughly what he was about, that the afflicted parents took courage. In a few days his pains were rewarded; there was a marked improvement in the child, and the first trial of skill of Hubert's pupil went on most prosperously. The lady of Herbenstein treated Archibald as if he had been her own son; his apartment was in a corner tower, with a view over the open country; clothes, the best food, and kind treatment, were now his portion. He knew how to show himself worthy of this kindness, and never forgot the respect due by him to his new protectors. He was so discreet as to quit Herbenstein's apartment immediately after tending his patient, and being modest enough to refuse the invitation to dine at the governor's table, took his solitary repasts in his own room. In short, he gave but little trouble to the inhabitants of the castle, who could not imagine how the vagabond had at once been transformed into a physician.

He thus excited neither envy nor ill will; retiring each night to his couch, with the reflection of having spent a well-employed day; and filled with gratitude to God, for his happiness, in having provided for him a refuge, however temporary, in that house. By his care and

diligence, before the return of spring, he had thoroughly cured the child which had been entrusted to him.

It was a day of universal rejoicing throughout the castle, when Archibald presented to the overjoyed parents their son in perfect health; and this time the worthy pair would not allow him, whom they termed their benefactor, to quit them. The mother's gratitude was without bounds; the father, although equally grateful, expressed his joy in more composed terms.

"My dear Archibald," he commenced, as towards dusk they sat round the warm stove, "your successful cure proves your learning and skill, whilst your modest and retiring manner, which I have particularly remarked, bespeaks your excellent disposition, and your steady refusal to receive any recompense from us, proves your disinterestedness. Meanwhile, my young friend, there is a manner of repaying a great benefit, alike creditable to the giver as to the receiver, and neither consisting in gold nor silver—I mean by providing for the future interests of him to whom we are indebted, if his prospects are not already of a promising nature. Willingly would I lay a foundation stone for your future happiness. Let me know how that can be done, and whether you have

sufficient confidence in us to entrust us with the adventures of your early life, which we have hitherto never attempted to draw from you, by any indiscreet question. You see that our intentions are good, towards one to whom we owe so much; lay aside, then, all false delicacy, and open your heart unreservedly to friends, who entertain the best feelings towards you. The misfortune of your birth cannot be imputed to you; nor can it dishonour him who is virtuous. Speak, therefore, without shame or constraint, and depend upon our sympathy."

Archibald made it a point of conscience to shew his confidence in his benefactor, by giving him at least some insight into his past life. He therefore instantly commenced his history to his attentive listeners. The increasing darkness prevented him from remarking the deep scarlet, which covered the Lady of Herbenstein's face, the moment that Archibald mentioned his father's name. Continuing his narration, he determined to pass briefly over his stay with Lene, and his residence in the Castle of Vorosdar, and even to leave out that portion of his life: but his sincerity was not put to the proof, for on coming to that part of his history where Philip returned from the Netherlands, and just as, excited by his feelings, he had given a lively

description of the barbarity with which he had been turned from the house of his birth by his brother, the lady of Herbenstein sprang from her chair, wept aloud, pressed the child who had been playing on her knees, to her bosom, and quitted the room, with signs of the most violent emotion. Archibald gazed upon her with mute astonishment, while the governor began to pace the room with long strides, with his hands behind his back, and a countenance that betrayed his vexation. "What can I have done?" asked the youth, with emotion; "is it possible that I should have been so unfortunate, as seriously to offend, or to annoy your noble lady by my foolish gossip?"

"By heavens," said the governor, in a kind tone, but still looking annoyed, "the fault is none of your's, my dear Archibald, but still, I fear——however we will see about it. And now good night, come to me to-morrow, while my dame is at mass; we will then talk more on the subject."

Archibald bowed, and quitted the room, without another remark. "What can he mean?" said he to himself, as he mounted the narrow winding stair which led to his own apartment, "by saying we will talk more on the subject. The whole affair is to me a riddle, and I have a

presentiment, that it bodes me no good. Well, I am prepared for the worst; misfortune will pass over me like a refreshing shower in a burning drought; it passes, and the sun re-appears."

He thus collected a sufficient stock of courage for his approaching interview with the governor.

"My dear Archibald," said that worthy noble, "it goes to my heart to part with you; but it must be so, for the sake of my beloved wife; for your presence awakens in her, recollections of a most painful nature; recollections which, after our marriage, it took years of affectionate attention on my part to eradicate from her mind. It is therefore better that you should seek your fortune, with our assistance, elsewhere. My wife will then recover from the shock which you have unconsciously given her."

"But what have I done?" said Archibald, "to cause me to be so suddenly banished from your presence?"

"You!" answered Herbenstein; "nothing in the world; it is merely your misfortune that you were born at Ulm, and bear the name of Verner. I can give you no further explanation, unsatisfactory as it may appear to you. And now, heaven bless you, and may the plan which I have laid down for you, lead you to

fortune. You have indeed obstinately refused any recompense; but on the present occasion you will hurt me by continuing your refusal. Receive, therefore, with good-will, the horse which is waiting at the door prepared for you; and do not refuse this purse, which my wife worked with her own hands, and filled with its contents; trifling, indeed, but freely given. Take, too, this letter; in your present situation I consider the army the best profession you could adopt, and your person and appearance may reasonably hold you out hopes of success. But you must bear arms under a leader who cares not for birth, and who prizes the man by his deeds, and asks not for descent from noble blood. Such a man is George Basta, a general in the Imperial service. He is at present at Prague, and this letter is directed to him; he will shortly take the field, under the command of the Archduke Maximilian; and I will answer for a willing fulfilment of my request expressed in this letter, for he is my friend. Having risen from the rank of a drummer to that of a general, he has learned to distinguish the fair from the false, and to prize skill as well as courage. He will be able to estimate your worth, and it will be happiness to me to hear you well spoken of; and now adieu. Do not forget us; and be cer-

tain that gratitude for the service which you have rendered us, can never be extinguished in our hearts."

"If it must be so," answered Archibald, making a violent effort to master his grief, "I take my leave. It goes to my heart to leave you; but I must recollect that I could not have stayed with you for ever. It pains me to quit your roof without taking leave of your noble lady, but you have expressed a wish that I should depart without delay, and your wish is law to me. I go, leaving you my best wishes, and thanks for your noble gifts. May God bless you, your wife, and son, and grant you every happiness. Remember me in your prayers—you shall hear of me from Prague."

He shook the worthy Herbenstein heartily by the hand, hurried down stairs, and sprang on his horse. His heart beat violently, his face burned, and, scarce able to breathe from agitation, he rode furiously through the town, in the direction of Augsburgh. On slackening his pace, outside the town, in order to indulge his reflections, the fiery animal on which he was mounted, as if to prove his new master, made a sudden start and bound with him. But Archibald's impatient spirit made him pay dearly for the attempt, and spurring him, as if flying from

death itself, he urged him at the top of his speed, until he reached the rich town of Augsburgh. After seeing his horse properly attended to, he walked out to view the town. Lost in thought, and in reflecting upon the probable cause of his dismissal from Herbenstein's family, he did not at first perceive that evening was coming on, and that the streets were gradually becoming deserted; but the increasing darkness, at length reminded him that it was time to think of returning; and as a stranger, he found some difficulty in discovering the way. Skirting the Vogelsgraben, to strike into the Perlachsberge road, which would take him to the high street, he on a sudden remarked that he was followed by a stooping female figure, who seemed eager to overtake him.

"Are you looking out for some love adventure, my noble sir?" asked a whispering voice. Archibald was rather startled, and did not answer.

"You are, I perceive, a stranger here, my noble sir," pursued she; "I like to be of service to strangers, and I will conduct you to a place where you shall meet with both love and wine; soft arms to caress you, and a warm, comfortable apartment."

"Have done with your foolery, old hag, or

rather conduct me to my inn, the Imperial Crown; there I shall find a comfortable room, and refresh myself with a cup of generous wine, and you shall receive a present."

"Heavens!" cried the old woman, snatching a small lantern from under her apron, and directing its rays upon Archibald's face; "I know that voice; and if my old senses do not deceive me, you are Verner's Archibald, of Ulm."

"Lene, Mother Lene," cried the youth, in delight, for he also had recognised the old woman. "God be praised, who has allowed me to meet with you in this strange city. Dear good Mother Lene."

He fell upon the old woman's neck, and embraced her as cordially as if she had been the most lovely damsel of sixteen. Lene was equally rejoiced at once more embracing the child of her adoption, from whom she had been so long separated; but her years, and her habitually quiet manner, did not allow her to make any very violent demonstration of the pleasure which she felt. She merely shook Archibald heartily by the hand, although the tones of her voice evidently bespoke her emotion. She then begged of him to follow her, without fear of meeting with any harm, and give her the gratification of receiving him in her dwelling.

CHAPTER III.

"Full of mirth and full of glee,
Roves the young blood joyfully,
Up and down, through the world so gay,
From the Belt to the Rhine away."

BALLAD.

THEY were seated in old Lene's small and scantily-furnished apartment, at a covered table, near the stove, in which the fire crackled and blazed merrily. Archibald had given Lene an account of his adventures, as detailed, and as accurate, as if it had been to his confessor; and now turned with a good appetite to the capital plate of goose which the old woman had sent for from the nearest inn. Lene sat opposite to him, with Schwartzman, now grown feeble from age, upon her lap, regarding, with a smile of pleasure, the face and figure of her beloved foster child. His good appetite, fresh colour, dress, appearance, and lively manner, had found favour in her eyes, while his straight-forward narration had excited her sympathy. For the first time in her life,

probably, she regretted not being a mother, that she might take a pride in such a son.

"You now know all my adventures," said Archibald, as he laid aside the well-picked bones, and took a long draught from a large glass vessel, filled with a beer that shone like gold. With a look of satisfaction he then let fall its pewter lid, and continued, "Now then, let me hear your story, while I eat the sausages which your kindness has provided for me; for my quick ride, and the unexpected pleasure of meeting you, have, between them, made me devilish hungry."

"My tale is not a very interesting one," replied the old woman with a smile. "The Burgess Thurneisen played me some disagreeable tricks, which I contrived to elude for a time; but at last he was too cunning for me. He took advantage of my absence from home to excite, by his emissaries, the populace of the town against me to that degree, that the fools attacked my poor cottage, broke into it, and finally pulled it down; his object was to gain possession of the will which so nearly concerns you, my dear Archibald; but I had for some time seen a storm brewing, and had placed my valuables in safety. The Burgess was disappointed, and how I laughed at the thought of it, as late one night I

returned, and found my home in ruins. Meantime my situation was unpleasant enough; I could not expect justice from the civic council, which my adversary guides by his rough arrogance, as a child holds a cockchafer by a thread. No one would give me shelter, for fear that I should bewitch them; I was therefore forced, willing or not, to make up my mind to quit my native country—my native city I ought rather to say —for here we are still in Swabia. I removed my property here by night, and now lead a solitary kind of life, not objecting to make profit in any way I can; and, God be praised, I am not near as well known or as celebrated as I was at Ulm."

"Mother Lene! Mother Lene," cried Archibald, laughing, and shaking his finger at her; "the occupation at which I found you this evening, and which consists in assisting strangers to their amours, is not very respectable."

"It may be so," answered Lene, jestingly; "but for that very reason it is the more profitable; besides, is the host a bit better who hangs up a garland outside his house, and looks disappointed if his stranger guests do not reel out of it full of liquor? The times are hard, and one must gain one's miserable livelihood how one can; for my own part I would willingly rest

from my labours, but my children must be provided for."

"Your children?" cried Archibald, in astonishment; "this is the first time I ever heard that you had any."

"Yes, my incredulous young gentleman," answered the old woman, laughing, "open your eyes as wide as you please; it is the fact; I have a son, and a grandson."

"Indeed," said Archibald, "is it possible? but where is your beauteous progeny?"

"One is a fine youth," replied Lene, smiling, "his name is Archibald, and he is sitting before me."

"Mother Lene! what, do you mean me?" cried the youth, in the utmost surprise.

"Yes, my dear Archibald," answered the old woman with emotion, "you shall be my heir; the little that I leave behind me shall belong to you; but you will have to support your child out of it."

"My child?" this is a new riddle. "What can you mean?"

Lene arose, and made a sign to him to follow her into the next room. A child of five or six years old was on a couch, slumbering the sound sleep of innocence, while close to him sat a peasant girl, his attendant, also fast asleep. Lene, placing her finger upon her lips, pointed

in silence to the child, and then returned to the other room.

"You have now seen your son," she said, with a sly air.

"I am dumb with astonishment, Mother Lene," answered Archibald. "That child my son; may I die, if I can imagine——"

"All in good time," interrupted Lene; "you shall hereafter learn what now must be kept a secret from you; all that you can now know is, that this child is destined to be your's, and shall at some future time be brought to you, if God does not in the mean time think fit to gather it to himself. Should I be no longer alive, that peasant girl will bring the child to you, and will also be the bearer of my last will."

"You always entangle me in a web of mysteries," said Archibald, rather annoyed; "I am a mere blind tool in your hands."

"Are we not all so, in the hands of our inscrutable Creator?" asked Lene. "Be comforted, Archibald; before we command, we must learn to obey; and now my son obey me this once, or at least follow my well-meant advice. Do not mix among the soldiery. Is it possible that you should have received such an education, to forget it all again in the dissolute life of a soldier? Go to Prague, but do not trouble the

General; reconcile yourself with the Doctor, who may perhaps have not yet heard a word about you."

"The Doctor! is he at Prague?" cried Archibald, hastily.

"Certainly, my son," replied Lene; "he is there a personage of great importance, and can make your fortune if you are obedient to him, and sincerely repent the thoughtlessness which banished you from Vorosdar. The Doctor alone can enable you to attain your object."

"But only by the path of deceit and cunning," said the youth, with hesitation.

"Do not be ashamed to follow it," replied the old woman, endeavouring to soothe him; "the most illustrious personages do not hesitate to do so, if they hope that they may thereby attain the object they have in view. And is it not better to surmount all obstacles by your own intellect and sagacity, and thus force your way to fortune, than by rashly throwing yourself upon the sabres of the Infidels, to lose your life without even mortifying your enemies by the sight of a prosperity brought about by your own abilities?"

"Enough, Mother Lene," cried Archibald, "you have touched the right chord; vengeance is my duty, the vow by which I am bound. To

it alone must I devote myself; I will follow your advice, and seek the Doctor."

"Inquire for him at the Royal Palace at Prague, where the emperor now holds his court," said Lene, "and now return to your inn, my child; you are fatigued, and the watchman has already called the tenth hour; rest till the morning, and then pursue your journey with all haste."

"What," cried the youth, "without seeing you again?"

"Yes, my son," answered the old woman, much affected. "I should only again become too much accustomed to you, and we should, after all, be obliged to separate. Our paths lie different ways; you go to pursue fortune—I totter towards my grave! I am old and feeble, and the oil of my lamp must soon be consumed; still God may perhaps grant me the blessing of seeing you once more, for the last time; let us therefore separate like friends who are to meet again on the ensuing morning. May your journey be prosperous; and if there be truth in what the priests say, that the prayers of the penitent sinner are more agreeable to the Most High, than those of him who has never fallen, my petitions will not be without their efficacy."

"Good Mother Lene!" said Archibald, bending over her, as, hardly able to master her emotion, and trembling violently, she seized his hand.

"Ah! my son!" she stammered forth, "I was not always so good as I may now appear, and least of all was I good to you; still, the Lord may perhaps have mercy on me, for he is a merciful God. Do you continue to love me, and curse me not!"

"I?" asked Archibald, much hurt. "What are you thinking of, Mother Lene? I curse my benefactress?"

"Think no more of it," she replied, passing her hand over her brow. "I am growing childish, and you must not too closely remark all that I say; mark more exactly the advice which I am about to give you for your journey. Beware of wine and love; by the first you lose your head, by the second, your heart; both are poison for a youth who has to struggle with an adverse fate. Beware of, and abstain from them, and you will find your profit in so doing. And now, my son, depart, and that without delay; turn to the right, up the small street in front of my house; it will lead up the Eisenberg straight to the Town-house; from thence you cannot miss your inn. I must have no leave-taking; go—and yet a word. Do you

still bear the amulet which I fastened round your neck when the doctor took you from me? That is right; but did you not say that you begged your way from Vorosdar to Ulm? That was not right. On an emergency of that kind, open the packet, and it will assist you. Do you understand? And now, good night! and may all prosperity attend you."

As on their former parting, at Ulm, she thrust the youth through the door, and hastily closed it after him, and the ensuing morning found him, according to his foster-mother's wish, on his way to the place of his destination.

He advanced as rapidly as he could, without risking injury to his horse. The beauty of the early spring enlivened his spirits, and appeared to expand his heart, and all that was now wanting, to render his journey agreeable, was a companion, who by light conversation, and a well turned jest, might dispel the cloud which occasionally passed across his brow. This gratification was not denied him, for one morning early, on riding out of Amberg on his way to Tirschenreuth and the Bohemian frontier, he came up with a pedestrian, who, with a knapsack on his back, and whistling, to enliven his journey, stepped briskly along. On hearing

a horseman coming up to him, the traveller stopped, to let him pass, and drew his cap more over his eyes; but Archibald had already recognised a countenance which he had before seen, and his quick memory told him in a moment where. The other also appeared to recognise him, but had not the courage to accost him.

"Good day, fellow traveller," commenced Archibald, pulling up into a walk.

"The same to you, sir," was the answer, and they stared at each other a few moments in silence.

"I think that I must have met you before?" continued Archibald.

"I think so too," replied the stranger.

"If I am not mistaken," said Archibald, "we passed the night together, not long since, at Burgau?"

"The devil take me if you are not right," answered Erlwein, drawing closer to him; "if the recollection is not unpleasant to you, I am sure I have no reason to be ashamed of it; we had free quarters at the castle; in other words, we passed the night in the lock-up room."

"Right," cried Archibald, laughing; "our acquaintance was broken off almost as soon as made—you went away—I remained."

"I have since often thought of you," said Erlwein; "I fancied that you were already far advanced in Hungary, under the Imperial colours."

"You guessed wrong, friend," was Archibald's answer; "but I did not make a better guess, when I imagined that you were at Prague, as you had intended."

"And I should long since have reached that land of promise," answered Erlwein, "had not I fallen ill at Amberg, from the consequences of a dreadful cold, for which I may thank the cold stones of the castle of Burgau, and so was forced to remain in the hospital, while my companion continued his journey alone. It is now about three weeks since I recovered, and I would have proceeded on my journey at once, had there been any money in my purse; there I was obliged to remain; and, in my anxiety to earn a penny, submitted to the task of painting the hideous superintendant of the hospital, and that baboon his housekeeper. They had both long wished to be handed down to posterity by the hand of a painter. Three weeks did I live at their plentiful table, made capital likenesses of their absurd faces, put 'Erlwein *fecit*,' in the corner, pocketed my money, and resumed my pilgrim's staff; you now have had my history,

though I much doubt if you were anxious to hear it."

"You are mistaken, my friend," answered Archibald; "you are a lively youth, and I like to listen to you; I would willingly join company with you—whither are you bound?"

"To Prague?"

"To Prague!" cried Archibald, joyfully; "I am glad of it; we will travel there together."

"Indeed?" said Erlwein, casting a look of surprise at his companion. "I should feel myself highly honoured; but I doubt whether my pair of slow legs will be able to keep pace with your horse's four swift ones."

"Oh, we will easily contrive that," observed Archibald.

"No, my worthy sir," answered Erlwein, shaking his head and laughing; "I fear not so easily, for all that I possess would hardly purchase the half of a donkey, much less a whole horse."

"I will manage that," said Archibald; "in the next town I dare say that I may pick up some cheap horse, which I will lend you for the journey."

"You are much too good, sir," replied Erlwein, respectfully taking off his cap; "but I must tell you that I do not go the direct road

to Prague, I make a considerable round, which perhaps would not suit you."

"Where to?" cried Archibald, impatiently. "You make a great many excuses, to avoid my society."

"Pray do not imagine that," replied Erlwein, much annoyed, "I should have only been too happy of your company; but I have made my mother a promise to visit her."

"And what is the name of the place where she lives?" asked Archibald.

"The lordship of Vorosdar, in Moravia," answered Erlwein.

"Vorosdar!" cried Archibald, for that name struck his very soul.

"My father," pursued the painter, "was valet to the late count, the father of the princess Eleanora—he did not long survive his master's death, and left my mother a wretched pittance, and to me a turn for painting, in which he was no mean proficient. The generosity of the princess bestowed a small cottage, in the village, on my mother, and gave me education. Heaven bless that kind lady, she meant well towards me, and wished me to travel, to improve myself in painting. I first went to the Netherlands, and, in spite of wars and insurrections, studied diligently, and made great progress; but when

I went to Italy, it was quite another thing. Instead of the damp foggy atmosphere of the Dutch coast, I was smiled upon by the deep blue firmament of a most lovely climate—instead of heavy Flemish beer, golden wine sparkled before me—instead of the slow, stupid, tiresome Dutch, a sprightly race of people welcomed me in their enchanting language. Instead of those broad-built girls, so comically dressed, with their great blue eyes, without expression, who daily waddled by my windows, not unlike so many ducks, Italy's luxurious daughters danced before me, unfolding a thousand charms, and entangling the stranger's heart in a thousand snares. What was the consequence?" On the banks of the Zuyder Zee I was diligent; on those of the Tiber, my brushes were never touched. The dust was permitted to collect on my pallet, my coarse painting frock hung from the wall, while my Sunday suit and best cloak, of fine brown cloth, were daily worn in my rambles. I pursued pleasure every where that could be thought of, in churches and in the streets, in drinking houses and at banquets; in short, I lived in a circle of dissipation. My proficiency in painting daily diminished, and I had less and less hopes of ever imitating those master-pieces which in every church and palace

of Rome, form the delight of him who is able to appreciate their beauties. Still moments of reflection would occasionally force themselves upon me, and I then felt ashamed of myself, and made the best resolutions of amendment; but they produced no good effect. I had not energy enough to follow them up; and I always fell back, after a few impotent attempts, into my old life of debauch.

"My protectress, the princess, did not, of course, hear a word of all this, and I received regularly from her sufficient money for my support, as well as for the prosecution of my studies. But the money disappeared almost as soon as it came; it either went into the purses of the tavern keepers, or fell into the hands of usurious Jews, as interest for money lent, or was thrown into the lap of damsels of easy virtue, and I was rushing headlong to destruction, when it happened that——but, my good sir, you are not listening—you are seated upon your horse, with as fixed and unvarying an expression, as Saint George over the cathedral gate at Basle! You are tired of my chattering, is it not so?"

"Not in the least," said Archibald, starting from the reverie into which the recollection of Vorosdar, and of his adventures there, had

thrown him; "on the contrary, I should be obliged to you to continue your story. I will dismount, and walk up this hill with you."

He dismounted accordingly, and passed the rein over his arm. Erlwein took off his knapsack, hung it at the end of his stick, threw it over his shoulder, and, as they walked on, thus continued his narration.

"It so happened, that one day, when I was in greater distress for money than I had ever been before, I received a letter from my mother, enclosing half a dozen pieces of gold. I seized the money, left the letter unread, and hurried away to feasting and debauchery. I returned home late, rather intoxicated, slept off the fumes of the wine, and the first thing which met my eye on the following morning was the letter, which I had thrown aside the day before; scarce half awake, I opened it, but its contents soon drove away sleep, and the effects of the wine which I had drunk. The princess had heard from an English doctor, who had been at Rome—and whom the devil, or my good angel, had taken to Vorosdar, where he attended my benefactress in a dangerous illness—all about me—my idleness, my profligate life, in short, every thing. She at first threatened to cast me entirely off; but was at length moved, by

my mother's prayers and tears, to send me the money which accompanied the letter, with the strictest injunctions however, to economise the money, pack up as quickly as possible, and instantly return home. The letter, thus dictated by my mother, had been written by the village priest, Schöneman, who added his own urgent admonitions for me instantly to leave the court of the Babylonian woman, and thus save myself from the claws of the Romish church, before it was too late. You may easily imagine the effect that this letter had upon me. The feeling of weakness, consequent upon my debauch of the preceding day—shame for my misconduct, mixed with real pangs of conscience—and above all, the dreadful question which flashed across me, of what was to happen to me in a strange country, if my benefactress entirely withdrew her support—all this instantly determined me to obey, and return to my home. Full of these reflections, I jumped up to count my money, and to calculate how much would remain, after paying my most pressing debts. I was panic-struck, on searching my pockets, not to find any money; again and again I felt them, but to no purpose. Was it then possible that my little treasure, my all, had been stolen? or had I

lost it by my own carelessness? or had I, on my return home, in a drunken fit, on the preceding night, given the pretty beggar girl who was asking for an alms by the light of the lamp burning before the picture of the Virgin at the corner of my street, a handful of Hungarian gold instead of bajocci? God only knows; but there I was, my money clean gone. Miserable wretch that I was, I stood petrified—many hundred miles from home, stripped of my all, and without a hope that my offended benefactress would replace my losses; I lamented my misfortunes every where, and this only made matters worse. The owner of my lodgings seized my few effects. One tavern keeper took the cloak off my back; another, to whom I had given a bill (which probably will not be redeemed in this world), cursed me. The extortionate Jews, to whom nothing was left for money which they had lent me, and for interest which was due, prayed that the seven plagues of Egypt might fall upon me. I applied to the respectable German painter under whom I had at first studied, but whom I had long neglected. He shewed me the door. I went to my acquaintances, and begged that they would assist me; they only laughed at me; when I asked them to repay me what I

myself had lent them, they had forgotten all about it; and when I insisted upon getting my money, I was turned out of the house. I had only one chance left; a German baker, to whom I had been of some service, I thought might, from my being his countryman, and out of gratitude for the past, do something for me; but he was either too poor, or did not feel disposed to help me; and having caught at this straw in vain, I saw myself lost without resource: I could not resolve to throw myself upon chance, and to scramble home as well as I could. I thought death would be preferable to that—so at length made up my mind to bid adieu to this world, I sought out in the Tiber a hole deep enough to receive a forlorn creature, and where he might remain to the end of the world, without revisiting the light of day; when at this juncture my good angel came to my assistance, in the shape of a noble individual, a German, who had remarked my despair, and had humanity enough to rescue me from it. May God bless him for the deed. It is now about a year ago, that I became acquainted with him; He is Master of the Horse in the service of the Margravine of Burgau, and happened to be at Rome upon some affairs of his own, and thus I was saved, for he gave me a sum sufficient to

enable me to quit Rome, and upon my endeavouring to express the extent of my gratitude—'your thanks are beyond what the service which I have rendered you deserves,' said that best of men, 'the money which I have given you is only a portion of what I set apart for charitable purposes, though at this moment I cannot dispose of a larger share of it to you; think sometimes of me, if the world goes well with you; and if you ever should pass my home, do not fail to visit me.' Thus saying, he shook me heartily by the hand, and I have never seen him since.

"Thanks to a letter of recommendation which he gave me to the Superior of the monastery of Saint Basil, in the Black Forest, I got employment there, and also learnt from a monk the art of cleaning and restoring old paintings. It was there that I made Eschenreuter's acquaintance, who was a student of medicine at the college at Strasburgh; he was engaged in a course of chemistry—and above all was passionately addicted to alchemy. He was expelled from the college for duelling, and for having been mixed up in some dreadful broils, although he had considerable interest at Strasburgh, from his uncle being one of the

principal physicians in the place. He took refuge with me, and had a share of my bed and board. Out of gratitude, he procured me a summons to Prague, where a person was wanted at the palace, skilled in cleaning and renovating old paintings, of which it appears that the emperor is fond. Eschenreuter, to whom the Spanish ambassador had written, requesting him to go there on account of his extraordinary skill in alchemy, was to accompany me, when I had finished my engagement at St. Basil.

"We made a merry journey of it, till we met with our adventure at Burgau, which brought us into the confinement from which our Prague documents released us. My friend Eschenreuter has travelled on, and I shall go round by Vorosdar, to prove to my mother, and to the princess, that the world does not go so ill with me, since I am employed in the emperor's service. It is possible that I may receive a present, which I shall not refuse, though in obtaining it I shall lose the pleasure of travelling in your society to Prague."

"Not so, my good friend," cried Archibald; "I will travel with you through Vorosdar to Prague; I do not mind so inconsiderable a *détour*; don't let us part company."

"Are you in earnest?" exclaimed Erlwein, much surprised, and scarcely believing his own ears; "do you really purpose to accompany me?"

"Yes, I do indeed."

"And the horse that you were to purchase, and to lend me?"

"Do not be uneasy; I will keep my word."

"Well," cried Erlwein, placing his arms akimbo, taking up a position in the centre of the road, and regarding Archibald with a comical expression; "well, by my faith! I am a lucky fellow; what will the Vorosdar people say, when they see me riding by the side of a well-dressed youth? how they will stare! with what respect they will treat me! Very different, I promise you, would have been my reception, had I arrived there wading through the mud, with my bundle over my shoulder, like a common tramp! May God reward you for what you intend to do for me. How easily we are deceived! When we were confined together at Burgau (which would never have happened, had not my benefactor, the master of the horse, been on a journey with the margravine), Eschenreuter and I took you to be some vagabond, or perhaps something worse; but I had forgotten to beg pardon for my impu-

dence, in presuming to catch at the dagger which now glitters in your girdle, but which at that time shone from under your rags. What a difference—but yesterday in rags, and to-day dressed in the finest clothes—I cannot but think that you are either a noble youth, of some distinguished family, or —— but I may not presume to say what I really do think."

"Well, go on," said Archibald, smiling; "or —what—come—out with it."

"Or, a bastard!" at length said Erlwein; "for fate causes every thing to prosper with bastards, and youths of noble birth. Well, do not put on such an angry look, my dear sir; I really meant no harm, and you must get accustomed to my thoughtless way of speaking. I am ready to swear to your legitimate birth, although I know nothing of you, if, by so doing, I can prove that I did not speak from malice."

"Well, well, my friend, never mind," answered Archibald, concealing his annoyance under an appearance of good humour; "the sun is now high in the heavens, and if we thus continue, at a foot's pace, we shall not make much progress in our journey. Our best plan will be, for you to place yourself, as well as you can, on horseback behind me, till we reach the next town.

Here, fasten your bundle before my saddle; and now scramble up, and hold fast by my belt. Are you firmly seated?"

"Yes; I have placed myself as well as I can," answered Erlwein, arranging himself on his uncomfortable seat.

"And now the bastard will pay you off, foul-mouthed varlet," thought Archibald, as he spurred his horse so violently, that Erlwein could hardly hold on; while the speed with which they went almost took away his breath. At first he called loud for mercy, but finding himself only laughed at, he ceased his complaints, and, placing his arms round Archibald, embraced him with such a vice-like force, that he was soon glad enough to pull up, to let his horse breathe, as well as to prevent himself from being squeezed to death in his saddle.

"You see that we can both shew our malice," said Erlwein, who was charmed at the success of his scheme. "But if you played me such a trick on account of a thoughtless expression, think no more of it, and let us be friends. I promise you that I will not be so inconsiderate again, especially as I see you take such a speedy revenge."

Archibald gave him a nod of good humour and reconciliation, and, proceeding at a moderate

pace, they were not very long in reaching the town, where the promised purchase was to be made.

They could not have arrived there at a more favourable moment. It was fair time, and the high road was thronged with passengers, of whom the greatest number were hastening towards the town. A crowd of persons, on horseback, in carriages, and on foot, circulated through the streets, and among the booths erected on the market-place. It was with difficulty that they forced their way to the inn, which had been recommended to them as the best in the place, and whose gilt sign was visible from afar, in the principal square; and before they reached it, many were the jokes with which the crowd assailed Erlwein, who was still seated behind Archibald.

The horse was taken to the stable, and Archibald was shewn into the public room, which was so crowded with guests, that it was entirely owing to his distinguished appearance, that he obtained for himself and his servant, as the people persisted in calling Erlwein, a place in a remote corner of it. Hardly had Erlwein, who was dreadfully fatigued, thrown himself upon a bench, when they were startled by the voice of a trumpet, which sounded in the square; the

people in the room crowded to the windows, while Archibald and his companion rushed down stairs, to the door of the house. Two trumpeters, in rich liveries, were in the act of dismounting. A pale-looking elderly man, in a grey travelling dress, trimmed with fur, was galloping up; and after him five ladies, dressed in black, rode at a foot's pace through the crowd, who respectfully opened, to the right and left, to allow them to pass. A litter, borne by mules, a closed baggage-waggon, and a numerous retinue of armed attendants, closed the train, which halted at the inn.

"Those are the Burgau colours," whispered Erlwein to his companion; "and the banners of the trumpets are embroidered with the margrave's arms."

Meanwhile the ladies had ridden up to the inn door, and the gentleman in the grey attire had thrown himself from his horse, and approached them. The two ladies who rode before the rest were evidently the most distinguished of the party; they sat their horses with a lofty air, and the closely-fitted habits in which they were arrayed, displayed the perfection of their figures; their features, however, were concealed by travelling masks. The three others were apparently attendants, for their features, which were un-

masked, had the unmeaning expression of persons long accustomed to be entirely subservient to the will of others.

The master of the inn, his green cap under his arm, stood on the threshold, motionless, from excess of respect; and the gentleman in the grey coat, approaching one of the masked ladies, with a low bow, and the words, "permit me, most noble Margravine," gave her his hand, to assist her to dismount.

At that moment a disrespectful house-dog flew barking in among the horses, and startled them.

The margravine's horse reared up, and its rider, with a cry of alarm, pulled at its bridle, and thus made matters worse, for the horse grew still more restive; and her squire, taking good care of himself, stood aside; while the attendants had quite enough to do to manage their own unruly horses. "Help," cried the margravine's attendants; but order was almost instantly restored, by Archibald seizing the restive horse's bridle, and forcing it to obey his powerful arm.

He then respectfully offered his assistance to the illustrious traveller, who accepted it with a bow of thanks, and sprung to the ground, availing herself of his arm, whilst she directed an ironical remark at the chamberlain, who was again hastening up to her. The servants now

dismounted, but the margravine's companion was still seated on her horse.

The rebuked chamberlain offered her his assistance, but she refused it. "Are you not ashamed of yourself, Sir Marshal? Was your conduct chivalrous? This courageous youth, who acted as you ought to have done, shall also perform your office for me."

The poor chamberlain was disconcerted, and Archibald flew to her who thus had requested his assistance.

"Well! how long am I to wait for you? Your arm, baron" cried the margravine, who during this time had stood at the door, surrounded by her women.

He hastened to obey the sharp command, while the fortunate Archibald assisted the lady to dismount; enraptured by the brilliant eyes that sparkled upon him through her mask, and receiving the reward for his services in a slight pressure of her lovely hand upon his arm.

CHAPTER IV.

" Oh, that the swallow's swiftness now were mine,
When that he wings the heaven's azure plains,
The sooner to embrace thee—precious gem!"

ANONYMOUS.

" WHO so lucky as you?" cried Erlwein, laughing, as they finished the repast which had been served up to them. The thin baron looked like a fool, while those two noble ladies were fighting for you. As for me, no one appears to notice my poor sun-burnt face; but it was a pity that you did not ask some favour on the spot. Who knows but that you might have received a present of a horse; and then you need not have purchased one."

" You have, certainly, reminded me cleverly of my promise!" answered Archibald, laughing, as he gave the necessary orders that some hacks might be brought him to look at. Within a few minutes, horse-dealers and peasants swarmed around his table, and horses in numbers were

exhibited before the windows. Erlwein chose a horse, which Archibald paid for without much bargaining, and Erlwein instantly established it in a warm stall by the side of its future travelling companion. Meanwhile the kitchen was in confusion, in order to furnish the table of the distinguished guests, who had taken possession of an upper apartment. The bustle in the house, with the imperious orders issued by the margravine's cooks, who had seized upon the inn larder, reminded Archibald of his adventure in the morning, and excited his curiosity.

"Whom do you suppose the lady to be, who accompanied the margravine?" said he to his companion, who could give him no information, but regretted that the master of the horse, with whom he had become acquainted at Rome, was not among the suite, as he would have given him every information about the party. Archibald threw himself back on his seat, in rather a dejected mood, when a few words chanced to reach his ear, which led him to suppose that the persons whose voices he heard, were talking about the illustrious strangers; and, upon paying more attention, he found that he was right.

A schoolmaster of the place was in the act of relating (in the strictest confidence however) to some citizens, the Margravine of Burgau's

history. But the strong beer had had such an effect upon the tongue of the narrator, and upon the ears of his auditors, that, although they set their heads together in the most mysterious manner, the words, in spite of their endeavours, were audible enough to their attentive listener—while the noise in the room rendered them inaudible to any guest who sat rather more remote from them.

"You may depend upon what I tell you being the fact, simpletons," said the schoolmaster, wiping the perspiration from his brow; "for it was but the day before yesterday that Nasserl, the blacksmith's journeyman, told me all about it. You know that it is but a week since he returned from his travels; and Dusseldorf was the last place where he worked. Dusseldorf is a far-famed town on the banks of the river Rhenus, commonly called Rhine. It is situated somewhere in the neighbourhood of Treves or Mayence—or—or somewhere below Cologne: upon this point the journeyman blacksmith could not precisely inform me—and I suppose that you do not very much care to know it—do you?—No—nor I either. However, Dusseldorf is a thoroughly catholic town, at least I fancy so;—it is just possible that it might be an heretical town; but we will hope

not. It is the residence or court of a certain Duke of Cleves, Berg, and Juliers, but who has nothing to do with us—as we have one of our own, to draw our mites from us—is'nt it so?"

"There is much philosophy in the schoolmaster's intoxication," whispered Erlwein to the attentive Archibald. The narrator again wiped his forehead and nose with his sleeve, and proceeded:—

"As we have mentioned the duke's name, perhaps I ought to tell you that he is a lunatic: do you understand me? He is crazy—for lords and ladies are, after all, but flesh and blood like ourselves, though they have a larger share out of the dish than you have, who are but a silly flock, of which the priest and myself are the shepherds. The good Duke of Cleves was therefore not quite in his right mind, some years back, and took to himself to wife a young Margravine of Baden, named Jacobea, an angelic young princess, extremely clever, and equally amiable. The sister of the Duke of Cleves was to have married Jacobea's brother at the same time; but he took it into his head to die before the nuptials. It was silly enough of him not to wait till afterwards — but I should think that you did not much care about it, and I am sure that I don't. Much better had it been for

Jacobea had her sister-in-law Sybille not lived with her, for they agreed much like dog and cat—and when that princess afterwards married the Margrave of Burgau, the enmity between her and the duchess had grown to an extent as unquenchable as your thirst—fishes as ye are—for see my cup is empty—and sure I am that some of you have emptied it. Be that as it may, I really must refresh myself; for the dreadful part of the story is to come."

His wants were soon supplied; the party drew closer together, and the schoolmaster continued, in a lower tone:—

"Poor Jacobea passed a miserable life with her husband; for when the fit was on him he maltreated, beat, and abused her—just as you, varlets as ye are, serve your wives when you return home drunk, and they lecture you as you deserve; for drunkenness is a great fault, and one to which you are all unfortunately addicted; and to which you would be ten times more given, if I did not do every thing, both by precept and example, to prevent its growing upon you; and if the priest did not occasionally do the same."

His auditors, although abashed at the reproof, could not help laughing; and the narrator, taking a good draught, thus continued:—

"But the hardest thing was, that the states

of the duchy, egged on by Dame Sybille, this very margravine (who is at this moment taking her repast in the room above us), attacked the duchess for not presenting them with a young prince; for you must know that in that same duchy the nobles meddle where they are not wanted, pry into their master's affairs, portioning out the bread and salt for his table; one day striking off half a groat from the vassal's taxes, and the next day putting on an additional one. You have yourselves seen something of all this; and are not so stupid as not to understand me. The states, therefore, as I said before, raised a clamour, and the duchess wept. But, spite of clamour and weeping, no young prince made his appearance. How this came I know not—and neither does it concern you nor yet me. The fire kindled more and more—and the Margravine of Burgau, who, while her husband is fighting against the Turks, amuses herself by wandering about the country, and was at that time on a visit to her brother at Dusseldorf, blew it into a flame. In a word, the states instituted proceedings against the unfortunate Jacobea, and imprisoned her; the margravine threw all her influence into the scale; the duchess was accused of criminal intercourse with an individual not her husband — and, without listening to her

defence, they struck off her head in the Castle of Dusseldorf. This is the story that the journeyman told me—whether he was present I know not; and it is of no great consequence. Enough, that the duchess is certainly dead, and that the margravine (if I was her I never could recover my peace of mind after such an act) is travelling in good spirits to Prague, with a view of finding a muzzle for her conscience at the imperial court—just such a one as you, lazy varlets, ought to fit to your dogs' noses, that they may not bite my legs as I grope my way in the dark to church for matins. Do you hear what I say? But the wine is out, and I must to vespers; and you would do well to go home, and relate to your wives the history of the unfortunate Duchess Jacobea, that the good creatures may rejoice that they are married even to such as you, rather than to dukes; for should they, by accident, make a slight slip in their fidelity towards you, you sots, their necks are safe—the thing passes off with a little loss of character, if you have got wit enough, for your own sakes, to let the matter rest, after a few applications of the strap or the stick."

The party separated, laughing and joking; and Archibald, unperceived by Erlwein, who had fallen fast asleep, quitted the room after

them. He would have given much to have seen the princess of whom he had heard so much harm spoken—but how was this to be contrived? —whilst he was urged by a still stronger feeling to behold the margravine's unknown companion, who had pressed his hand. He was certain that her shape was perfect, and he longed to see and admire her face.

He passed the stairs, which led to the upper story of the house. Servants only made their appearance; he cast a searching glance at the windows, which opened on the square; not a creature was to be seen.

In a melancholy mood, he entered the court-yard, sauntered to the stable, looked at his horses, and then, wrapt in his reflections, leant over the garden gate.

On a sudden, he heard the whisper of female voices—his hopes had anticipated the person he was to behold, on looking round, and he was not deceived; the margravine and her companion, dressed for their journey, and with their masks on, were engaged in eager conversation upon the terrace at the top of the house. Quick as thought, he cast his eyes on the ground, and, as if he had not remarked the ladies, reclined carelessly on a seat in the garden; but although apparently lost in thought, and with his eyes

fixed on vacancy, he did not fail to observe every thing that was going forward on the terrace. His plan succeeded. Those whom he was watching, imagined themselves unobserved; their conversation became more earnest, though carried on in a lower tone; and he could not help fancying, from their gesture, that they were talking of him.

At length the margravine, with a signal for silence, bent her head to her companion, whose obedient hand loosened the mask from the princess's face, and discovered, to Archibald's stolen glances, a pale but handsomely-formed face, with large dark eyes, and of a commanding expression, although the lovely and expressive mouth betrayed softer feelings. The youth's easily-excited breast throbbed at the sight of the charming princess; but when she had in her turn performed the same office for her companion, and the mask fell from that lady's face, a blush of ecstacy spread over his countenance. He had never yet seen loveliness such as met his gaze—Leila's and Zenide's beauty, Ludmille's celestial grace, all yielded to the expression of that countenance, with its dark blue eyes, and shaded, as it was, with the most luxuriant auburn hair. He felt as if he never could sufficiently gaze at her. The two ladies now

raised the tone in which they conversed to a pitch so loud, as necessarily to attract the youth's attention, if he did not wish to pass for deaf. Archibald therefore looked up, gazed for a moment upon the beauties that met his view, and then, after a hasty but respectful salute, which was graciously returned, hurried across the court into the house. The gaieties of the fair had in the meantime attracted the guests from the public room, and he found it empty, with the exception of Erlwein, who was still fast asleep in a corner. Archibald paced up and down, endeavouring to make up his mind, whether he should at once proceed on his journey, or wait till the ladies had quitted the hotel; his good sense decided for departing, but his feelings for remaining. The entrance of a servant of the margravine settled the question; in the most courteous manner he requested Archibald to accompany him to the Baron of Keppenbach, the chamberlain of the margravine's travelling establishment.

"Well!" muttered Archibald, as if to himself; "it would not be further for the baron to come to me, than for me to go to him."

"But his excellency is so anxious for an interview with you," said the servant, in a tone of

entreaty. "The baron is waiting for you, in the passage."

"Well, I do not mind going a few steps," said Archibald, in a tone of indifference, which was meant to conceal the delight with which he received the message; and, following the servant, he found the baron without, waiting for him, and pacing up and down.

"What are your commands, baron?" inquired Archibald, briefly and unconcernedly.

The baron stopped, regarded him from head to foot; and after playing with his riding-whip for a moment, said, with a lofty air, and in a harsh tone of voice, "Unknown sir, my illustrious mistress, her highness the Princess and Margravine of Burgau, wishes, as you were fortunate enough to render her a service—slight though it was—to be made acquainted with your name, and she has deputed me to hear it from your own mouth."

"My name, as well as my life, is at her highness's service," answered Archibald, boldly. "My name is Archibald Von Buhl."

"What, of noble birth?" asked the chamberlain, in surprise.

"Allow me to tell you, Sir Chamberlain," answered Archibald, snappishly, "that I am a baron of no mean family."

"Indeed," said the Baron of Keppenbach; "Von Buhl? how odd; I know most noble families, but I never heard the name before."

"I am sorry for it," answered the newly-made noble; "mine is an ancient Swiss family; our estates are in Burgundy."

"Indeed! indeed!" replied the baron, with a bow; "may I ask what profession you are of?"

"I am a student," answered Archibald; "or rather, I was one, for I have just quitted the University of Basle, to commence my travels."

"The University of Basle," remarked the baron, "then you are a Protestant?"

"Heaven forbid," cried Archibald, laughing, who had now entangled himself in a web of untruth; "I am of the ancient Catholic faith; one's religion does not interfere with one's studies. Have you any further commands? for I am just going to mount my horse."

The chamberlain paused for a few moments, as he passed over in his mind what the youth had told him.

"I will report what you have told me to her highness," he said; and wishing Archibald a good journey, mounted the stairs. The latter laughed in his sleeve, awoke his companion, Erlwein, and, fully convinced that he would be

again sent for, gave orders that the horses should be saddled.

He was not mistaken, for he soon after received another message; this time it was one of the waiting women, who asked him to follow her to the Countess of Florenges. He obeyed, collecting all his assurance for his interview with her, of whom a single glimpse had been sufficient to make the most violent impression upon him. The countess was seated at a window of the first room of the suite of apartments on the upper story. She appeared so engaged in watching the preparations for departure, carried on by the servants in front of the house, as not to perceive Archibald on his entrance; he had thus a moment's time to remark, that the door into the next room was not quite closed, and he caught sight of the border of a dark garment, which he felt certain was that of the margravine, listening behind the door. A fresh cause for being on his guard.

He approached the countess.

"You commanded my attendance, noble lady," he commenced, abruptly, but in a mild tone, and in a respectful attitude.

The countess turned round, as if startled; but the sun had again concealed itself behind

the clouds; the travelling mask had been resumed, and concealed her features, with the exception of her beautiful mouth. The countess, in her turn, advanced towards the youth, and welcomed him with some obliging words.

"Pardon me for giving you this trouble," was her address; "my request must have appeared extraordinary, as it should have been made sooner; my illustrious relation has commissioned me to make her excuses to you for having unintentionally wronged you."

"Wronged me?" said Archibald, with a smile; "you are scarcely in earnest, countess?"

"Assuredly I am, Baron Von Buhl," she answered, in the most amiable manner; "you gave us the assistance of your powerful arm, at a moment when danger threatened us; and when our situation, had it continued, would have exposed us to the ridicule of the populace. I entreat you not to suppose that the margravine is ungrateful for this service; and if she has not, ere this, returned you the thanks which are your due, believe me, it is only owing to her having imagined that you were no longer here. Upon learning the contrary, she charged me with her excuses to you, and at the same time with her thanks."

"My most respectful services to the mar-

gravine. This kind message from your lips has indeed conferred on me a princely reward, for the slight service which chance enabled me to render her."

The youth's flattery told; for though the countess's mask concealed her forehead and face, yet a red tint, which spread over her chin and neck, shewed that she felt the compliment; she paused for a moment, and then, as she played with the end of her girdle, in evident embarrassment, recommenced, in a lower tone.

"The Baron of Keppenbach told us that you had but just started on your travels; do you intend visiting the royal city of Prague?"

"It will be the first place where I shall make any stay; after a short tour in Moravia, I shall pass some time in that capital."

"Indeed?" said the countess, while a ray of pleasure beamed from her eyes, as she continued; "my relative is also on her way to Prague, where she hopes to receive more certain intelligence of her husband, who is engaged in a campaign against the Turks; she has desired me to tell you, baron, that she will have pleasure in seeing you at her palace, if you should pass any time at Prague."

"She makes me truly happy, by this her gracious permission," answered Archibald, with

a low bow; "I shall there venture to bask in that sun, of which I have this day received but a single ray."

Archibald's expressive glance did not admit of a doubt as to which of the two suns he meant, and the countess appeared embarrassed; but the youth had so placed himself, that the listener at the door was unable to get a view of his face, and thus was prevented from remarking his significant glance.

"And now, Baron," she continued, after a pause, "it only remains for me to request you, in the name of the princess, to accept this bracelet as a pledge of her gratitude, and to receive it from me as if it had been delivered to you by her own hands." As she said this, she took from the table a steel bracelet, to which was attached a violet-coloured ribbon, and presented it to Archibald. "The margravine," she continued, "wore this ornament this very day, a circumstance which may help to give it value in your eyes. She purposes, on your first visit to her at Prague, to redeem this pledge in a manner worthy of herself; and this is what I have been commissioned to tell you. With respect to myself," she added, in a tone so low as only to be understood by Archibald, "to whom you also afforded

assistance, let this simple ribbon, which I have added to her highness's present, be the memorial of a gratitude I am unable to express."

Archibald instantly detached the ribbon, and concealed it in his bosom. "This gift," he cried, in a voice which was heard by the listener in the next room, as he held aloft the bracelet, but directed his ardent gaze on the countess, and pressed his left hand on his heart, close to which he had concealed her gift; "this gift will be ever dear to me; never shall it part from me. The donor's displeasure alone could deprive me of it, and my death would be the consequence."

The bosom of the countess, as it heaved with agitation, clearly shewed that she had rightly interpreted the youth's speech, and that his homage had not been disagreeable to her. Archibald ventured to seize her soft hand, and, pressing it to his lips, would have sunk on his knees before her, had not a convulsive pressure of her beautiful fingers, a scarcely perceptible motion of her lips, and an intelligible glance at the side door, prevented him, and confirmed him in his suspicions as to who the listener was. By a slight bow of obedience, he gave the countess to know

that he had understood her meaning, and a smile of satisfaction played around her lips, whilst a slight pressure of her hand accompanied her formal farewell. As soon as he had quitted the room, he rushed down stairs, embraced Erlwein, whom he happened to meet, and who could not imagine what was the matter, and desired him to hasten their departure. His commands were obeyed; and within a short time, the horses stood, prepared for the road, before the inn.

Meditations on the future shortened Archibald's journey, as his liberality had done that of his companion, and on the third day they saw in the distance the turret of the castle of Vorosdar, as it sparkled in the noon-day sun. A heavy weight seemed to oppress Archibald's breast as he beheld it, and without being able to form any resolution, he began to consider what he should do when he arrived there. Had he not considered himself pledged to his friend Erlwein, he would willingly have pressed his horse, and passed on, without resting there. It is true that a small voice seemed to whisper Ludmille! Leila! Zenide! to his heart; but one thought on the Countess of Florenges, and—every other being faded from his mind.

The nearer that he approached the castle, the more a feeling of anxiety and of impatience, which he could not account for, increased upon him. He spurred his horse, Erlwein did the same, and passing along the castle moat, which edifice was as silent as if it contained no living being, they were soon within the village. The noble youth, Von Buhl, rode to the inn, while Erlwein proceeded to his mother's house. Archibald had taken the precaution of concealing a part of his face, by tying a handkerchief round it, under the plea of a dreadful pain in his cheek, and was consequently under no apprehension of being recognised; besides, the inhabitants of the village had scarcely seen him during his brief sojourn at the castle. He had only to avoid the searching eyes of the priest; and the place where he was most certain to avoid him was the inn, which to the priest was an abomination—a scene of perdition which he never visited.

The master and mistress of the inn were surly and uncommunicative; a dry yes or no was all that was to be got from them; and the youth soon gave up the attempt to extort from them information respecting the inmates of the castle. He considered, whilst whiling away the time in his wretched and solitary apartment,

whether he should venture to approach the building, and attempt to obtain an interview with those within it, to whom he was attached. Any danger that might attend his so doing, he despised; but the recollection of what he had undergone there, came across his mind, and made him determine not to revisit scenes which could not but remind him of adventures so unpleasant. He made up his mind to await in inaction the return of his comrade, and to proceed on his journey at the dawn of the ensuing day.

It was late when Erlwein returned from his visits, apparently much dissatisfied. He had been disappointed in the present which he had expected.

"I did not know the princess again," he cried, throwing his cap angrily on the table; "I left her a woman in the prime of life, and I find her worn to a shadow. They say she has met with serious misfortunes, and has suffered a violent illness: nay, I heard strange reports; but, for the sake of the noble lady, I will not repeat them—they related to family circumstances, of an unpleasant nature. The princess received me coldly enough: well, I have no right to complain of that, as I hear that such has now become her manner to every body.

Poor Princess Ludmille is pining away; she is grown the picture of wretchedness. The prince, her brother, in consequence of the circumstance which I hinted at, and which you will permit me to pass over in silence, has quitted his mother's house, and travels from place to place, constantly persecuting his poor sister, by letters and messengers, to bestow her hand upon a man whom she cannot endure. The old prince is as mad as ever; in short, the noble house appears under the influence of an evil planet. For me, however, the worst part of the business is my disappointment as to the liberality of the princess. And now, my good sir, permit me to pay one more visit to my old mother: I shall return within an hour, or an hour and a half; and, having then gone through my parting scene, you will find in me a friend devoted to your wishes, and ready to leave this place to-morrow, or even this evening, should you wish it."

"Go, my good Erlwein," answered Archibald, "and attend to your filial duties—happy are you that you have them to perform! But you would oblige me, by afterwards waiting for me on the road to the castle, at the spot where the village cross formerly stood, and where the peasants sometimes rest on their return from

work. I am now going to take a walk, and will meet you there, as I may perhaps want you."

"So let it be, then, my good sir," answered Erlwein; "but how does it happen, that you, who are here for the first time, should be so well acquainted with the place?"

Archibald smiled, and made him a sign to be silent.

Erlwein had sense enough to understand a sign, and to obey a person who, with the liberality of youth, made amends for the smallness of his own resources. He was therefore silent, bowed, and quitted the room.

Very soon after, Archibald was on his way to the castle. The mention of Ludmille's melancholy had affected him. Was it not possible that her grief might be caused by his absence? whispered his vanity—and this reflection overcame all the prudent resolutions which had previously swayed him. The rays of the setting sun beamed upon the youth, as he stood by the castle moat, at the spot where a few decayed planks still remained of a bridge, which in former days had led to a small door in the opposite parapet, and gave entrance into the castle garden. A sudden thought, that he might here obtain an unperceived entrance into the castle, was irresistible. No one was to be seen at the few

windows which overlooked the garden; around him all was quiet, and, at the risk of his neck, he trusted himself to the beam which appeared most likely to bear his weight. He reached the opposite side in safety; and, by means of the rusty lock and hinges, clambered over the door, and stood within the garden. The sound of female voices issued from an outbuilding where poultry was kept. He cautiously approached the place, and was agreeably affected on perceiving, through the open window, Leila and Zenide engaged in feeding them.

In an instant he stood at the half-open door, and startled the sisters, by exclaiming—"Good day to you." Who can describe their astonishment and delight, when, on turning, they saw him whom they loved, and whom they thought lost, standing before them.

"Achmet," (for this was the name they called him) "brother!" they exclaimed, in ecstacy, and their arms were thrown around his neck. The happy youth had difficulty in preventing the too loud expression of their delight; and when they had become somewhat more calm, the door of the building was closed, the blinds half drawn, and Archibald desired to relate his story. He composed some fictitious adventures for the credulous maidens, and then questioning them

in his turn, inquired what had been going on at the castle; and, upon the whole, found the statement which he had previously heard from Erlwein corroborated.

"What do they think of me?" he then asked. "Is the princess still angry? is Ludmille not yet appeased; or may I hope for forgiveness?"

The sisters regarded each other with an air of hesitation. "Dear Achmet," said Zenide, "nothing would have caused us such joy, as once more to have you near us—that we might hourly have sought opportunities of showing you our love; for, though we cannot imagine the cause of your extraordinary dissimulation, you still retain our complete affection;—and your illegitimate birth, of which Christians make so great a stain, cannot disgrace you in our eyes, the customs of our country not rendering it dishonourable. We cannot, however, with a clear conscience, recommend you to appear either before the princess, or Ludmille. They do not hate you—it is even possible that Ludmille may love you—but their pride, and that of their family, has been wounded—and they have not forgiven you."

"Indeed!" cried Archibald, with bitterness; "not even Ludmille?"

"Ludmille least of all," interrupted Leila, eagerly. "Even yesterday—do you not remember Zenide?—the conversation in the princess's room turned upon you.—'No,' said Ludmille, 'I can never forgive him, for having so maliciously deceived us. He has been the bane of our house—he brought my beloved mother to the brink of the grave—has converted my unfortunate father into a maniac—was almost the cause of making my brother a matricide—I cannot—I dare not forgive him.'"

"Is it thus?" cried Archibald; "why then indeed ——"

"The princess," commenced Zenide, "is dreadfully altered since her illness. She cannot forget that her son's hand was lifted against her, and a gloomy misanthropy fills her mind. She might hurt your feelings, if you ventured to approach her. Besides, your presence here would be known, and you would run the risk of being betrayed, by some evil-disposed person, to the prince, who is said to be now in the neighbourhood, and who has not forgotten his enmity to you. In every letter that he writes to Princess Ludmille, urging her, by persuasions and threats, to accept Kaunitz's hand, your name is sure to be mentioned in the most offensive terms.

He dwells upon the fancy that you alone are the cause of his sister's refusal; and swears vengeance against you, wherever he meets you."

"For heaven's sake," cried Archibald, laughing, "stop—you have told me quite enough."

"Zenide!—Leila!" some one now cried, in the garden; it was the voice of Mermes.

The maidens started.

"I have no doubt that the princess wishes to know what detains us so long," said Zenide.

"We must be gone," said Leila, mournfully. They seized Archibald's hands. "Shall we not meet again, Achmet?" they whispered. Archibald promised that they should. "But without fail?" they said, more pressingly.

"Without fail!" he replied. Mermes called for the second, for the third time. The sisters hastily fixed the same place, at the rising of the sun, for their meeting, and hurried away. Archibald was anxious to leave the garden as quick as possible, for the evening had closed in during their meeting, and it was now so dusk that the garments of the maidens, as they hurried towards the castle, were hardly distinguishable amid the gloom. He was hastening towards the postern door, when the approach of two persons in close conversation, one of whom was wrapt in a great cloak, caused him to hide him-

self behind a clump of bushes. The evening was very calm, and he was thus enabled to hear every word they said. Old Nepomuck's voice was the first which he heard. "May I die, my noble master," he said, in a low voice, "if those heathens can have a suspicion of our plan; I tell you that it is not possible."

"Your neck will suffer for it, should we find that we have been betrayed," answered the man in the cloak, in a surly voice, which Archibald recognised to be that of the prince. "We will be there at ten o'clock precisely, and mind that you have the postern door open for us, that at all events we may not have to clamber in like robbers, after having made our way across those accursed beams."

"Do not be under any apprehension, my noble prince," answered Nepomuck. "I have attended to your instructions; and though my mistress does secure the keys every evening under her own pillow, I have false ones, which answer just as well, and can open every door for you, to the very bed room of the princess."

"Mind that the affair is cleverly done," said the prince; "for should there be a mistake, and we were to carry off the wrong person, there would be the devil to pay. Kaunitz threatens and vows that, if I do not deliver up his pro-

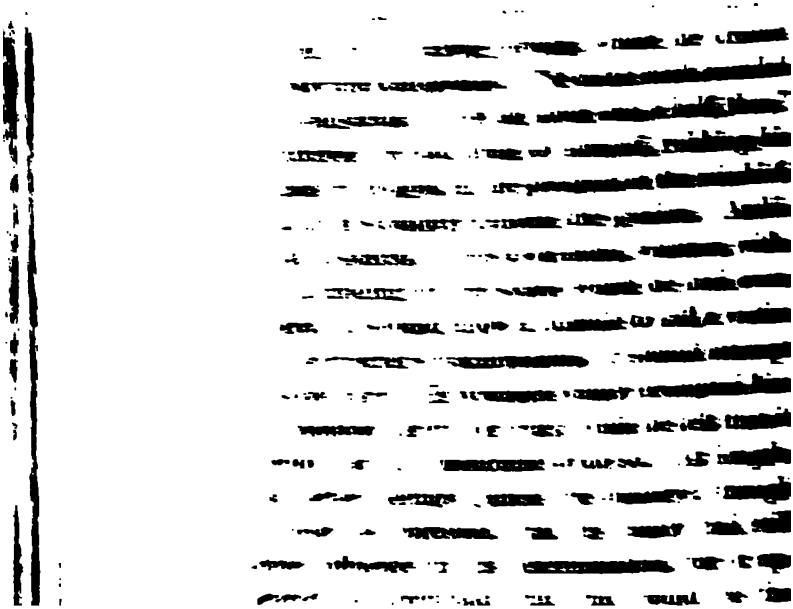
mised bride without delay, he will publicly expose me; and then my honour is gone."

"Heaven forefend!" sighed forth the hypocritical steward. "By our sins, such a thing must not happen; let us but preserve our good name, and not care for the rest! I will do all that I can do; but the agreement holds good, does it not? I am to know nothing of the whole affair."

"Nothing in the world," laughed the prince; "we shall bind and gag you, and depart with our booty through the great entrance; the alarm of our nocturnal attack will intimidate those scoundrelly servants, who have promised my mother not to admit their future lord into the castle during her lifetime; and even, upon an emergency, to oppose violence to violence! Confound the rascals!"

"Forgive us our debts, even as we forgive our debtors," prayed Nepomuck, pathetically; "do not make the poor creatures suffer for this."

"Silence! you old goat," snarled the prince; "whenever my own debts are excused me, I promise you the dogs shall be forgiven also. And now help me over the wall, for I am not a good climber; there, that will do. By the bye, do not forget to come to-night provided with a



plan was soon arranged, and he hastened to make preparations for it; he hurried to the spot where he had appointed to meet Erlwein, whom he found seated, whistling and waiting for him. Archibald lost not a moment in acquainting him, as briefly as he could, with what he had overheard, and with what he had determined. He asked whether he would assist him. Erlwein stood in amaze at what he heard, and overpowered him with questions concerning the details of his extraordinary discovery. Archibald, instead of answering him, merely asked whether he might depend upon him?

"In the devil's name, yes," cried Erlwein, impatiently; "but why should we alone run into danger; let us give notice of the plot to the princess, and the other inhabitants of the castle, and then in a body fall upon the assailants."

"We two will be fully able to put them to flight, and catch the traitor in the fact," answered Archibald; "and the merit will then entirely be given to us; and I have my reasons for desiring this."

"It is possible that you may catch them," said Erlwein, "though what can have mixed you up in the business, or what causes you to wish to fight it out, is beyond my comprehen-

...; however, unless you can prove to me that you are a human in struggle, you will not persuade me but that the undertaking is a mad one; nevertheless, take it as a thing of course, that I will assist by you, and that my services are at your command."

As he uttered these words, he gave Archibald his hand, when the latter hastily communicated to him his plan of operations, and they returned together to the garden, which was to be the scene of their achievements. They posted themselves in the poultry-house, and waited patiently for the hour which was to call them into action. The moon was obscured by dark clouds, and sent a fitful and pallid beam upon the earth; the castle lights were gradually disappearing, when the same divine melody, which had enraptured Archibald on the first night of his sojourn at Versailles, was again audible. "Ah!" thought Archibald, "I cannot hear those sounds; they melt me, and will extinguish my thirst for revenge; my enemies will find me weak as a child."

The hoarse tones of the castle clock, as it sounded the hour, drowned the song, which ceased with the last stroke. Archibald, with a lighter heart, then crept along under the parapet towards the postern, for the faint gleam of the

lantern carried by Nepomuck was now to be seen approaching; the old traitor looked up timidly, yet cautiously, at every window, and peered behind every bush. Erlwein, concealed in the poultry-house, escaped his notice, and was then able to steal after him, unperceived. When the steward had reached the postern, and just as he had drawn forth the key, and was about to unlock it, by the assistance of his dark lantern, Archibald stood over him, with a threatening mien, and his poignard drawn; in an instant Erlwein had seized him from behind, cast him to the ground, and gagged him with a handkerchief, so as effectually to prevent his uttering a cry. Archibald then got some strong vine tendrils, and bound him hand and foot; they then carried him into the poultry-house, where Erlwein remained to guard him, with Archibald's poignard, vowing that, if he ventured to utter a sound, he would instantly stab him; this was quite enough to keep the trembling old man quiet, and gave Archibald an opportunity of pursuing his plans undisturbed. As he listened over the parapet, and heard steps in the distance, he with difficulty unlocked the rusty lock, and then, by the exertion of all his strength, contrived to loosen the remaining beams of the

bridge from their position. As the old brick-work gave way, the beams became so insecure, that but little weight would be necessary to tumble them into the ditch. Scarcely had he finished his arduous task, when several persons assembled under the vines on the opposite side of the moat.

"What noise was that?" whispered one; "I fancied that I heard stones falling among the weeds."

"There is nothing to fear," answered the prince; "you see old Nepomuck is ready for us; that light through the door is carried by him. Now then, Kaunitz, lead the way; forward for your bride! Hold the light, Nepomuck," he cried, in a louder tone.

Archibald, concealed behind the door, imitated the old man's asthmatic cough, and directed from his lantern a bright dazzling stream of light upon the ruins of the bridge. "Shade the light, in the devil's name," cried Kaunitz, who was advancing, "it dazzles me, and makes me giddy. I do not want the light, for the moon is now quite bright enough." Archibald hid the lantern, and, favoured by the darkness, placed a strong pole against the beam, over which Kaunitz was cautiously making his way.

His companions were on the point of following. "Stop," cried the prince, who was behind him; "this rotten staff will scarce bear one at a time. I will cross over to the other beam, and when we are landed, do you follow, one by one; he stepped boldly forward, and arrived safe, about half way across. "Help! help!" suddenly cried Kaunitz, who was farther advanced, "the beam is shaking." Scarce had he uttered these words, when down he fell into the mud, with the beam, which Archibald had dislodged from its position, after him. The prince stopped, confused by the shouting and fall of his friend, as well as by the splash of the beam, and in another moment he shared his friend's fate. Cries of alarm from the prince's companions, and shouts of laughter from Archibald, who in the wildest delight closed the postern-door, accompanied the mishap.

"Help! help! my friends," roared the prince, from his muddy couch. Kaunitz was neither to be heard or seen, while the companions of this nocturnal adventure, too cowardly to venture down the steep walls of the moat, dispersed with all possible speed, instead of endeavouring to assist the prince. Archibald returned to his prisoner, and desired Erlwein first to alarm the

castle, then make all possible speed to the village, and return with the horses. As soon as his companion had started, to execute these orders, Archibald turned to the trembling Nepomuck.

"Do you not know me? base hypocrite," he cried; "twice have you sought to betray me, and in fact have betrayed me; this time, however, you are taken in your own snare, faithless varlet as you are. Your plot has failed, and your abettors are fast in the mud; and now that my plan has succeeded, I will ungag you—arise!"

Nepomuck raised himself upon his knees, as well as his fastly bound hands and feet would permit him, and when he was freed from his gag, begged for mercy.

"Ha! ha!" laughed the youth, "can that indeed be the strict steward, Nepomuck? You are diverting enough in that attitude, and in it therefore shall you remain, till those come who shall treat you as you deserve."

"Oh wretch that I am!" whimpered forth Nepomuck, trying to squeeze out a few tears; "a poor stricken Job am I. What! am I to be a laughing stock to my enemies? for the love of the lamb, take pity on me."

"I will have none," answered Archibald; "it

is time that your mask of piety should be torn off, and here come those from whom you shall receive your deserts."

And in fact servants were seen approaching, provided with ladders, poles, and ropes; they bore torches and lanterns, and formed a circle round the trembling Nepomuck, while Archibald related all that had occurred, without concealing the part which Nepomuck had taken in the affair. "And now," he continued, "place this old villain, whose trembling silence acknowledges his guilt, in close custody; draw the prince and his companion out of the muddy moat, and then tell the princess that Archibald, the bastard whom she despised, has been the preserver of her daughter, and of the honour of her house. Christopher, do you open the castle gate, and lower the drawbridge. Christopher did as he was desired, Archibald hurried across the castle court with the more haste, from seeing lights glancing in the ladies' apartments; the heavy castle gate turned on its hinges, the bridge was lowered, and Archibald flew across it with a slight nod to Christopher, who was in mute astonishment at all he heard and saw.

Erlwein was ready with the horses; away flew the horsemen, who never pulled rein till

they reached a forest, through which passed the high road; they then proceeded at a slower pace, but neither uttered a word; they were both lost in thought, more especially Erlwein, who, only knowing his companion under the name of Buhl, could not divine how he had become so well acquainted with the inmates of the castle. They thus passed a considerable time, and having quitted the forest were proceeding across the open country, when Erlwein looked back, and a strong red light was visible in the distance.

"Look! look!" he cried, "what is that?" Archibald, in an absent manner, turned his eyes in the direction to which he pointed. "It is a northern light," he answered, and again appeared lost in thought. But the northern light increased in size, and in fiery redness; far and near, the village bells gave the alarm of fire. But Archibald's ear appeared deaf to all external sounds; he was thinking upon the adventures that awaited him at Prague. Erlwein would not disturb his reflections, and soon after fell fast asleep in his saddle; at the dawn of day, Archibald aroused himself. "Why am I loitering," he thought, "when love and fortune await me at Prague, and I am still far from that

scene of action." He awoke his sleeping companion with a stroke of his whip, they mended their pace, and after a journey which, though speedy, appeared too slow for Archibald's wishes, reached that object of their desires—the imperial Prague.

CHAPTER V.

"Woe to the man who wades to Truth through crime,
She ne'er again will yield to him delight."

SCHILLER.

IN the mean time there had been no improvement in the family affairs of the burgess, Philip Verner, and as his wife's perverse temper grew daily more irksome to him, the more ardently did he wish to see himself delivered from it through Simon's assistance; while Simon, who was now perfectly re-established in health, appeared to have totally forgotten his promise. Philip had occasionally endeavoured to draw him into a conversation on the subject, but the old man always contrived adroitly to turn it. One day, driven almost to phrenzy by the bitter taunts of his wife, after the most violent quarrel which they had long had, he rushed from the house to give vent to his feelings in the open air. Like a maniac, he directed his steps to the city ramparts, where he hoped to be able to recover

himself unobserved, and to indulge his bitter reflections in solitude.

He placed himself upon the very spot, to which, six years before, upon his wedding day, his tormentor Thurneisen had conducted him; and leaning upon the breast-work of the rampart, said aloud, "Here did I stand, full of the hope that I should be rewarded for my barbarity, by content, domestic happiness, and enjoyment. Hence did I see the bridge over which that angel, whom I persecuted, dressed in a garb of disgrace, was driven by a vile mercenary—and my eyes were dry, for Maria's wretchedness disturbed me not; I had no thought but for the happiness upon the brink of which I vainly imagined myself to stand. Fool that I was, thus to expect celestial fruit from a root so diabolical! The very next morning I was freed from this delusion, and left a prey to that bitter regret, which has gradually heightened as my torments have increased; now they are insupportable."

"What, thus alone?" said some one, tapping him on the shoulder; he started, and looking round, beheld Simon.

"You did not think that you were overheard," he said, "but I have listened to your regret, which I fear is now vain;" and he

laughed with a hideous laughter. "I do not think that your present wife will be amiable enough to follow Maria's example, and rid you of her by her own act, now that she has become burthensome."

"Do you intend to drive me mad by your taunts?" raved Philip, as he seized the old man; "you can mock, tempter, but in vain do I look for relief at your hands."

"Well, this is an extraordinary mode of craving help," gasped forth Simon, as, with the exertion of his whole strength, he freed himself from his master's gripe. "You are the beggar, who, with musket on rest, and match lighted, tells his tale of woe, and craves relief of the passers by. But you are in a state of fever; go home, and nurse yourself; I will precede you there. Adieu."

He departed slowly. Philip remained alone. "Devil!" he murmured; "cold-blooded devil! Well do I understand you; you have vanquished me. More miserable than I am, I cannot be, and I must put an end to my wretchedness, or at all events I will have repose, if I cannot attain happiness. Hedvig died to further my purposes—Maria, my child, and my brother, were sacrificed for me. Four have fallen, and to no purpose—the fifth shall not

bleed, without obtaining for me peace by day at least; for my nights can never be freed from the evil dreams which beset them. I must see what can be done."

The unhappy Verner soon came up with the old man, who had seated himself in an obscure corner, where the passage round the rampart passed under an arch. He was resting himself upon a large stone. The obscurity and gloom of the spot appeared well chosen for a plot against the life of a human being; and Philip here again repeated his tale of woe to Simon, craved his assistance, and reminded him of his former promise.

"I have thought the matter over, Master Verner, and have made up my mind that it would be better left alone. The weal of my soul ——"

"Silence! old hypocrite," interrupted Philip, in a tone of derision; "I will never believe in the tenderness of your conscience."

"Well then," answered Simon, throwing aside the mask, "the reward by which you intend to lull it asleep, is too slight to have any effect."

"Too slight!" cried Philip, "you shall have no cause for saying this; I offered you three

hundred guilders, and I add two hundred more to those."

"Two hundred guilders!" said Simon, laughing, "in an affair like our's; these will not weigh more than dust in the balance, when added to the three hundred first offered."

"Avaricious wretch," growled Verner, "has your rapacity arrived at such a pitch? I know not what prevents my gratifying my rage ——"

"Softly, softly," answered Simon, seizing his uplifted arm. "Do not forget yourself—what are you about? I tell you that I will not, once for all; I will not, for your wretched two hundred guilders —— Why, in the devil's name, you would not make me commit a murder by force?"

"Well then, wretch," cried Philip, wishing to try another method; "you hesitate to afford me your assistance, and in trying to gain too much, you shall lose all; I will myself perform what I so earnestly desire."

"That would indeed be the shortest way," answered Simon, with cold contempt; "but in your case you would not find it answer. I advise you to order in advance your penitential robe, for mark me, your weak nerves will fail you at the moment of the crime. It

is child's play merely to drive from your house a wretched boy, or to break the heart of a poor deserted girl, but you will find it another affair, when, with unflinching hand, firm look, and unchanging colour, you come to mix the poison which is to kill your wife. I tell you that you are not capable of doing it."

"Demon!" murmured Philip, "you have overcome me—you have enveloped me in a net from which it is in vain to endeavour to escape—yet you are still my only hope. Come! ask—demand what you choose—all that you require shall be your's."

"Now indeed you speak as you ought, and one can come to an understanding with you; now that you show yourself a man of sense, I will not be hard upon you; you shall give give me a thousand guilders, the garden which I am so fond of, that lies outside the Ehinger gate of the town, and make over to me your old house, that I may have some place to rest me in my old age, and that I may die in a home of my own; and after all, the old house is of no use to you, and brings you in no rent. Well! what do you say? my demand is already specified. Come, am I to get an answer?"

"I am speechless with surprise at the enor-

mity of your extortion," said Philip, with difficulty recovering from his astonishment; "you are asking the half of my property."

"You are a merchant," answered Simon, carelessly; "you fix your own prices in your own warehouse, and you cannot blame me for doing the same. Those whom the prices do not suit, leave the wares alone. What is it to me that the life of a person who is odious in your eyes is of so little value to you? You say that I demand the half of your property—nonsense, I only demand for saving you, one half of what you have already thrown away upon that Thurneisen, whom the devil has hung about your neck like a badge of distinction."

There was a momentary struggle within Verner, between desperation and his innate avarice. At length, with a feeling as if he gave up his very heart's blood, he consented.

"At last then," cried Simon, laughing, and rubbing his hands with delight, "we have concluded our contract; and now that the weather is fine, and that you happen to have a little leisure, what do you think of our going together to the notary, and having the act of donation drawn out? for 'Every thing in advance,' is my motto."

"Distrustful villain!" said Philip, with the utmost contempt; "so I am to put my confidence in you, while you have none in me."

"It is the custom of people of our stamp," answered Simon, maliciously. "Well, are you coming?"

"What am I about to do?" murmured Philip to himself; "am I about to cast away the home of my birth upon a being such as this?"

"At all events it will be better than giving it to Thurneisen," said Simon, as he attempted to draw his master after him; "besides, you never dared live there."

"But how have you contrived so suddenly to lay aside the panic which but just now you shared with me?" asked Philip.

"I must try to get over it," answered Simon; "and if I cannot manage to do so, I must sell it you back again for a trifle. There, you see how well I am disposed towards you; only make haste, and should the notary happen to ask, why this act is to be drawn up, answer boldly, that it is for my long and faithful services; do you hear?"

Verner walked by the side of the old man looking black as a thunder-cloud; while Simon, on the contrary, could scarce conceal his ecstacy,

at having gained his point. While in the presence of the notary, Simon was forced to beg of his master to display greater serenity of countenance, in order that no suspicions might be excited, and the act of donation was finally drawn up, signed, sealed, and delivered, according to Simon's wishes; it was then handed over to the old man. That very same evening Philip unlocked his money-chest with a sigh, counted down the gold upon the table before his unfeeling creditor, and then handed over to him the keys of the house and garden.

"There," he said, with a gloomy look; "there, take it, horse-leech! but remember, that if your part of the contract be not fulfilled within seven days, and I am not a free man, you may make your will. It will cost me my neck, but be assured that I will shoot you in the open face of day, as I would a mad dog; mark this well, and now depart."

Simon's preparations were already commenced; and now that he had received the reward of his crime, he was himself anxious to be rid of a mistress whom he hated. He was not long in finishing what he had to do. It was the spring of the year, when herbs of every kind were sprouting from the earth. In the dew of the evening, Simon had culled those which he

required for his dark deed, carried them home unobserved, and, in his own room, at the midnight hour, had drawn from them their destructive juices. The next evening he brought a phial, carefully corked, to Philip, as he was seated before his ledger in his office, sunk back in his chair, and apparently lost in thought.

"Good evening to you," said Simon, in a low tone, as he entered the room; "how solitary you are! what makes you so melancholy?"

"I have been looking into my affairs, and that is enough to make me so," answered Philip, gloomily; "both friend and foe have joined in pillaging me."

"Why that's not pleasant, certainly," said Simon, soothingly; "but take courage, Thurneisen may perhaps make no further demands, and even think of repaying you."

"That would not be like him," answered Verner; "but tell me, he said, in a lower tone, how are you going on? are you prepared? can the deed be done? answer me truly."

"This phial shall attest to you the truth of my words, when I tell you that all is ready," answered Simon; "even to-morrow, if you choose, at her breakfast, she shall swallow this potion; half an hour afterwards, she will have nothing more to care for in this world."

"Will there be no trace of poison?" asked Philip, anxiously, as he held up the phial to the light.

"Not the slightest," assured the old man; "Hedvig lay in her coffin like a white rose, and not a spot was to be seen upon her pale body; she is a proof of what a key this is to eternity. But if you wish to be certain that this is the same liquid, try it upon Alba or Spaniol."

"What! upon my faithful dogs," cried Verner, in a rage, "what are you thinking of? I have a mind to punish you for this proposal, by setting them at you."

"Well, well," said Simon, "the misfortune would not have been so great; I would have put the dead animal into a sack, and thrown it into the Danube, and no suspicion could have come of it."

"There is the starling perched upon the press," said Philip; "for the last few days he has been sick, and has not spoken a word; you may try if a couple of drops would put him to rest."

"It shall soon be done," said Simon, laughing, at the same time seizing the poor animal with a firm hand, and making him swallow, in spite of all resistance, a little of the poison. A

few moments afterwards the bird fell in convulsions, fluttered, and dropped dead. Philip gave a nod of satisfaction, and Simon put the dead bird in his pocket.

"You see that this is efficacious; when do you wish that it should be employed?" asked the old man.

"The sooner the better," answered Philip, with a distorted smile, which proved his confidence of a speedy and fortunate conclusion of the affair.

"To-morrow, then," said Simon; "to-morrow, at seven in the morning, your wife will have ceased to live; she shall find a hair in her soup which shall strangle her; you may trust to me, and be of good courage. But stop! I had nearly forgotten another thing that I wanted to mention to you. As I was this afternoon cleaning out and airing the old house, which is now mine, and putting together all the personal effects of my late master, with the intention of bringing them to you whenever you asked for them, I found, in a neglected drawer of the press with twisted pillars, in which Master Verner kept his jewels, a packet of papers, which would be of no use to me, even if I could read, though they may be of some

service to you; and I now hand them to you, hoping that they may prove so."

He placed the dusty bundle of papers on the table, and retired.

Philip, hardly looking at the packet, which was bound round with a string, and bore no inscription, put it in his pocket. "When the arm of Providence strikes not, we must assist ourselves," said he to himself; "I wish you joy of your morning's repast, you accursed woman!" With these words he closed his warehouse, and considered whether he should go up to Barbara, and pass the evening with her for the last time, soothing her by affected kindness, and thus lulling her suspicions, or whether, by a jovial carousal, he should gather strength for the next morning, and drink success to the deed. A remnant of feeling caused him to avoid his victim, and he therefore sought some companions for a debauch; it was midnight before, with an aching head, he retired to his couch.

In spite of fatigue, he awoke with the first rays; and the recollection of the deed to be executed on that day soon dissipated the fumes of the wine. He had not strength of mind sufficient to await the issue with calmness. An insupportable anxiety appeared to drive him

from the house. Simon met him in the entrance hall. The old man was creeping with the stealthiness of a cat towards the kitchen door. Philip asked him, with a distorted look and low tone, what he was about.

"I am waiting for a favourable opportunity," answered Simon; "but you are right to leave the house—your doleful look would create suspicion. After seven o'clock you may return home: you will then find noise enough, and the innocent world will ascribe your agitation to the unforeseen calamity." Philip rushed from the house, with a pang as if serpents were gnawing at his breast. At the corner of the street he stopped a moment. "It is still time," whispered his conscience—"but one word, and the crime remains unperformed, and your hand free from guilt." His foot was in the act of moving homewards, when once more all his feelings of self-interest flashed across him—"Am I still doubting, after the enormous price has been paid?—possessed by that demon, shall I leave it to him, without attaining my object? No—I will trust to luck, and to Simon's cunning; and that hated being shall pay the price of her wickedness."

Confirmed by these reflections, Philip bent his way along the still deserted streets. He felt

as if he could find peace nowhere but in the vicinity of that spot where the crime was finally determined upon—he was deceived! The massive walls appeared to weigh upon his breast; and from every corner the phantoms of his imagination seemed to stare upon him. Every sentinel who approached him he fancied acquainted with his crime, and in pursuit of him. Flying from himself, he quitted the town, and wandered about the fields. The sixth hour sounded from the cathedral clock—Verner, with a shudder, cast himself on a bank, at the foot of a tree. "One hour more, still an hour, has she to live—courage! courage! This hour too will soon have passed—she will be no more, and I shall be once again at peace!" Quite exhausted, he leaned back, with his arms crossed, and while almost in a state of stupor his lips muttered a prayer for her whom he had resigned to destruction—a prayer whose confused language was a faithful representation of the storm that raged within him. After remaining in that attitude for some time, he sat up, and involuntarily placed his hand upon his left side, where he felt a slight pressure. He found that it was caused by the packet which Simon had given him on the preceding evening, and which still remained in the pocket of his doublet. Pleased at having

discovered something to divert his thoughts, he opened his prize: locks of hair and small pieces of ribbon fell from it. It was a collection of love tokens, which the merchant's father had collected, and with which he amused his solitary hours. They served to recall to his memory the happy days of his bygone youth. Among these perishable tokens of transient love were a good number of papers, the greater part notes from those of the late burgess's loves whose education had been sufficiently cared for to permit them to venture on the composition of a letter. Philip glanced superficially over them, and threw them aside with a smile of disdain. The last which he opened, short but very plainly to be understood, arrested his attention, and caused him to turn pale as ashes. It ran as follows:—

"Beloved Verner!—I seize the first opportunity which offers itself of writing to you, with a trembling hand, to say that your child is quite well.—I, alas! am still ill. How I wish that you could see your daughter! I suppose you know that she was christened yesterday; she is called, like myself, Barbara, as I know you love that name. I enclose you a lock of her hair. Do not attempt to see either me or your child—for Ehrenfried keeps a close

" watch upon me, and I fear suspects much
" more than Thurneisen; and even he will be
" startled on his return to find that he is the
" father of a fine girl who is not the least like
" him. But, by flattering his vanity, I can
" make him believe any thing; you need not
" therefore be in the slightest degree uneasy.

" Your faithful

" BARBARA."

" *Valga me Dios!*" cried the startled reader. " Merciful God! what a fearful light breaks in upon me. Cursed be the days which let us into the world—Barbara is my sister! and, wretch that I am—I have been unknowingly guilty of incest!"

With the rage of a maniac, he threw himself on the ground, rolled upon the grass, and, almost in convulsions, tore up the earth; another dreadful reflection caused him to start up—" what am I about?" he raved forth—" what am I about? Am I not on the point of committing even more than I have already done? am I not about to murder my own sister? perhaps even at this moment that I am thinking about it, she is drinking the poison prepared by a husband—by a brother. Horrible reflections, ye drive me mad—ye unman me; perhaps 'tis

even now too late." At that very instant the cathedral clock struck seven; each stroke of the bell went to Philip's heart, but his mute despair had not the power of stopping the course of time. "Could I but have mistaken the hour," he stammered forth, in his agony, and endeavouring to count. "Could this be but six o'clock!" Vain were his hopes; relentless time would not grant him a single hour. The seventh stroke of the clock drove him into action; hastily placing the letter into his bosom, he rushed across the fields, and along the high road, into the city. Breathless he made his way through the streets—now crowded with market-people, and, with the speed of a frightened hare, flew up the stairs. His house was quiet, all seemed as usual; pale as a ghost, Verner rushed into Simon's chamber. "What, are you already returned home?" asked the steward, who was impatiently pacing his room, and started at his master's distorted countenance.

"Yes!" gasped forth Verner; "and God grant that I may not be too late—has she swallowed it?"

"She has," answered Simon, coldly; "'tis now a quarter of an hour since her maid took up her morning's repast."

"Wretch that I am," sobbed forth Verner, and sunk to the earth.

"What is the matter with you?" asked Simon, in the greatest anxiety; "surely the devil must possess you; do you wish to bring destruction upon yourself, as well as upon me? Do stand up! What does all this mean?"

"Barbara is——my sister!" stammered forth Verner, in despair.

Simon stood for a moment, as if petrified, but soon recovered himself. "Were she your mother," he coldly observed, "you could no longer save her. I am upon thorns, for I expect every moment to hear the cries and lamentations of her attendants."

"Are you devil, or man?" cried Verner, "that you are thus cold-blooded. Well, then, I must satisfy myself; and if it be not too late to save her ——"

"What? and cause our destruction!" cried Simon, as he hung, with all the strength of his wasted person, upon his frantic master, but he was not sufficiently strong to hold him; and Verner cast him aside, as he hurried to Barbara's apartment.

A prey to a single thought, he threw open the door; he stood aghast, as his eyes rested upon

the figure of Barbara. She sat at the table, pale as death, with livid lips, and trembling in every limb; the fatal cup was before her; he stood at the door without speaking, and gazing fixedly upon her. It seemed as though her look would pierce him.

"What do you want here?" she at length screamed forth.

"To partake of your breakfast," he replied, in a trembling voice, hardly knowing what he said.

"You may have it all! cowardly murderer!" she cried, in a frenzy of rage, at the same time throwing the cup at his feet; "I did not taste a drop of it."

"God be praised!" breathed forth Verner, who felt as if a rock had been removed from his breast.

"Yes! God indeed be praised," repeated Barbara, mocking him, "though that wish does not proceed from your heart. My own caution, and God's mercy, has caused your villainy to fail; long have I expected some such villainous deed; long have I refused whatever was set before me, that you had not previously tasted; long had I shunned the broth which came prepared for my breakfast. This morning its peculiar smell

struck me; the strong odour of hemlock, and the green sediment at the bottom of the cup, are witnesses of your crime; do not attempt to deny it. Margaret, in her simplicity, related to me that she met you this morning; and that you were pale and agitated, therefore do not deny it, murderer!—villain! But you will have your reward! Your crime is not yet publicly known, but I have sent for my father, and he shall decide upon your fate, base wretch as you are!"

At that instant Thurneisen arrived. "Well, what's the matter here?" he cried; "what do you want with me, are my services required to make up some quarrel? Why, how oddly you look, son-in-law! and you, my Barbara, what is the matter with you?"

Barbara poured forth her griefs, and cried for vengeance, while Philip was unable to utter a single word.

Thurneisen grew almost frantic with rage, trembling with passion; he at length broke forth—"Miscreant! Have I then sacrificed my child to Moloch? Have you attempted her life with poison? Wait a moment, wretch! You shall pay for this, I am off to the senate-house; I'll lodge an accusation against you, and you shall perish upon the scaffold."

He was rushing from the room, when Philip placed himself before him with a determined air.

"Stop!" he cried; "would you then bring me to the scaffold? Has not that wicked woman herself forced me to the crime? and do you thirst after my blood? Well, go then! I will give myself up, and not deny my guilt; but at the same time I will proclaim aloud that you have brought about the marriage of a brother with a sister!"

"What do you say, wretch?" cried Thurneisen, as he seized his son-in-law, and stared him fixedly in the face.

"The truth," answered Philip, almost crazy; "Barbara is the daughter of Verner, my father; though your wife was her mother—Read this!"

With these words, he handed him the letter. Thurneisen seized it with a trembling hand; his teeth chattered, his knees appeared to fail him. "Too true, too true!" he howled forth, after having read it; "Barbara, it is indeed too true!"

"Heavens! what a disgrace!" groaned forth Verner's wife, as she sank back in her chair.

Philip however proceeded—"You believe what you have read!—and now go, deliver me up to death. I shall die upon the scaffold—

that death will be momentary—but the brand of your disgrace will last for ever."

"My disgrace indeed!" raved forth Thurneisen; "do not imagine that I could survive such infamy."

Before Philip could stop him, he had rushed from the room, and fled the house with every appearance of insanity. To have discovered that his lamented wife had been unfaithful to him—to think that the daughter whom he had taken a pride in calling his own was the offspring of illicit love—and that she was now the wife of her own brother—all this was too much for him. The trial was above his strength; and had rendered him, overbearing as he was, altogether desperate.

When Simon, whom Philip sent in pursuit of the burgess, had reached the bridge over the Danube, whither he had traced him, he was in the act of throwing himself into the river from its highest arch, the stream being then swollen by the spring rains. "Help! help! save him," cried the passengers, with whom Simon soon chimed in, though no one ventured to tempt the raging waters. At that moment the Syndic rode by—"Fifty guilders for him who saves my friend!" he cried, with a loud voice. "I will dare it," cried one out of the crowd, and Guis-

man rushed forward; "for fifty guilders and a good drink, I will dare any thing." Without hesitation, he launched himself at once into the rushing waters; but the wild waves mocked his vain boasting, and whirled him down, a companion to the burgess's corpse. The bystanders, thunderstruck, stood staring at the flood; but Schnepfinger and Luke, who were among the spectators, and whose hair stood on end with horror, whispered to each other—"The witch Lene was a true prophetess, when we escorted her into the city six years ago; for he who then sent us, and who mocked the cunning woman, has found a bed in the cold river. May God in his mercy preserve us from such a fate!"

At a distance of three miles below Ulm, the bodies of the unfortunate men were thrown ashore by the current. The cause of the catastrophe remained a secret, and it was ascribed to the burgess's derangement, brought on by the state of his affairs.

That same day produced important results to Philip; Barbara and himself had a conversation, in which they agreed not to divulge their unhallowed connection, but to have a separation; at the same time Barbara threatened that if Philip did not instantly give up to her all the property which was secured to her as her

jointure she would proceed against him for the attempted murder. The unhappy husband, convinced that she would feel no scruple in bringing him to the scaffold, was forced to comply with her conditions.

Thurneisen's creditors fell upon his property, and Verner's demands received but a slight dividend; Verner then descended so low as to enter into a negociation with Simon, to get him to return his act of donation, upon payment of a reasonable sum of money, under the plea that his part of the contract had not been fulfilled. But the old hypocrite laughed in his sleeve, and reminded him that the act of donation was given to him as a reward for his long and faithful services. Nothing further could be drawn from him, and Philip, completely over-reached, was forced to keep his own counsel, and the end of the affair was, that after wasting half his property upon a bankrupt father-in-law, and dividing the remainder between a wife whom he detested, and a man whom he knew to be a criminal, there remained nothing to the once wealthy Verner, but a small farm near Ehinger, to which he retired, accompanied by his dogs, and taking with him his now empty strong box.

CHAPTER VI.

" Con arte ed inganno
Se vive mezzo l' anno;
Con inganno e con arte,
Se vive l' altra parte."

PROVERB.

WHILE the hand of fate was thus punishing the author of Maria's and of Archibald's sorrows, the latter had arrived in the imperial city of Prague. Although that city had been raised to the rank of the eighth wonder of the world, by the partiality and liberality of the Emperor Rudolph II., the beauty of its crowded streets did not at first attract the youthful adventurer's attention; his only thought was, how he could discover the margravine's palace. He took an affectionate leave of his companion, whom he left in complete ignorance of his future intentions (and who was himself too much occupied with seeking for his friend, to think of any thing else), put up his horse at the nearest inn, and then commenced his expedition. After

many fruitless inquiries, of persons who either could not, or would not, understand German, he at length found his way to the object of his search. It was quiet and deserted. In answer to Archibald's inquiries, the porter told him that the margravine had left for Pilsen, with all her suite, on the very day before, and was not expected back for some weeks.

Archibald went his way, much disappointed, and sought out Basta's lodgings. The general, too, had quitted the town on business, and there now remained nothing for the youth, but to seek out Doctor Dee; though this was a bitter pill to him, as he could expect nothing from him, but well-merited reproaches. It was with a deep sigh, therefore, that he made his way to the imperial palace, whose gloomy appearance he fancied to forebode him ill. The castle gate swarmed with guards, who closely questioned the stranger; but his impudence assisted him through this ordeal. "I am summoned to Doctor Dee," he said, haughtily; the guard stepped back, as if by magic, and respectfully pointed out to him an inner court of the castle; he walked forward with a confident air, passing by the principal staircase, which was barricadoed by a strong iron grating, and guarded by two sentries, as if it had been the entrance to a dun-

geon; a swarm of servants and menials of every kind were busy in the court, and eyed the stranger from head to foot. Wishing to see whether the doctor's name would produce the same effect as at the gate, he asked, with a loud voice, "Where shall I find Doctor Dee?"

"In the devil's tower," answered one of the servants; "enter that door which you see there to the left, mount the winding staircase, to the third story, and then knock."

"The devil's tower," repeated the youth to himself, thoughtfully, as he approached the entrance which had been pointed out to him; "must I always have to do with witches and conjurors? But courage," he continued, "even if the doctor were the devil himself, no other choice is left, even had I not made a sacred promise to Lene." He began, without hesitation, to mount the narrow winding staircase, until, on the third landing, a closed door stopped him. He announced his presence by means of the heavy metal knocker. Slipshod steps approached the door, a small grating was opened, and a hideous female face showed itself behind it. Upon his asking to see the doctor, she closed it without answering a word, and departed.

The longer she remained absent, the more anxious grew Archibald. If the doctor's recep-

tion, thought he, is not to be more courteous than that of his maid, I shall be indeed but badly off, and must look out for some other means of living; still I will not throw away my best chance, by not submitting to receive some humiliation from the man, to whom, after all, I owe all my knowledge.

Wrapt in such thoughts, he leant against the narrow window, and looked through it, into the court-yard; minute after minute passed away, each seeming to him an eternity; but still the hideous porteress did not appear. Archibald had seized the knocker, to thunder against the door more loudly than the first time, when he again heard footsteps approaching, and the door was opened with a creaking noise. Archibald entered a gloomy ante-chamber, and the maid showed him, without uttering a word, a half-open door at the end of it. He obeyed the sign, and entered a large room, with strongly-barred windows; along the walls were shelves upon shelves, loaded with books; philosophical apparatus lay on the ground, and upon every table were countless bundles of papers. In the midst of this confusion sat the doctor, before an enormous folio, out of which he was copying magical characters, upon a parchment placed by its side. He looked up for a

moment, held his hands over his eyes, as he had done upon their first meeting at Lene's, and, without moving a muscle, again bent over his writing.

Archibald had not expected this silent contempt, and it produced considerable emotion in him; still he mastered his anger, and, remaining quiet, awaited the moment when the doctor would commence the conversation; at length, as the doctor did not appear disposed to do so, the youth was forced, disagreeable as it was, to break the silence. "Sir," he commenced, in a hesitating voice.

The doctor looked up, and stared at him.

"Sir," continued his timid pupil, "I have behaved ill, but I think that you will forgive me on account of my youth, and that you will not withdraw your protection from me, as I promise ——"

"Promise nothing," interrupted the doctor, frowning; "you kept your first promise like a dishonest Jew, and have not only brought disgrace upon yourself in the sight of the world, but also upon me. Now what do you want here?"

"I have already told you," answered Archibald, drily; "if you are not humane enough to forgive one fault, rendered excusable by my youth, and the greatness of the temptation,

which it was almost beyond human strength to withstand, I shall not repeat my petition."

"You cannot expect to reach to the summit of fortune's ladder without labour," replied the doctor; "how are you to clear yourself from the base stain of your birth, without some exertion of your own? Besides, heavy burdens are imposed upon those considered capable of bearing them: you see that I am even now paying you a compliment; and I really believe that, if you had not fallen into that unfortunate love affair, you would have gone manfully through your ordeal. You may suppose that I know all, and that I heard it in the most unpleasant manner. And now what am I to do with you, since you have disappointed me in my expectations?"

"Nothing!" answered the offended youth, with bitterness, "but laugh at me for being such a fool, as to build upon the humanity of a man who educated me for his own selfish purposes, and who now casts me adrift, for not being capable of altogether separating myself from the rest of mankind. Adieu, doctor!"

He went towards the door, but the doctor got up, and said, laughing, "And pray where are you going to now, madcap? Well, by my faith, you have learned more than I thought, since

you venture to say 'check' to your lord and master; and so you would really cast yourself upon the world a needy adventurer? but this I will never permit. Here, seat yourself beside me, and relate your adventures. I will then think the matter over, and see how I can employ you; but be sincere in your narration, for I know *every thing*, both what took place at Vorosdar, and what has happened to you since; and I only desire you to repeat to me your story, that I may prove your love of truth; it will be worse for you, if it prove not stronger than your power of keeping your resolutions."

The manner of the doctor, as he thus spoke, and the piercing glance with which he regarded the youth, as he beckoned him to a seat, would have made any one but Archibald believe that this extraordinary man was, in reality, acquainted with his whole history, and was only anxious to extract a frank confession.

Archibald, however, ventured to pass over a considerable part of his story; he neither mentioned his acquaintance with Erlwein, nor his adventure with the illustrious travellers. He succeeded to the utmost of his wishes, for Dee put few questions, and made still fewer remarks, and to these his pupil replied with the utmost apparent simplicity.

At the end of the narration, he shook his head in disapprobation, and blamed the thoughtlessness with which the youth intermeddled in the affairs of the Vorosdar family.

"The seed, thus sown in so hasty a manner, may spring up, and produce fruit the most disastrous for you; either the prince has perished, and you have thus made all the family your foes, or his life has been saved, and then tremble for your own! For this reason, Prague would be the most dangerous residence for you, as the prince often visits it, and several of his college friends live here; but as that individual has bitterly offended me, and even ventured to call me to account for your mad freaks at Vorosdar; and as, in spite of those freaks, I cannot bring myself to leave to his fate one for whom I have already done so much, I will see whether matters cannot be so contrived, as to put you again into that path from which your thoughtlessness had very nearly excluded you for ever! And now tell me, did any one see you when you arrived here? Were you stopped, or questioned?"

Archibald replied in the affirmative, and circumstantially related all that had happened to him on entering the palace.

"This is unfortunate," muttered Dee, as he again shook his head; "but still, it shall not

altogether discourage me, so many people go in and out of this palace every day; and besides, change of dress makes such an alteration. Well, we will see. I will go at once, and see what can be done for you, and God grant that you may not a second time frustrate my plans; meanwhile, do not quit my apartments; if my plan succeeds, I will send for your things from the inn. Keep yourself quiet, do you hear? and do not fall in love again; there might be some danger with my Hagar!"

While uttering these last pieces of advice, Dee had put on his robe, and black velvet cap, and, with a couple of books under his arm, he crossed the ante-room, and entered a long passage; having passed through it, he next knocked at a strong iron-bound door. A person from within asked who was there? Dee named himself, and the door was cautiously opened. Archibald, who was watching at the end of the passage, caught a glimpse of an armed man who hastily closed the door after the doctor; as nothing further was to be seen or heard, Archibald seated himself on a stone bench in the ante-room, and the fatigue of all that he had lately undergone, and which his impatient spirit had prevented his feeling before, caused him to fall into a sound sleep; pleasing dreams flitted

around him, till, on a sudden, both dream and sleep fled from him, and on opening his eyes he felt his arm grasped by the hideous Hagar, who, in her other hand, carried a short piece of candle. He started up in surprise!

"Do not be alarmed," said the maiden, in a very soft and melodious tone of voice; "I awoke you because the evening was closing in, and I feared that the cold stone might be injurious to your health; come into my master's sleeping room, I have made a cheerful fire there; for, in spite of the time of year, the evenings are always chilly, in these great stone buildings; come in, then, and warm yourself, I have prepared something for you to eat, too; my master is not yet returned, and you must be hungry.

She preceded Archibald with the light, who had difficulty in persuading himself that a heart so kind, and a voice so melodious, belonged to a being with so hideous a face; he seated himself, however, at the table which had been spread before the blazing hearth, and consumed, with very evident appetite, the repast which had been prepared for him. Hagar sat on the other side of the fire, and spun, while Archibald occasionally found time, during his repast, to turn his eyes towards the industrious maid; he remarked that she was still young, had a good

hand and arm, and a very fine figure, but one glance at her face, as it was lit up by the glare of the fire, was sufficient to destroy any agreeable impression made by her shape; for though her black eyes were handsome, her hideous nose, wide mouth, and flat chin, added to her untidy hair, made Archibald turn from her almost with disgust. It seemed as if Hagar perceived the disagreeable impression which her face had made, for she hastily moved the stool upon which she sat into the shade, and her bare feet alone (which she had slipped out of their coarse ill-made shoes), continued to be visible by the light of the fire.

Archibald felt for the poor girl, and, in order to say something kind to her, commenced by saying, "Your repast was excellent, and I enjoyed it extremely."

"I am very glad to hear it," answered the maid, spinning more industriously than before.

"What is your name, child?" inquired Archibald, although he already knew it.

"My name is Hagar, sir, like the mother of Ishmael," she answered; "the name is not pretty, is it? But what does that signify, for I am not pretty either."

"And who are your parents?" continued the youth.

"My father is called John Prapowick; he is

a soldier, a gunner in the imperial army in Hungary; heavy misfortunes have reduced him thus low, for he was once a respectable citizen of Cyaslau; it was there that I was born, and I was christened in the church of St. Peter and St. Paul, where the arms of the great Hussite leader, Zisca, are hung over his tomb, and are still to be seen. When I grew up, and that my father was ruined, and gone to the wars, my mother, who is hardly able to support herself, could no longer keep me at home. I was ashamed to go into service at Cyaslau, and my mother did not like it either, so I came to Prague; and heaven be praised, I have found a good place at the doctor's, with whom I have now lived above the year and the day."

"Has the doctor, then, lived so long at the palace?" inquired Archibald, gradually bringing forward questions which interested him.

"Oh, much longer than that," answered Hagar; "he has been here for the last four or five years."

"But what is he doing here?" continued the youth; "what office does he hold?"

Hagar smiled; "That you ought to know best, young sir," she replied; "I have never heard; the people here in the palace only call him the exorcist, and say that he has dealings

with the devil; but I have seen nothing of it, and he certainly is in great favour with his majesty; so much so, that he gave him apartments in the castle, in order that he might be always near him."

"Do you think that the doctor is now with the emperor?" asked Archibald.

"Yes, I do!" answered Hagar; "but hark, if I am not mistaken, I heard the passage-door shut; talk of the devil, you know, and he will appear; I must make haste to give my master a light!" She laid aside her distaff, slipped on her heavy shoes, and hurried out to meet her master.

Dee entered the room with a satisfied look, seated himself comfortably, and then, while complacently stroking his light-coloured beard, said to Archibald, with an earnest manner, "All is prepared, the foundation is prosperously laid, and now listen attentively to the instructions which I am about to give you; follow my directions implicitly, and you will benefit me, but yourself infinitely more."

Archibald was all attention, and devoured every word that fell from the doctor, in the course of their long and interesting conversation. Daylight broke upon master and pupil, still in close conference, and reminded

the latter that it was high time for him to depart, if he wished to do so unnoticed. He therefore took a hasty leave of Dee, hurried across the courts, which were still deserted, passed the sleepy guards and the porter's lodge unquestioned, and was soon outside the castle gate, which had not long been opened; he made all haste to the inn, where he had left his horse, and the first person he saw was Erlwein.

"Welcome, my dear sir," he cried, shaking him cordially by the hand; "do you lodge in this house, and are you the foreigner who put up here yesterday, and about whom the good people of the house have been made so uneasy, by his having remained out all night?"

Archibald acknowledged that he was; and Erlwein continued, "It does not say much for your morals, my young noble, that the moment you enter the capital, you find your way to those temples of love, where the young and the rich are so hospitably received, that they forget the flight of time; but beware," he continued, in a lower tone, "beware of love adventures of this sort, I have suffered enough from them."

Archibald thanked him for his good advice, assured him that he was mistaken, and then, in order to shew that he took an interest in

his proceedings, questioned him as to what he had been about. Of this, Erlwein gave him a full detail: he had found his friend, and made every preparation for settling to his work. The emperor's confessor had shown him a number of paintings which required cleaning, and had given him some upon which to try his hand; he had taken a room at an old widow's, where he could work undisturbed, and had just come to the Hostelry, which was close at hand, to take his morning cup, and then set to work in good earnest. "Thus then am I established in the city of Prague," continued he, "and am rejoiced, my young lord of Buhl, to see you once more, and, in the fulness of my heart, to thank you for the kindness that you have shown to a poor and still sickly youth. I am only sorry that, though my circumstances wear a more favourable aspect, I shall, notwithstanding, never be in a situation to prove my gratitude to a person of your rank."

"Hem!" answered Archibald, with a thoughtful air; "that is not so certain, it is possible that an opportunity might present itself of doing me a service."

"You may always command me," was Erlwein's reply; "I am not a steady character,

but I am a grateful and firm friend, anxious to be of service, and very discreet."

"Discretion will be the principal thing required," said Archibald, examining Erlwein's features with attention, and not seeing in them a trace of dissimulation; "I should like to trust something to you, if I could be certain of your discretion."

"You may be as certain of it," was Erlwein's reply, "as if you had whispered it into a fish's ear; pray tell me what it is, for I am dying to be of service to you."

"Pay attention then," answered the young Von Buhl; "be faithful to me, and it will be of service to you; but if otherwise, it will bring harm upon yourself; be certain of this, and just answer me truly. Have you mentioned my name to your friend?"

Erlwein assured him that he had not.

"Nor to any body else?"

Erlwein again assured him that he had not.

"Well then," continued Archibald, "so let it be; never mention my name. And now, know that I am in love with the daughter of a physician of this town; the father disapproves of my attachment, as I am of noble birth, and unable to marry the girl; still I am madly in love with her, and she is quite

as fond of me. I have come to Prague, from our mutual wish of meeting, and have thought of a plan for our uninterupted intercourse, and for which I prepared the object of my love yesterday evening. I shall dress myself as a travelling student; here are the clothes which I have purchased for the purpose; I shall pretend that I am come here to finish my studies, show that I have money and some acquirements, and establish myself in the old man's house, who only saw me once, by moonlight, when he surprised the young Von Buhl in the garden with his daughter, and forbad him the house; it will therefore be impossible that he should know me in my new dress, and he must fall into the snare."

"Capital," cried Erlwein, to whom a freak of this sort was nuts; "what an excellent plan! But how can I assist you?"

"By not uttering a word of the whole thing," continued Archibald, "and by contriving me a place at your lodgings, where I can keep my own dress and my arms, so that I may occasionally change from my student's disguise, and re-appear the young Von Buhl, which I must sometimes do, on account of several of my father's friends, who live here, and whom I must visit. I would willingly

show you my gratitude for this, and first request that you will accept as a present, the grey horse that carried you here."

"What the devil!" cried Erlwein, rather angry; "I would not do this for a reward, but I will for friendship, and for the fun of the thing; not that I will refuse your present either, but it must be on condition that I may turn it into money, for my poor lodging affords neither hay or corn; however, you may reckon upon me, and call me a bad fellow, if I ever betray you by a single word. How lucky it is that Eschenreuter was hard at work yesterday, when I saw him for a few moments, and that we had only time to talk on business, otherwise I should certainly have mentioned my benefactor; but as it is, your name has never been uttered, and you can command me how and when you choose; here is my hand upon it."

Archibald therefore lost no time in collecting his things, and handed them over to his friend, who took them home with him; he merely left at the inn a bundle, with some linen, and desired the host to give it to the maid, whom he should send for it. In the mean time, Erlwein led the horses to the door of his lodging, and fastened them to a ring in

the wall, while Archibald quickly dressed himself in his student's dress, mounted his steed, took leave of his friend, and then rode out of one gate of the town, to enter in by another, through which he had not before passed. Seated on a horse, covered with dust, dressed in a black robe, with hanging sleeves, and which was tucked up to facilitate his riding—his long boots, quite drawn up, and his black cap cavalierly set on one side, he made his way through the town, again inquiring for the castle; his heart beat with anxiety as he approached the frowning building, he made his way towards a side gate, which led to the royal stables, and thus avoiding the great public entrance, dismounted, gave his horse to be held by one of the menials, who were standing about, and entered the gate. Two guards here stopped the stranger.

"I am a student," was his answer to their question, "and am come from Italy, on purpose to speak to the emperor."

"The emperor is not to be spoken to," cried the captain of the guard; "that is a favour but seldom granted, even to persons of consequence, and how do you suppose he would see such as you? Come, be off! His majesty

has other things to think of, than giving audiences to every new comer."

"Well, you need not be so rough, friend," cried Archibald; "I am a stranger, and how should I know all this? Besides, I have introductions to the master of the horse, Adam Propicz; let me present them, at all events."

"The student must have come from people who knew what they were about at least, and he seems respectable," said the porter; "let him through."

"It must be upon your responsibility then," answered the captain; "I wash my hands of the whole affair."

"You may go on then," continued the porter, with a patronising air; "yonder are the royal stables, and close by, where you see the projecting door, with the dog-kennel, is the residence of the master of the horse. Good luck to you then, sir student."

He accompanied Archibald some steps, and whispered to him, as he slily extended his open hand, "You must not be offended with these rude boors, sir student, they are only Bohemian clay, as we say, fellows who know nothing, but the use of the musket and broadsword; they are stupid as geese, and hate every German; but

I was for two years in the service of a baron, who pursued his studies at the college of Vienna, and while I cleaned his boots, and brushed his coat, I occasionally picked up a little learning, and among other things, the respect due to gentlemen."

The person for whom he expressed so much respect, put a piece of silver into his hand, complimented him highly, and then approached the residence of the master of the horse. A savage yard dog rushed out of his kennel, to forbid his entrance, but was immediately driven back by a short fat man, of a droll countenance, who was standing at the door of the house.

"What do you want?" he then said, turning to the young stranger. "If you want me, I am Adam Propicz, master of the horse to his Roman imperial majesty."

"It is precisely you that I do want," answered Archibald; "I come from Padua, in Italy, and I bring you frank and hearty greetings from the Lord of Wallenstein, my fellow student there; he still rides the light chesnut horse, which he procured by your assistance, and he thanks you a thousand times for the act of frindship which you shewed him, as it was merely by your intervention, that the

beautiful animal was given up to him by the stable men."

"Psh," said Adam, placing his finger in his mouth; "that was a dangerous affair; the emperor missed the horse, and I was obliged to swear that he was dead, to keep all quiet; still I thank you for your intelligence, and the message that you have brought me. The young Albrecht was always my friend and especial protector, and nobly rewarded me for that piece of service; our affairs would have been doubtless still more mixed up, if he had not set off on his travels; again I thank you, my dear sir, and beg you will come in and sit down a moment; I am a mad bachelor, and cannot tempt your palate with any delicacies, but still you will find my house not altogether unprovided."

"You must excuse me Master Propicz, I have not time for this, as a more important affair now occupies my thoughts. I have something of consequence to say to the emperor, and well know how difficult it is to have an audience of his majesty without the assistance of some powerful protector; the Lord Von Wallenstein, whom I consulted upon this matter before I left him, declared he could not put me in a better way of obtaining my object than by

recommending me to you, and herewith entreats your kind interposition; but my business requires haste, and if you are disposed to do anything for your friend's friend, do it quickly."

"Hem," answered Propicz, as he stroked his chin with an air of hesitation; "you have taken me by surprise, and with a request too, that has its difficulties, for the emperor does not like seeing strange petitioners."

"It is no petition that brings me to him," said Archibald; "it is merely a desire for his well-being; in five minutes I shall have said all that I have to say."

The master of the horse regarded the youth with a searching gaze from head to foot, and then said "the name of the young noble whose college friend you are, and who is still so fond of the chesnut horse, has certainly great weight with me, but—(here he scratched himself behind his ear), the business is a ticklish one. I should get into the devil's mess if the emperor should be displeased, or if the emperor's gentlemen should be displeased. You understand me, if the gentlemen should be displeased at it, as true as I am called after the first man, his majesty would have me scourged out of the palace, just as the archangel scourged my namesake out of paradise."

"Do not be uneasy," answered Archibald; "neither the gentlemen nor the friends of his Roman imperial majesty will be displeased at his granting me this audience."

"But you cannot understand the circumstances of the case," interrupted Propicz. "I have received my instructions from them, just as the Nuncio receives his from the Pope; and I should be lost if, by any accident, I admitted a wolf into the fold. The emperor has already taken from me my fool's cap (for you must know that I had the honour of being court fool, till it pleased his imperial majesty to have but one fool about court), and God knows it is possible that he might also take from me the bread which I earn by my care of the horses, and then I should only have to sit upon the dunghill, like Lazarus."

"You shall not be made a Lazarus," cried Archibald, laughing heartily; "on the contrary you will be doing a service to the emperor, by forwarding my interview; but perhaps you are afraid that I am an assassin? search me! and convince yourself that I have no concealed weapon; you will not even find a piece of paper which could be poisoned; and except that, what have you to fear?"

Upon this Adam searched the flowing

garments of the obstinate youth, without finding any thing suspicious; still he shook his head, and said, "It is of what you may say I am most afraid; it would be my destruction and your own too, if you said any thing against one of my master's favourites; 'tis true I have been a fool, but I was a feigned fool, and they are not always so dull as those who suppose themselves wiser, and are fools because they cannot help themselves—you comprehend me."

"Perfectly," answered Archibald, in a tone of indifference; "but if you remain firm to your determination, I must address myself to Doctor Dee, to whom I have a letter of introduction, he will help me to an audience, and will not forget that you have so obstinately refused to procure me an interview, which touches nearly both the welfare and life of his majesty."

"Doctor Dee!" repeated Propicz, with a marked change of expression; "you could not have used an argument of greater force, my young sir; I have the utmost respect for the doctor's name, and God forbid that I should stand in the way of your trifling request, when I would offer up a sacrifice to the devil to keep him in good humour; you have only to command, my dear sir student, or whatever else

you may call yourself, either to-day or to-morrow."

A groom hurried up at that instant, to say that his majesty was at the stables, and that he wished to speak to the master of the horse.

Propicz instantly sent back the messenger to announce his prompt obedience, hastened into his room to put on his embroidered coat, and taking his dress cap, "What an excellent opportunity," he said to Archibald; "the emperor is most easy of access at the stables, he goes nowhere, and only a chosen few have the entry to his apartments. Now is your time, and do not forget me when you speak to Doctor Dee, that is to say, if you wish to do me a service; but come now, for his majesty is generally impatient."

The little man had meanwhile dressed himself, and hanging a bunch of keys and a riding whip, the emblems of his office, to his belt, he conducted his well pleased protégé towards the entrance of the splendid imperial stables.

CHAPTER VII.

"What help in crowns, or yellow gold,
If happy I am not?"

OLD SONG.

WHEN Archibald, with his conductor, had reached the great riding school, he found the door guarded by several musketeers; while within, was a solitary groom leading a horse up and down, upon which was seated a man in mean attire. The groom's handsome livery appeared out of keeping with the worn cinnamon-coloured doublet of the equestrian, to whom Propicz privately drew his companion's attention.

"That is his majesty! our most gracious emperor," he whispered; "he is taking his usual ride, and we must not disturb him," they therefore stood in the entrance, and as the emperor did not appear to remark them, but continued his singular exercise undisturbed, Archibald had time to observe the man upon whom his future destiny depended.

Rudolph, the second of his name, in the imperial line of Hapsburgh, was of a striking appearance; he had a full face, sparkling eyes, and a lofty forehead; nor was his beard the least remarkable part of a physiognomy, which might have been considered mild, had not his black bushy eyebrows and long eyelashes, given it an expression of hauteur, which, however, ill-concealed a certain air of mistrust. His clothes and hat were worn and shabby; he was riding in shoes and woollen stockings, and his hands were stained with oil colours, of which there were also some stains upon his doublet; the monarch's whole demeanour was that of a person of indolent mind, though his features displayed great powers of intellect.

Archibald's remarks, added to what he had heard from the doctor, made him feel certain that he knew the emperor's disposition; nevertheless, when his majesty, having finished his ride, inquired in a low tone of the master of the horse, "Who was the stranger?" and having dismounted, made (in unusual good humour) a sign to Archibald to approach, he lost all confidence, so much was he struck with the majestic air which Rudolph assumed, while awaiting his address, a circumstance which had before happened to more than one ambassador

on his introduction. Rudolph encouraged him with all the affability which he so well knew how to assume.

"What is your business, my son, and who are you?" inquired the emperor.

"Your most unworthy servant," answered Archibald, regaining courage, "Archibald Siebelstorfer, of a noble house in Bavaria. I have been despatched here by a true friend and adherent of your majesty, although he is far away, and am charged with a message which may only meet your private ear."

The emperor stepped back, regarded the speaker from head to foot, and cast a glance of anxiety at Propicz, who stood behind him.

"He is without arms, and without paper of any kind," said the master of the horse, respectfully; "I have searched him myself."

A cloud seemed to pass from Rudolph's brow at these words, and he commanded the master of the horse, as well as the groom, to withdraw to the doorway, which was at a sufficient distance to prevent their catching a word of the conversation.

"I am come from Padua," commenced Archibald, "where the exiled Neapolitan, Andrew Argoli, gives lectures (to the satisfaction of every body who hears him) in philosophy and in

astrology; I was one of the scholars of this excellent and learned man, and may boast, that by my application I became his favourite; I finished my studies under his superintendence, and when I took leave of him, to seek my fortune in the world (for I was a poor orphan, and had nothing to hope from my family), he conducted me into his laboratory, and after he had locked the door, spoke thus:—

"'You depart at an opportune moment, my dear scholar Archibald, to relieve my mind of a commission which I could only entrust to the most discreet ear—you are going to Prague? Well then! let nothing in the world prevent your seeking an audience of our gracious Lord and Emperor Rudolph II., and impress upon him that I drew his horoscope at the exact hour, and questioned the planets which ruled and influenced at his birth, and his accession to the royal and imperial dignities; and three times have I read, in the stars and their constellations, the same threatening prediction, that there is a danger hanging over him, which may affect his life, and which is the more urgent, as it is through a near relation that it is impending; tell him, further, that the planets which ruled, by their light, over the 18th July, 1552, and those which ruled over the 24th of February of the year

1557, will be eternally in opposition; and that, by a calculation upon the houses and roots of the caballa, no name can be more injurious to the emperor than that of Matthew.'

"With this mission my wise instructor allowed me to depart; he would himself have undertaken the journey here, had his weak constitution allowed him. To me alone did he entrust the important intelligence, knowing my attachment to my lord and master, for whom my father died; and fearing that any written statement might, by the thousand accidents of a long journey, fall into strange hands, he only gave me the tablet upon which your majesty's nativity, constellations, and horoscope are marked by mysterious cyphers, and signed by Argoli in Greek characters, which would be perfectly unintelligible to the unlearned. I have endeavoured to conceal it from every eye, and even from your majesty's master of the horse, that no impertinent curiosity might deprive me of my credentials, and I here present to your gracious majesty that which, if by God's grace you lend your ear to wisdom, will save you, and destroy your enemies."

The emperor, who till now had listened with melancholy seriousness, and increasing interest,

hastily seized the tablet, and drawing another similar to it from his bosom, began walking up and down before Archibald, apparently comparing them, while the latter awaited, with a beating heart, the consequences of his crafty tale.

Rudolph could not conceal the greatest inquietude; at length he stopped, and Archibald could plainly perceive that a tear trembled in his eye; he hastily, however, dashed it away, and again re-assumed his royal demeanour.

"Let Tycho Brahe and Doctor Dee be called," he cried, to the master of the horse, who hurried away.

After again taking a few turns, the prince turned to the bearer of the horoscope, whom he gazed on with an air of kindness, and to whom he said, "You have done me a service, and have gained a right to my gratitude; it shall be of a royal kind, if every thing is ascertained to be as you say. You are an orphan? Who sent you to the college?"

"My uncle, a knight of Malta," answered Archibald; "it was the only thing his circumscribed means permitted him to do for me, and I bless his memory for it."

"He died then?" inquired Rudolph; "and

you are left alone in the world? Comfort yourself," he continued, as Archibald made a melancholy sign of affirmation; "you shall find in us a second father, if you prove worthy of our favour. To what science did you particularly direct your studies?"

"To that of medicine, most gracious majesty."

"Do you understand those potions and poisons which cause madness? We do not mean their preparation, but whether you are able to discern them."

"I have made that part of the medical art my particular study, and I will allow myself to be examined in it at any time."

"Are you able, by the taste, by the smell, or by any other test, to discover whether what is called the water of St. Nicholas, which comes from Naples, has been mixed in any food or liquid?"

"Not by the taste or smell, but to a certainty by other tests with which I am acquainted."

"We are pleased with you, then," said the emperor; "and if your mission proves to be correct, and that you have good testimonials from Padua, you may depend upon our favour."

Archibald's blood ran cold, when he thought of his false mission, and of the counterfeit testi-

monials which the doctor had prepared, with extraordinary art, on the preceding night; it is true that the latter had been summoned, and, as the originator of the whole plan, might be depended upon; but Tycho Brahe——that was a dreadful name to Archibald's ears, for he had heard, from the doctor's own mouth, the unimpeachable character, and the love of truth, of that most learned man.

The two wise men, in their long garments, trimmed with sable, their velvet caps falling over the back of the neck, and hat in hand, entered the imperial stables at the same moment. They approached the emperor with almost an air of equality; Dee did not appear to have any previous acquaintance with the person who called himself Siebelstorfer.

"Argoli has sent us this from Padua," said the emperor to them, as he gave Tycho Brahe the tablet.

While the latter examined the astrological calculation with the eye of a hawk, Rudolph took Dee by the clasp which confined his robe, and drew him nearer to him, in a confidential manner. "Now, disbeliever!" he said, laughing, and yet with an air of concern, "do you still doubt? Argoli has sent us a horoscope, which he has drawn of his own accord, from those

mysterious constellations that attend our career; and it is precisely the same that Brahe announced to us a few days ago, and which you were bold enough to deride; what do you say to that?"

Dee shook his head, with every mark of astonishment; meanwhile Tycho Brahe had finished his inspection of the tablet, and exclaimed, with a look of delight, and in a triumphant tone, "Does your imperial majesty still continue to doubt my judgment, and my prediction? Here the wise Argoli has repeated cypher for cypher, conjunction for conjunction; see in this, the triumph of science, and its victory over all prejudice," he continued, looking askance at the doctor; "at the distance of a thousand miles, the wise Argoli has read, in the stars, that which Tycho Brahe has read at Prague; the calculation is the same, and the signature is correct, for this Grecian signature is well known to me, and not to be mistaken, as I have often received letters from that worthy man; therefore be upon your guard, my most gracious master. Your enemy is called Matthew, has a design upon your life, and will deprive you of it, unless you are beforehand with him, and deprive him, as well as his abettors, of the means of mischief."

"They wish to destroy us," said Rudolph, in a soft pathetic tone; "though we have done them nothing but good. God abandons our house!"

"God has appointed us the guardians of your most illustrious life, most gracious lord and emperor," answered Dee; "he has called strangers to the exalted post, which your relations have abandoned, in order to persecute their master. Take my hand, Brahe, Argoli's testimony has completely overturned my already-wavering disbelief. I now own my surprise at your wisdom."

Brahe, with evident pleasure, took the hand that was extended, and then, turning to Archibald and the emperor, said, "This young man deserves the greatest praise, for executing his commission with so much cleverness and discretion. I should write to his renowned master, in praise of his skilful disciple, did not prudence dictate silence, upon an affair which so closely concerns our illustrious emperor; but I dare commend him to our prince's favour, without further inquiry; 'the tree is known by its fruit.'"

"Our justice has already decided upon what shall be done for the messenger," replied the emperor, apparently rather annoyed at being

thus reminded; "try his acquirements, Doctor Dee, and then bring him to us in the afternoon, about the hour at which we are accustomed to walk; for the present you are dismissed."

CHAPTER VIII.

" Ill-fated love!
Wild rage of jealousy!
Thou severest the best—no talisman
Can soothe the passions."

SCHULTZ.

THE doctor, having first praised the youth for his courage and dexterity, conducted him, in the afternoon, to the emperor; they found him walking up and down a long covered passage, which only received a doubtful light through narrow embrasures placed here and there along it. This passage, which, with several others, the prince had caused to be built in different parts of the castle, was not unlike those which usually run behind the wall of a fortification, with this difference, that the latter is not covered in on all sides, and gives free access to the light of heaven. They were intended to relieve him from his constant source of alarm, for here he could walk perfectly safe from shot and dagger, to one of which he thought he must inevitably fall a sacrifice, if he

ventured into the open air: it was through these passages that he was able to reach the stables, where he took his daily ride, in the manner that Archibald had seen in the morning, and where an audience could be most easily attained, through the good offices of the master of the horse. His life was divided between fear and care: he prized the sceptre, and had the highest idea of its dignity, but he trembled at the responsibility and labour which it entailed. He fully felt, that in critical times it was necessary to act with firmness as well as boldness; but the weakness of his character caused him to leave unexecuted what he had determined upon only the moment before. From mistrust, and the whisperings of evil-disposed flatterers, he had the greatest dread of his nearest connections, and threw himself blindly into the arms of strangers, who, by availing themselves of his pious disposition, by willingly flattering his taste for the arts and sciences, and by working upon his superstition, wrested the power from his feeble hands, to employ it for their own purposes.

When it was necessary to expend large sums for any public object, the treasury was always low, and no money to be had; but if, on the contrary, a rare animal, or curious plant, or a

precious gem was to be bought, or if he wished to make a present to one of his favourites, there was no sum that he would not expend, no pledge too valuable for him to give, in order to procure it.

Extremely irresolute in all his determinations, he yielded himself to the spiritual guidance of those who riveted their fetters the tighter, from their being men of extraordinary abilities, and of sufficient cunning to conceal the power which they had arrogated to themselves.

He received Archibald and the doctor with an air of condescension; the grace of his movements, the expression of his features, were irresistible. "What do you bring us, doctor?" he inquired, with a smile. "How do matters turn out? Can one place confidence in the young man whom you have brought with you?"

"The most perfect, your imperial majesty," answered the doctor; "his testimonials are most excellent; and if our most generous emperor would not disdain to cast a glance over these papers——" and so saying he presented him with a packet of papers.

Rudolph hesitatingly extended his hand towards them, and hastily drew it back, as if he had touched a hot iron. "It is not necessary, my dear doctor," he said, rather embarrassed;

" you know that we do not willingly read much; and our high calling brings before us so much that requires reading, that we pass over that which is not necessary; still take good care of the papers, we will look them over at our own convenience, and in the mean time, will trust altogether in your prudence and discernment."

The doctor, who well knew that the emperor would never again inquire for these papers, in the whole course of his life, made a very low bow, pocketed them, and said, " What are your majesty's commands with regard to this youth?"

" He may remain!—he may remain at Prague —he shall be in our service," answered Rudolph, in broken sentences.

" It will be an extremely good fortune for the orphan," said Dee, with another bow; " but what will be the nature of his service?"

" Ah! there's the rub!" answered the emperor, biting his finger. " We are daily told of the diminution of our train of servants, and yet, daily they seem to increase; we shall at length be scarcely able to live in peace, with such a host of retainers, not to mention the soldiery; and yet, with all this, there is not a single place to be disposed of."

" It is in your power, my most gracious master, to create one, for him who is to be made

happy by your favour," remarked the doctor, softly.

"Who ventures to tell us this?" said the emperor, casting a haughty look upon the now silent doctor; "we well know how far the power extends, which the Lord has entrusted to us! and we do not require to be reminded of it. We have already determined to create a new post."

"I expected this from your wisdom, my most gracious master!" answered the doctor.

"This young man shall, from the present moment, be our anointed self's confidential attendant; that is, if he possess the necessary qualities for such a post, and if you, Doctor Dee, will be security for his fidelity and discretion."

"It is difficult," said Dee, "to answer for one I so little know; nevertheless, I will be security for this youth, without hesitation."

"You are the most honourable man we know," remarked the emperor; "your surety decides us; approach, my son; do you understand the use of the razor sufficiently to be able to shave us?"

"It is a surgeon's first practice," answered Archibald, recollecting himself.

"Good!" said the emperor; "the old servant, who till now has fulfilled this office about our

person, begins to fail in his eyesight, and his hands tremble to a degree, that we often fear our throat may be cut in all innocence; you may therefore henceforth execute this office, but previously, you will have to take a sacred oath in our chapel, upon a fragment of our Saviour's Holy Cross, never to attempt a crime against your emperor's sacred person."

"Even without such an oath, your majesty's person would be sacred!" replied Archibald.

"And further," pursued the emperor, "what learning does he possess, my dear doctor? Is he skilled in the knowledge of poisons, and the means of effectually counteracting those deadly drugs?"

"Perfectly so," assured the doctor. "I have tried him, and can recommend him with a safe conscience."

"Well then," said the emperor, in an almost solemn tone, "we appoint you, faithful Siebelstorfer, our privy taster, head barber, and private repository of those thoughts which occasionally come across us, upon matters of importance, and which we do not possess the necessary leisure to write down with our own hands. The learned Doctor Dee has stood surety for your fidelity in all these posts, and we depend upon it, as he is truth itself; and now,

kiss the hem of our imperial garment, and depart, to be early in our ante-chamber to-morrow morning. The steward of our household will point out to you your apartment; adieu, doctor."

The emperor stepped back almost to the wall, and made a gracious sign to the doctor that he might depart. The latter bowed, while Archibald kissed the lappet of his majesty's thread-bare coat, and then followed his conductor.

The ambitious youth, not understanding the nature of his appointment, walked for some time by the doctor's side in silence, and at length he gave vent to his indignation.

"Do not take it amiss, doctor," he said, his vexation showing itself both in his words and manner; "but permit me to say that you have not given me much pleasure by your exertions; a pleasant prospect it is, truly, to play the part of barber and taster to an ill-conditioned emperor; in truth, you might have saved yourself your money, time, and trouble, and spared me many lies, if they were to make nothing better of me."

"Nothing better! my clever friend," cried the doctor, in surprise; "I think that you must be mad; is not the post which I have procured you by my calculations, the best that

you could have? and will it not be a step to the highest power? The most potent princes, at whom distant regions tremble, are but tools in the hands of their crafty attendants. In the eyes of those in their confidence, the imperial mantle creates no more effect than their night gown, nor the glittering diadem than a common night cap; and, in short, the prince is to them, but as an ordinary person. He who is in a prince's confidence, knows how to make use of his weak points for his own purposes."

"You certainly place the affair in the most agreeable point of view," answered Archibald, brightening up; "and you may be right, but you will never make me believe that you have taken so much trouble for my good alone? You will allow that I am, in fact, but a tool in your hands, and that, having first served your purposes, I am then to think of doing something for myself; still, I cannot imagine what service I can render you, by shaving the emperor, or by tasting his food. It can only be, that you may take it into your head to order me to cut his throat, as well as his beard, or to flavour his food with orpiment, neither of which, I swear by all that is holy, shall ever be done by me."

"Short-sighted fellow!" said the doctor, smiling, "do you think that I should have wasted so much care upon you, had my object been to make a common murderer of you at last? and have educated you for a deed, for which any worthless fellow, who has nothing to lose, would willingly lend his hand, provided that he had it well filled with ducats? Shame on you, for having profited so little by the instructions of Hubert and myself! Had you not failed at Vorosdar, you would have approached the emperor under another disguise, and thus have afforded me more useful service; but how could I again attempt to carry into execution a plan in which you had already failed? Be contented therefore with your lot, and give me a daily report of what is going forward about the emperor's person; of what he does, and what he says; you will then have done what is required of you, and leave the rest to me."

With these words, the doctor turned his back upon Archibald, and ascended the staircase which led to his apartment. The youth stared after him in amazement, then turned on his heel, whistling, pushed back his cap, smoothed his collar, and muttered to himself, as he moved towards the castle.

"I understand it all. I am to be praised, as long as I blindly follow the path along which my master chooses to lead me, and as long as he can make a cat's paw of me; but as soon as I choose to take my own view of things, and permit myself to give utterance to what passes in my mind, he will take another line, and I shall be turned adrift. Bravo! Archibald, you have advanced in your fortune! By means of lies and artifices of every kind, by toil and trouble, you have worked your way to the office of a spy! An honourable post, and which is much more likely to bring you to the pillory, or gallows, than to honours, or a peaceful grave. A spy over the sacred person of the emperor, appointed by quacks, astrologers, alchemists, and Heaven knows who besides; not one of whom but screens himself behind the cloak of my master, the doctor; it is a worthy office, which, if I follow Dee's advice, I shall worthily perform. Shall I undertake it? Well, time must decide; but of one thing he may be sure, that in my care for his welfare, I shall not forget myself. I fancy that I can hear the storm brewing in the distance, and I will therefore carry straw after straw to my nest, that I may not be unprepared when it does come."

As Archibald thus mused with himself, he found himself close to Erlwein's lodgings, without knowing how; he was prompted to see what his friend was about, but, by good luck, he first looked round to see who was so hastily coming after him; it was the light-haired Eschenreuter, running down the street.

To avoid meeting him, he turned down a bye street; and when Eschenreuter rang the bell at Erlwein's door, Archibald congratulated himself at having escaped a disagreeable meeting.

As he was proceeding, with the intention of passing the time by a walk outside the town, he met a little man, with short white hair, and a large red face, whom he instantly recollected to have seen at the table of the master of the horse, and to have been introduced to as the court tailor. David Gitz, for this was his name, was dressed in the most gaudy colours, and he wore a pointed hat, made as much as possible to represent a pyramid, with a miserable feather stuck in it.

"Where were you going, my dear sir?" inquired the tailor, in the hopes of having found a person disposed to listen to him.

"To take a walk," answered Archibald.

"We have the same intention then," said

Gitz, "and I will accompany you, if you have no objection;" and, without waiting for an answer, he seized Archibald's arm, and drew him forward.

"I am in luck," he said; "Prince Matthew has just ordered a riding jerkin, and Hungarian pantaloons; Prince Charles, a silken state dress; and Prince Julius, a Spanish dress. Are not these orders, my young noble? For a year and a day such grist has not come to my mill! I have been looking about for a good workman, and cannot meet with one that will suit me; however, to-morrow will do just as well, and, as I happen to have on my best clothes, I will take the opportunity of enjoying this beautiful afternoon, and take a walk; nothing in the world could have caused me so much pleasure, as the good luck of having met with your society."

The person to whom he paid this compliment, was, on his side, but little pleased at the court tailor's society, and for the first time felt the unpleasant sensation, which a person, who thinks himself of consequence, experiences, if a low and vulgar looking man assumes an intimacy with him in public.

David's absurd dress, shrill voice, and droll gait, attracted the notice and ridicule of all

whom they met; of this he did not appear to be aware, and seemed not a little proud of recreating himself in the society of a young noble.

The latter cursed him from the very bottom of his heart, but could not at the moment think of any means of escaping from his burthensome companion, and comforted himself with the hope that they would soon get out of the town, and that then he would be, at all events, alone with the buffoon.

But the town appeared to be endless, for the tailor, proud of his companion, had taken advantage of his ignorance of the streets, to draw him back into the heart of the town.

In their long walk, he tormented his companion with the most insignificant news, and rumours of the day—with occurrences that had happened in every house of decent appearance that they passed; and Archibald had just made up his mind to throw himself into the most crowded part of the street, and at all events shake off his pitiless persecutor, when his attention was at length drawn to his chattering, by hearing him name the Margravine of Burgau.

"What of the margravine?" he hastily asked.

"Fortunately it was not of consequence," answered David; "the carriage was much damaged, but no one was hurt. The margravine, however, considering it a bad omen, determined upon returning, and has put off her journey."

"Good God!" cried Archibald, much excited; "has she met with an accident? was she overturned?"

"Why," continued David, "I have been telling you of it for the last half hour."

"Was no one hurt?" asked Archibald, with the utmost anxiety; "are you sure that they are all safe?"

"I can answer for not a soul being hurt," replied the tailor; "I myself saw the whole party enter the town, safe and sound."

"Are you quite certain?" repeated Archibald, still more pressingly.

This put David out of temper. "My good sir," he cried, "if you will not believe me, and that it is of such consequence to you to know all about it, you may ask the margravine herself, for what I care; this is her palace, and she is at this very moment looking out of that window."

Archibald started, looked round, and instantly recognised the building.

Its mistress was standing at a large open window, and by her side, the queen of his affections.

He instantly turned away, and blessed, with all his heart, the crowd of workmen just then leaving their employment, who he hoped had prevented the noble ladies from recognising him in his student's dress.

He instantly determined to carry his previous resolution into effect, and starting away from the tailor, rushed through the very thick of the crowd.

"Where are you going? what is the matter with you?" cried David.

"My nose is bleeding," answered Archibald, increasing his speed, and thus making his escape.

"I really thought that it must be he," said the Countess of Florenges aloud, as she stood at the window, and she started at finding that she had given utterance to her thoughts; but the margravine, who was near her, started still more than she did, and cried—

"Who? Dearest Isabella, tell me, whom do you mean? Is it that frightful being—has he followed me even here?"

"No, no," said her friend, soothingly; "what can have made you suppose so, my dear cousin;

why the fright has made you quite pale; you are trembling; sit down—will you take some wine, or any other restorative?"

Sibylle made a sign of refusal, passed her handkerchief several times over her face, and attempted to smile.

"Thank you for your tender attention, my dear Florenges," she faintly said, as she leaned her head upon her shoulder, "but I feel better. You cannot be surprised at my being startled; I have not yet recovered from the shock which I received from that dreadful stranger, who was the cause of our accident yesterday. More than thirty hours have passed since that adventure, and still it is as vividly before my eyes, as at the moment it happened. But who did you see?' she continued.

"It was a silly thought," answered Isabella, blushing; "it was a groundless fancy. In a word, it was an optical delusion. I was looking at the crowd that was passing, and I suddenly fancied—but it is laughable—and I cannot myself understand how it came into my head—that the young Von Buhl (whom you may recollect) was passing in the crowd before our door."

"Von Buhl!" exclaimed the margravine, starting up, "really? but why was the supposition

laughable, and why do you not understand how it came into your head? Did he not say that he would soon be at Prague?"

"I recollect that he did say so," answered the countess; "but though I can answer for the likeness, the dress shewed that I must have been mistaken; the young noble, Von Buhl, wears a noble's dress, and not the loose robe of a student, such as his likeness had on."

"It would be a pity," cried the margravine, eagerly, "had nature placed him in the garb of a mechanic, or of a scholar; his manners, his figure, and the tones of his voice, bespeak the noble, and in him the order would have lost an ornament."

Isabella listened to these words with alarm, for full as she was of her recollections of him who was thus panegyrised, and longing as she did to see him again, she was shocked at imagining that the margravine entertained similar feelings towards him.

She was not long left in doubt on the subject, for the latter continued, "You look at me with astonishment, my beloved friend; my words excite your curiosity as well as wonder. I am not surprised at it, and must now entrust to your friendly bosom, that this youth has made

an impression upon my heart, such as it never felt for man before; that I experience the bliss of a passion, of which I was ignorant till the day when we saw that youth, and were assisted by him. A new existence opens to me. Oh! had I but met him at Dusseldorf, instead of when I did, Jacobea had not died; she would never have been given over to the executioner, and I should not now have been the prey to a tormenting conscience."

"You thought that you were doing your duty," answered the countess, in a tone of indifference, for the margravine's confession had rather put her out of humour."

"I thought so then," continued the margravine; "but I now see that the bad feelings of my nature alone prevailed on me to allow the states of the principality to proceed to such an extremity. It is said, that in the land of the Egyptians, upon a vast and barren plain, there may be seen a gigantic head, the likeness of some king, which, though exhibiting from afar a dark and gloomy expression, yet, when beamed upon by the first rays of the sun, sends forth tones of joyful harmony, enlivening the desolate waste. To this bust do I compare myself; the sight of that youth was the ray that touched within me

the chord of love, and gave a tone of gladness to all around me. Had I but seen him a few moments sooner, Jacobea would not have been either accused or condemned. How could I have cast the first stone at her, for having sought on the bosom of a friend, of a lover, some compensation for her domestic sorrows, sacrificed as she was, by state policy, to the person of an idiot husband? It would have been impossible—Isabella, I could not have done it. Do I not share her wretched destiny? bound as I am by the fetters of matrimony to a husband whom I cannot love, and to whom I have no chance of becoming attached by the power of habit; since his warlike propensities, deadening him to every softer feeling, urge him to quench his fury, and the brutality of his nature, at a distance from his home and people, in the blood of the infidels; meanwhile, his deserted wife may weep away her days in the solitude of her chamber, cursing the hour when she consented to submit to so heavy a yoke; and even should a tempting fate bring to her side the friend upon whom her thoughts have never ceased to dwell, no alternative is left to her but relentlessly to debar herself from this happiness. Her fetters must be worn to the grave, and

death alone can put an end to her misery—the law has indissolubly bound her to the object of her hatred."

"I think that there might be another alternative," remarked Isabella, with a satirical smile; "the unhappy person whom you have been describing, might indulge in a passion which she could not check, and under the veil of mystery, find means of satisfying those desires which you appear to think so pardonable. This was Jacobea's crime; it is possible that her not having had the art of carrying on her amour with sufficient mystery, may have rendered the fault of a deeper dye, and heavy indeed was her punishment; still we may hope that her example will produce one good effect—it will be a lesson to the person at whose instigation she was condemned, to use more secrecy in her amours."

These words, prompted by jealousy, had hardly escaped her lips, when she repented having uttered them; but it was too late, the bolt had been launched, and the margravine, scarlet with mingled rage and confusion, arose from her chair, while her expressive eyes appeared as if they would have annihilated the culprit.

"What did you say?" she asked, in a low tone; "is it possible that I can have heard

correctly? Can a friend, a relation, have indeed forgotten herself so far? Countess of Florenges," she continued, in a louder and a threatening tone, "remember this hour; take no credit to yourself for your spotless virtue, which may perhaps only be ascribed to your having been brought up in the convent at Lettich, and to the seclusion to which your husband's jealousy condemned you. And boast not of having remained during the short period that you have been a widow without any attachment. You still wear mourning for your husband, while I do so for my sister-in-law, and the duties of the widow mourning for her husband, are not less sacred than those of the wife. Above all, do not imagine that you have found a second Jacobea in my person; presume not upon a relationship which gives you no right to insult your mistress, and abuse not a friendship which ought to command the gratitude of the poor dependant. We know our duties, and what we have to do to fulfil them to their utmost extent; we know also the answer which the servant deserves, who presumes to remind us of them."

With these words she haughtily strode by the countess, and retired to her apartment.

CHAPTER IX.

" Nothing within the world can be
Compared to sage economy;
Of poor and rich—of great and small,
There works, like me, not one at all;
I bear a burthen great and sore,
Where bears or toils another more?"

WYSS.

THE eighth hour of the morning had struck before the emperor rang his bell, and desired his valet to summon Archibald, who had been in waiting since five. The new attendant was ushered into an apartment loaded with gilding, of which the magnificence was rendered still more striking by its extreme disorder.

The emperor, with pallet and brushes in hand, was seated in the great bay window, with a painting before him, at which he was hard at work; he was in his shirt-sleeves, and apparently had on the clothes he wore the day before.

Archibald asked his commands.

" Well done, my son," said the monarch; " you have paid more attention to my very first

mandate, than does many a prince of the empire. We desired your attendance at an early hour, and here you are; but on our side, you find us hard at our work. Early hours and industry are of more value than gold, and I permit nobody to be idle."

Archibald thought of the ante-chambers through which he had passed, full of sleeping servants and lazy guards, and smiled.

The emperor noticed it, and inquired the reason of his laughing.

Archibald tried in vain to evade answering, but as the emperor for once was firm to his purpose, he was at length forced to confess what he meant.

Rudolph, far from being angry, shook his head, and laughed.

"You do not understand these things, my son," he said; "in the first place, you are an unpolished Bavarian; and in the second place, you come from the college at Padua, where the customs and manners of a court are not to be learned. You talked of their being lazy and sleepy—heaven forbid! It is the duty of the imperial servants, and they are not idle who perform their duty. Each individual, from the emperor, that is myself, down to the beggar in the court below, has only to perform his duty.

Can you rub colours?" he said, after a short pause, which he had employed in painting most assiduously.

Archibald answered that he could not, but expressed his willingness to try.

"Good!" answered the emperor, "that pleases me; a young man ought to be able to set his hand to any thing. Go to that stone in the corner there, and rub me some ultra marine; but mind how you do it." He showed him how the work was to be performed, and then returned to his easel, while Archibald pursued his unwonted occupation with no small disgust.

"To return to Padua," resumed the emperor; "tell us about the college. In our time it was in a very flourishing condition, although the conduct of the students occasionally caused great outcry, and gave much offence. The 'Qui-va-lis' especially distinguished themselves, for they allowed no citizen to pass the streets at night without sending a ball after him, or at least without attacking him with clubs and rapiers—a wicked practice—which has brought into very bad odour a city that bears the surname of "La Dotta;" and is so fortunate as to be the burial place of St. Anthony; a practice which the lordly Venetians only wink at, for the purpose of keeping the restless Paduese from nocturnal

conspiracies, although they themselves did not obtain possession of that city in the most honourable manner. Tell us how it happened? for we do not at this instant exactly remember the story."

Archibald, who had great difficulty in concealing his ignorance and embarrassment at this unexpected examination, from the too well informed emperor, was obliged to confess that he did not remember the story.

"Ay? ay?" said the emperor, shaking his head, without looking round at the embarrassed youth. "A young man ought not to forget things so readily. We must have you instructed. When was the college of Padua founded, and by whom was it founded?"

The most dreadful alarm seized Archibald on hearing these questions, for which he was not in the least prepared, and a confession of the truth was on the point of escaping his lips, when the emperor continued, still without looking round, and painting most diligently: "What! no answer, young man? Oh, what a shame! What, have you studied at Padua and do not know that the Alma Mater was founded in the year 1221, by the sainted Emperor Frederic, the second of the house of Hohenstaufen? This is wrong—this is not right, and if the learned Doctor

Dee had not gone security for your learning, I could not but think you had very little of it; but come, stand before me, and let me hear with my own ears what you are made of."

The emperor ceased from his occupation, crossed his arms, and leaned back in his chair, with the manner of an examining professor; but Archibald was once more in his element, and answered all the questions which the emperor most adroitly put to him, so satisfactorily, that the clouds which had been gathering round his brow dispersed, and a smile of good-will played about his countenance.

After a long examination, he gave an approving nod, and said, in a kind tone, "Very good, sir, we cannot help praising you as much as we before blamed you; you are thoroughly grounded in your science, and have it, as it is vulgarly called, 'at your finger's end.' Only you are not very well grounded '*in historicis*,' but we account for this by your '*medicinæ studiosi*' only caring about your medicine chests and razors, and letting every thing else take its chance; especially you of Padua, who are so careless about Christianity, and even decency, that you are not ashamed to bestow professorships upon Jews and Turks. However, it shall be

our care to see that you are better instructed; for the present, let us return to our work, which has been too long interrupted."

He again seized his brushes. Archibald resumed his detested grinding stone, and there was a deep silence, which was broken by the entrance of a servant, who announced his eminence the Cardinal Dietrichstein.

The emperor, annoyed at being disturbed, rubbed his head. "What brings the cardinal?" he asked, angrily.

The servant stammered out confusedly, that the cardinal came upon affairs of the council and state, and cautiously withdrew towards the door.

The emperor jumped up, and in a passion, which not a little surprised the novice in his service, seized a silver vase of beautiful workmanship, which was near him, and threw it with all his might at the trembling servant.

"Confound the cardinal, council, and state!" he said, while his eyes flashed with rage; "we cannot interrupt our business."

The servant flew out of the door; Rudolph muttered a few curses after him, and then again began painting. Unfortunately the commencement of the previous scene was renewed, for another servant had courage enough to be the

bearer of the cardinal's request for an audience, with the addition, that his business was of the utmost importance.

The emperor listened to him with a face red as fire, and twisting about in his chair. "Well then! in the devil's——in God's name," he answered, correcting himself, "since he makes such a fuss about it, let him come in; but we must first dress."

The servant officiously attempted to assist him, but the emperor, quick as thought, had thrown on his cinnamon-coloured doublet without any aid. He then drew up his stockings, and put on the thick shoes that were brought to him, and turning to Archibald, who was looking on with surprise, "Retire to that chamber" he said, still trembling from the effects of the passion of the previous moment, "for it is not fitting that a servant should be present at the audience which the cardinal requests of us, but leave the door open." He then made a sign to the listening attendant, showing him the door, and desiring him to admit the cardinal, and continued to Archibald, "You have been desired to leave the door open, that, unobserved, you may hear every thing, and be enabled to note down all that the cardinal says. We will afterwards take an opportunity of looking over this protocol."

The emperor pushed the surprised secretary towards the cabinet; he had hardly time to establish himself there, when the cardinal entered the imperial presence.

Without waiting for his salutations, Rudolph gave vent to his displeasure in an offended tone of voice; however, it appeared as if his natural good-nature gradually got the better of his ill-humour, at each word that he uttered, for he concluded with a remark which merely expressed a friendly reproach.

"There, cardinal, look at your likeness, which we have attempted with our own hands; it would have been nearly finished, this very day, had you not been malicious enough to interrupt our labours."

"I am certainly," began the cardinal, "infinitely obliged to your imperial majesty for the favourable feeling towards me, which such an undertaking expresses; but the weal of the crown, and the good of the state, ought to be preferred to the fine arts, even though they should be exercised by the emperor himself."

"Not so many words, my dear cardinal," interrupted Rudolph; "let me hear what you have got to say, for you see that our time is precious."

"This is indeed the case, my most gracious

lord and master," sighed forth Dietrichstein; "I have remarked, that ever since I have entered upon the office with which your majesty has favoured my unworthy self; in short, ever since I have presided over the council, all the affairs of the state creep forward as if years were only moments, and as if human life still extended to the age of Methusaleh. To be brief, no prince is in so straitened a position as you are; and no country in the world is in so impoverished a condition as the one over which you rule."

"And pray who is in fault for all this?" hastily exclaimed the emperor; "do we not give up our days and nights to the good of our country? Is it our fault that the ministers of state become daily more negligent, our army more disorganised, and our officers less efficient? Besides, we do not see that we are in such a bad situation as you make it out; is not our capital beautiful, and have we not improved it? Is not Bohemia blooming and happy? What would you have more?"

"The Austrians—the Hungarians—are your children also, my most gracious emperor," answered the worthy cardinal; "they also crave marks of your favour and justice."

"The Austrians have dealings with an unworthy member of our house," said the emperor,

with bitterness; "and as for the Hungarians—— Well! well! we will see about it."

"Decision is required," remarked the cardinal, with earnestness; "for your enemies, and the foes of your race, are raising cloud upon cloud in the political horizon. They act with the promptness of lightning, while we content ourselves with deliberating, and never act."

"How can we help it?" asked the emperor, sharply; "do we not do enough? Do we spare any exertion that may be necessary?"

"Still much is to be done," said the cardinal. "I here present to you, in the name of the council, two remonstrances, from the Austrian and Hungarian states. The first, demand freedom of conscience, which, though promised them, has been withheld; the second, confirmation of their rights, and the privilege of administering justice within their own boundaries."

"The Austrians are rebels," muttered Rudolph; "we shall not answer—we will chastise them. As for the Hungarians, as we before said, we will consider about them. What do you think the best course to be pursued with regard to them?"

"A journey through that kingdom would be the most certain manner of speedily gaining their hearts, my gracious master; it would arm

for you each Hungarian hand. Not one of your ancestors has failed to visit that lovely state, which would rejoice at your presence."

"A journey," cried the emperor, with visible alarm. "What are you thinking of, cardinal? Where is your eminence's well-known wisdom? But—you have no brother who conspires against your life, as Matthew conspires against our's; thus it is that you venture to propose to us a project the most dangerous, not however that you will persuade us to carry it into effect. Our people are happy and free; and we, who are the origin of this their happiness, are forced to remain shut up in the palace, like a captive, in order to preserve an unnatural brother from the commission of a crime."

"Unfortunate delusion!" cried Dietrichstein, clasping his hands, "that can thus estrange two noble hearts, that were formed to love each other. Oh, my imperial master, could you but lay it aside—would you but venture to live a free and a happy man! and no longer remain in your painful seclusion. A good monarch requires no guard—his people's love is his shield. In plain attire he may mix with his subjects, and fearlessly repose in any dwelling, or eat at any table; he would be watched over by the guardian angel of the good. Your people——"

"Was not that perfection of all that is good, our Redeemer, sold for thirty pieces of silver?" cried Rudolph, hastily; "but let us change the subject, you disturb our good humour; put those rebellious papers upon that table, and let us have your opinion of our work. What do you think of your picture? Can we not catch a likeness?—Is it not so?—You are surprised? And now you are smiling! What is passing in your mind?"

"I smile," said the cardinal, "because it struck me, that the likeness of your servant pleased you, my gracious sovereign, better than his service; for you almost forbid me to mention to you my further business."

"Well, then, let me hear what you have to say," answered Rudolph, sulkily, as he paced the room with measured steps.

"Your majesty calls your kingdom free and happy," commenced the cardinal; "and it was but yesterday that your majesty's council of state heard the contrary."

"How so?" cried the emperor, the veins of his forehead swelling as he spoke.

"A document has been laid before us," said the cardinal, "stating that the Lord Marshal of the Moravian states had been summoned by Prince Bernhard, his nephew, to aid in forcing

his sister Ludmille into a marriage with Ulrich Von Kaunitz, whom the princess detests, though her brother has promised her to him. The marshal, to the disgrace of his name, granted this unheard-of request, and the unfortunate lady has suffered persecutions of every kind from her savage uncle and his partisans, from the time of her arrival at Olmutz, where she has been residing with her mother. The castle of that princess, Vorosdar, as it was called, was burnt down, and the prince perished in the fire. Her mother has dispatched an emissary to your majesty's council of state, craving protection against such tyranny; but we cannot carry any measure into execution without your majesty's express command."

"Aye," cried the emperor, peevishly, "now we have it; whenever any thing goes wrong, if brother and sister fall out, or kinsmen and connections try to render life burthensome to each other, to whom do they cry, but to his imperial majesty? In ordinary times, people seem not to think of us! But as soon as ever there is a quarrel, we are expected to rush into the midst, like a constable with his staff, and force the parties asunder, just as if we had nothing better to do, and as if we were not sufficiently the

drudge of the holy Roman empire, without this extra business! But what is to be done? I am sure I do not know! Has not the princess a father?"

"He lost his life at the burning of the castle of Vorosdar," answered Dietrichstein.

"That was dreadful," answered Rudolph, placing his finger on his mouth; "burnt to death, did you say? Oh, how dreadful! Ay! there you have it, there you see the consequences of family quarrels—murders, incendiarism, and homicide—for nothing in the world would we mix ourselves up in these matters! They may settle it among them! We are sorry for it, but the end of it would be, we should have the whole family upon our shoulders; and we have no wish for this."

"Similar abuses might be prevented for the future," remarked the cardinal, "if a new law were framed, which ——."

"For the love of the Holy Ghost," cried the emperor, stopping his ears, "spare us such a proposal!—new laws? for what purpose? Are you not already swimming in a deluge of old ones? Have you not the provincial code—the Emperor Justinian's Roman law—the criminal code of our great uncle, of sacred memory, the

Emperor Charles V.? What can you want more? First get the old laws to be obeyed, and return, in a hundred years hence, to require new ones."

"Unfortunately the law is despised," said Dietrichstein, shaking his head; "the criminal laws have not the power of checking outrages; it was but the day before yesterday, that upon the high road to Pilsen, to which place the Margravine of Burgau was travelling, a man in disguise seized her horses' reins, loaded the princess with abuse, called her a murderess, a criminal polluted with blood, and then rushed towards her carriage with a drawn weapon. But the horses had taken fright, and overturned the carriage in a ditch. In the confusion which arose among her suite, who came galloping up, the author of this outrage contrived to escape, and the princess returned to Prague. Thus crimes are perpetrated, even close to the capital. It would seem as though the arm of the law were paralysed; every thing will be attempted, if such outrages pass unpunished.

"It may be so," answered the emperor; "but how are we in fault? who is to blame? I suppose you do not require me to scour the highways and bye-ways, with the provost marshal and his assistants as my suite, to secure culprits?

We are sorry for the margravine, but again, what is to be done?"

"The margravine," remarked the cardinal, "was the more struck by this adventure, and felt the abuse the more, as the unfortunate end of her sister-in-law, the Duchess of Cleves, was fresh in her memory. She was Jacobea's judge, the states were her executioner, and your majesty must have had weighty reasons to give your assent to this sentence of death, as the states boast and spread about every where that you did."

"They tell a lie, your wise eminence," answered the emperor, calmly; "they had sent us the sentence to receive our assent; the matter did not interest us much, but we determined not to decide too hastily, and while we were thinking the matter carefully over, they carried the execution into effect, at Dusseldorf. What was then to be done? Poor Jacobea was already dead, so we let the matter rest, and we are, even at the present moment, delighted not to have given our decision upon so ticklish an affair. Had we assented to the sentence, the whole world would have raised an outcry against us; had we withheld our assent, what would have been the consequence? What would our refusal have availed us? We are a Roman emperor,

and well know the habits of our German states; whether we command, or whether we threaten, 'tis all the same, the end is, that they do exactly as they choose."

"I cannot deny the truth of your majesty's last remark," answered Dietrichstein; "and the crown of Charles the Great is indeed a heavy burthen. But in such ominous times, and when the horizon is so visibly clouded with approaching storms, it is of the highest importance, my gracious emperor, that you should secure the future prosperity of a country, the government of which you have inherited. Fear not leaving, at your death, which may God for many long years avert, the German empire to the care of him whom the princes of the empire may consider worthy of being your successor; but bequeath not those blooming lands of your inheritance to the decision of the sword, and to the perilous chances of civil war. Arm not brother against brother, Hapsburgh against Hapsburgh, lend an ear to the renewed entreaties of your most faithful servants, of your devoted councillors. Marry, most gracious prince, and either let the land of your inheritance descend to a son of your own, or fix your successor among the princes of your house, in a manner that shall leave no room for contention, and thus

give a pledge of future peace and happiness to your distracted country. You frown, gracious emperor, but master your displeasure. I am aware that my speech has touched a tender chord, but I owed it to your welfare, to our apprehensions, and to the peace of the country, again to repeat what cannot be too often urged. You must no longer conceal from yourself that it is now high time, nay, almost too late, to be at the same time firm and conceding. It has got abroad that ill-disposed councillors have moved you to deprive the Archduke Matthew of the inheritance, and to leave it to the Archduke Ferdinand, of the Styrian line, in opposition to all the laws of succession. This report, which has been propagated like a plague by means of false friends, has reached the ears of your brother Matthew. The evil intention has succeeded; enraged to the uttermost, he has forwarded, from the Hungarian camp, a protest to the council of state. Its contents have only to be known, to bring about a most frightful rebellion. The duke warns and threatens, and although his tone is even personally insulting to your majesty, I have considered it necessary to lay it before you."

"Throw it into the fire!" cried the emperor, in a rage; "let that traitorous call to rebellion

be consumed. Why should we turn all our blood into gall? Do we not already know the style of Prince Matthew, the insolence of that scourge, which God in his anger has inflicted upon us? He will never rest till he has destroyed us. Why did he not remain in Flanders? when his pride, and thirst for empire, caused him to quit Austria like a fugitive, to pledge himself at Brussels to an humiliating treaty, that he might be called stadtholder of the seditious Netherlands, but to be, in reality, only vicegerent to the rebellious house of Orange. Even at that time he was our enemy, and that of our race; at that time he opposed Hapsburgh to Hapsburgh. At length the Netherlands, of their own accord, forced the faithless prince to return to his own country; thus saddling us with the presence of one whose dagger we must avoid, as we would that of an outlawed murderer. Repeat not, that we are under an illusion; by so saying, you mock our discernment. Matthew's actions require no commentary, and the stars do not lie; both join in condemning him; not a word more about him, we no longer know him."

"Then all is indeed over!" answered the cardinal, with a sigh. "The die, my most gracious lord and emperor, is cast! The stone is set rolling, without the power of stopping its

progress; you have applied the brand, without the means of extinguishing the conflagration. Human wisdom cannot fathom your majesty's measures, they must be judged of by your own conscience."

"How you go on, my good Dietrichstein," said Rudolph, with perfect calmness; "you see every thing in such gloomy colours, when in reality no danger exists. Matthew is not the only prop of our house; we will marry, and thus look forward to another successor, instead of our brother."

"Could I but think this," cried the cardinal, agreeably surprised. "What hopes, my gracious majesty, should we not have, if you would but abandon your dislike to the married state."

"Do you suppose, then, that we have a dislike to it?" asked Rudolph, in surprise. "By no means! we feel no disinclination towards love; indeed we have already given proofs to the contrary. Nor have we any to the married state, if the weal of our country renders such a sacrifice absolutely necessary. Do we not already devote our days and nights to our people? You know, that for some years we have been betrothed to the Princess of Medicis. We wished to await the time when all our natural sons and daughters should be provided for; still, if it be

necessary, we *will* make up our minds, and our minister at that court shall receive orders to urge matters forward."

"I fear that this resolution comes too late," answered Dietrichstein; "for we hear that the princess is shortly to enter into an alliance with King Henry of France."

"What?" cried the emperor; "that cannot be true!"

"I will pledge my head for the truth of the report," answered Dietrichstein, coldly and firmly; "an ambassador from France is on the way to announce it to your majesty."

The emperor now fell into the most violent rage, stormed up and down the apartment, threw down books, clocks, and pictures, and, in short, appeared to have suddenly gone mad; but the cardinal stood like a rock in the storm, and, when at length there was a slight pause, he replied, to a most violent oath of the emperor—"You now see, my most gracious master, the consequences of delay; your indignation betrays how deeply you feel it; you cannot blame the princess, she must have considered herself forgotten and insulted! With regard to King Henry, I again warn you against this enemy of the Hapsburgh dynasty, who may wish to deprive you of more than of your bride. I

have now concluded the object of my audience, am I dismissed?"

"You are!" cried the emperor; "and be assured that it is but rarely that a man has, in one morning, caused us so much bile; you take with you a year of our life."

"My gracious master," said the cardinal, in a pathetic tone, "do I deserve this reproach? Am I not Dietrichstein? Are you not certain that I would give up my whole life to ensure you one happy hour?"

There was a long pause. At length the emperor, softened and affected, approached his faithful servant, and tapping him on the shoulder, "Yes," he said, with emotion, "you are right—you are indeed our good Francis, our faithful Francis—you have given us pain, but you meant it well; besides, we must allow much to your cloth and to your youth. We have a great regard for you; does this satisfy you?"

The cardinal, with feelings of gratitude, endeavoured to kiss his hand, but Rudolph prevented him, and concluded with the formal sentence —

"Adieu, Sir Cardinal, we will take all these matters into our consideration; for the present, God keep your eminence under his own safeguard!"

"What a noble being have those foreign jugglers spoiled us," sighed the cardinal, as he took his leave, whilst the emperor paced the apartment for some time, lost in thought.

Archibald had listened to the conversation with the utmost interest, and that part of it which had referred to Ludmille and the margravine particularly struck him; he now eagerly watched the emperor's proceedings, who, entirely taken up by his own reflections, appeared to have forgotten every thing else, sent forth sigh upon sigh, muttered unconnected words, bit his nails, and occasionally stamped with his feet; but the storm gradually dispersed. "Oh! had I but remained in Spain!" cried the monarch, in a low tone. "How has Germany deceived me; how burthensome is this crown to me, and how much time must I take from my occupations, to waste it upon the service of this empire; and besides all this, I am teazed to death."

He next attempted to replace the things which, in his rage, he had thrown about the floor; his loss of breath showed how laborious he found this occupation, and Archibald transgressed the bounds of court etiquette, by quitting his place of concealment to assist the emperor, without the latter having called him.

Rudolph started up on hearing him enter, and the suspicion of a murderous attack was visibly pourtrayed upon his countenance, but he soon recollected that Archibald had concealed himself by his orders, and condescendingly made him a sign to approach.

"Help us to clear away. Have you heard and noted down every thing? Allow that reigning is not so easy a task, and thank heaven that you were not born an emperor."

In the mean time, every thing had been replaced in its previous order, and some strong soup was served up to the emperor.

Archibald had now, for the first time, to enter upon his office of taster, and could find nothing suspicious in the excellent preparation.

"I believe so, indeed!" cried the emperor, and laughed till he was forced to hold his sides; "since we began to reign, we never felt so certain as we do to-day of not taking poison. You have dipped far too deep in the dish for us to fear any thing; you are the very best taster that we could have chosen. You may now go and inform the master of the horse that we do not think of riding to-day; but be not absent at the hour of our repast, and be prepared with your very finest sense of smelling and tasting."

With these words the emperor permitted him

to depart, and, throwing off his coat, made himself at his ease, and sat down to his soup as peaceably, and with as much appetite as if, during the whole morning, nothing had occurred to annoy him.

Upon Archibald's going to the doctor, to give an account of his entrance upon the duties of his office, he fell in with the hideous Hagar, who, with tears in her eyes, was standing at the hearth, making use of the skimmer.

"What's the matter, child?" he inquired, in a tone of interest; "what are you crying about?"

A deeper sob was her only answer.

"But do speak," he continued; "were it in my power to assist you ——"

"You are only laughing at a poor servant," interrupted Hagar; "were I a beauty, and of a less lowly station, I might trust to your kind looks and words; but I am only the plain servant maid, Hagar, and do not dare trust your smooth speeches, even were it possible that you could assist me."

"Oh! you distrustful girl," cried Archibald, half in joke, half in earnest; "shall I attest my sincerity, by swearing by Zisca's club, or by our lady of Czenstochan?"

"You would only laugh at me, if I told

you what was the matter," answered Hagar, in a more confidential tone.

"What, laugh at you, my good girl?" cried Archibald; "what can you be thinking about? How can you imagine that I should ever forget your kindness to me on the evening of my arrival, and the care that you took of my health? Speak to me without reserve! you do me an injustice, if you know that I could be of service to you, and conceal from me how?"

Hagar looked at him a few moments, with a searching glance, sighed, and, playing with the copper cross which was suspended by a black ribbon from her neck, said, with a blush which rendered her features less unpleasing: "You appear of a kind nature, my dear young gentleman, so I will venture to tell you what not only vexes me dreadfully, but also vexes another, whom I would not wish to be annoyed for the whole world."

She turned aside a little, that she might not catch Archibald's smile, and then said, "The case is this—the porter at the gate of the imperial stables, the good Hans Dywoky, and myself, have a regard for each other, and would wish to be married; he, because he is tired of keeping house by himself, and I, because

a second wooer may not so soon present himself to the uncomely Hagar, and because Hans is a good creature; but the ill-natured chamberlain will not allow it, and refuses the good Dywoky his consent; he is either to marry me and lose his place, or keep his place and lose me; now neither of these alternatives suit him, although he has assured me a hundred times over, that he infinitely prefers me to the emperor's service. I am but a poor girl; my mother is indigent, my father is afar off, and Dywoky is very poor too: he has only his place — it would support us both admirably, and at the same time leave a little something for my mother. But the hard-hearted chamberlain will not hear of it. Three times has he refused to comply with Dywoky's request; and now threatens him with the bastinado, if he should again venture to teaze him. There is therefore nothing now left for us, but to prefer a petition to his majesty in person. Willingly would I throw myself at his gracious majesty's feet, but no human being is ever allowed to approach him, except men of science; and thus I do not know what we are to do."

"Foolish girl!" cried Archibald, laughing; "do you not know that he is sure to be

cardinal, who has the pope for his cousin. Your master, the doctor, has only to say a word, and the thing is done."

"That is exactly what makes me wretched," answered Hagar, more disconsolately than ever; "he could do so, but he will not; the affair is of too little importance for him to attend to it; and as he detests the marriage state like death, all my entreaties were in vain, and I had lost all hopes; but since I have seen you, it appears as if a lucky star had arisen for me; it so happens, that but yesterday the doctor told me that the emperor had taken you into his most confidential service, and the interest that you take in me, encourages me to believe that you could assist us, if you would say a favourable word for us to his majesty, at a propitious moment."

"It shall be done," cried Archibald; "the emperor has a good heart, and if I but watch for a favourable opportunity to make the petition, I can almost venture to promise you beforehand, the completion of your wishes."

Hagar's face beamed with renewed hopes. "May Heaven bless you, and guard you in all your ways!" she cried, as if inspired; "and if we poor people should ever have it in our power to render you a service ——"

"Who knows!" said the youth, laughing; "the weakest sometimes can do a service to the strongest, the mouse relieved the lion from the toils —— This you cannot understand. I will speak more clearly; you, my good Hagar, you, must reward me for my assistance."

"Oh tell me," she cried, in a tone of the utmost joy; "how can I ——"

"Think a moment," he said, maliciously; "you are only a poor servant, and I a noble; your Dywoky is but a poor devil. Are you aware of what I have a right to demand, for my consent to your marriage?"

Poor Hagar stood in confusion, and blushing, with her eyes fixed on the ground.

The malicious Archibald enjoyed her confusion. "It is your love! Well, why don't you answer?" he continued, after a pause.

Hagar raised her eyes, dimmed with tears, at Archibald's unkindness, and then turned hastily, and much hurt, from her tormentor, who, as soon as he saw the pain that he had caused, repented, and endeavoured to make up for it, by springing after her, into an obscure part of the kitchen, and then attempting to comfort her.

"Cannot you take a joke, foolish girl?" he cried, laughing; "have a little more sense,

I had no intention of offending you. What are you making such a fuss about? Come, and let us talk it over!"

Hagar struggled, and Archibald, in fun, threw his arm round her waist, and was not a little surprised at the beauteous shape which he encircled. This discovery, which he had not expected, caused the youth to start; he stood motionless, and the sly Hagar, suspecting the reason, profited by it, to release herself from his arms.

Archibald stept back. "I had not imagined," he said, half in joke, half in earnest, "that Dywoky had made so good a choice! Forgive me, Hagar! I was laughing at you, but I will make up for it. I will as soon as possible speak about you to the emperor, and I doubt not that I shall succeed. Be of good cheer, timid maiden, and depend upon my promise!"

He then hastened away, and lost no time in acquainting the doctor with all that had occurred on his first entrance into office.

CHAPTER X.

"Hark! what peals from yonder tower?
Tempest's power!"

SCHILLER.

It was now quite dark, and the attendants had already kindled the splendid lamp suspended from the ceiling of the Margravine of Burgau's private sitting room, when a most agreeable visitor was announced. She desired that he should be admitted, and was hardly able to conceal her delight from the chamberlain of her household. On his entrance, she relieved him from all embarrassment, and acknowledged their previous acquaintance. "You are most welcome my young Lord of Buhl," she said, in a most friendly and condescending tone of voice; "you are most welcome to my house; I call this keeping your word, and I thank you for it."

The youth appeared confused, and at length stammered forth, "the Countess of Florenges ——"

"Yes, my young friend," answered the margravine, "I am aware of what you mean; I know what you promised the countess, for she related to me every thing; you now fulfil your promise, and having come to Prague, have sought me out in my hermitage, in order to give me an opportunity of showing you my gratitude. Use this house as your own, without too strictly observing the rules of court etiquette. In the small town where I made your acquaintance, propriety hardly permitted me to exchange a word with you; but here I am mistress, and am bound to entertain my guests, and to make my own house as agreeable to them as I can."

She made a sign to the delighted youth, to seat himself near her arm-chair, and by her lively conversation, and by the great attention she paid to the tale which he told her, soon caused him to feel as much at his ease as if he had been in the society of an intimate friend. He could hardly believe that it was the same person whom he had fancied so proud, and who had struck him with such awe; her manner was now so amiable, and her conversation so agreeable.

"So you intend to finish your studies here, and to perfect yourself in knightly exercises?" she said, in a tone of interest; "you are quite

right; Prague is the very place for this. The emperor, who does nothing for the remainder of his dominions, showers his benefits upon this city. It is to him like a favourite child, he spoils it, and lavishes upon it both affection and expense."

"Do you say this from experience, most noble lady?" asked Archibald, smiling.

The margravine cast her eyes to the ground with a melancholy air. "I have no children," she said, feelingly; then changing the conversation, "I am sorry, my Lord of Buhl, that you have already made your arrangements, or it would have given me pleasure to have lodged you in my chamberlain's house."

Archibald expressed his gratitude, and at the same time lamented that his occupations had only allowed him to pay his first visit in the evening.

The margravine smiled at his apologies, and said that they were not the least necessary.

"Calumny," she said, "expires at my threshhold," and she fixed her piercing glance upon him, as if to discover the effect she made on him; "no scandal will be created by your late visit, and I even invite you to choose this hour, if you should again be tempted to honour my poor house with your presence. It is not always so

deserted as it is to-day, for a numerous society generally assemble here, who endeavour to alleviate the gloom of my widowhood; this day is a rare exception." She paused for a moment, and continued, "Have you taken great care of my bracelet?"

"I have preserved it, as if it had been a precious relic," he answered; "it rests by the side of what I esteem most on earth—by my sword."

"Oh! what a mad, warlike youth," cried the margravine, in sportive reproach; "he can have no soul for softer emotions, the clash of weapons is to him the syren's song, and I must make all haste to separate my peaceful ornament from the weapon, which I have no doubt is destined for most murderous purposes."

"Are you angry with me then?" asked Archibald, in a tone of emotion; "for I vowed only to return you your remembrance in the event of your being offended with me."

"Perfidious man," answered Sybille, laughing. "I have no doubt that you would take the redemption money, and keep the pledge."

"There is nothing that has sufficient value to redeem this pledge," said Archibald, in his most insinuating tone; "the service that I rendered you, most noble lady, was much too

trifling for me to mention it; but were I forced to return this pledge of your favour, there is another reward that I would demand in return."

"What can you mean?" asked the margravine, her countenance sparkling at the idea of a request, which she hardly ventured to expect.

"It is a reward," said Archibald, "that would cost you but little, and yet would be above all value to me. Still I should like to receive your promise to grant it before I name it."

"What an odd request," said the margravine, blushing with an embarrassed air.

"Oh! grant it me, most noble lady," said Archibald; "it is but one little word that would crown my wishes, and at the same time be a satisfaction to your own heart."

"But one word?" asked Sybille, thoughtfully; "a single word? Well then—so shall it be—let us hear this word—It is ——"

"Pardon," answered Archibald with joyous emotion. "Pardon for her who has offended you."

"What do you mean?" asked Sybille, perplexed; "explain to me your meaning."

"Most gracious lady!" said Archibald, with feeling, "upon my entrance into the palace, chance conducted me to the presence of one in affliction, whose heart is torn by your displeasure.

Whilst the other inmates of your house are basking in the sun of your favour, one unhappy person weeps in her solitary chamber, awaiting in the deepest affliction the morrow, when, by your severe commands, banished from your presence, and crushed by your anger, she will have to return to her own country. I would crave pardon for the disgraced."

"I understand you," answered the margravine, with a bitter smile, who had expected a different explanation, and found herself disagreeably deceived. "The countess has chosen you for a confidant, and has melted you with an account of the unkindness with which I have treated her. Is not this the case? She has urged you to fight her battle with the harsh and vindictive margravine. She expects much from your persuasions, from your compassion; she has instigated your inexperienced, spirited, and youthful mind, to endeavour to force that forgiveness from my grateful heart, which had been refused to her entreaties. A capital plan, of which the success is sure; you have already received my word, and thus your ally has conquered."

"Take back your promise, lady," cried Archibald, with emotion; "it must not and shall not bind you, if you remain of the opinion that

there has been an unworthy connivance between the countess and myself, for the purpose of deluding you. No, most noble lady! you have been deceived. You are unjust to your friend's goodness of heart; that heart is faithful to you, even when you reject its affection. Far from making me the confidant of your unfortunate misunderstanding, the countess has merely told me that there was a disagreement between you which would have the effect of banishing her from this house. No request that I would undertake the office of mediator, and no complaint against yourself escaped her lips. She has not an idea of the indiscreet petition with which I have burthened your ears; be pleased, princess, to sift the truth of my statement, and restore to your disconsolate friend, the sunshine of your favour."

"In truth," said the margravine, rather ashamed, "I cannot imagine what power has been granted you, which is capable of influencing my heart, and of changing a resolution which I had considered unalterable. I feel compelled to comply with your request; it is not my promise —no—my feelings urge me to this. But I must try whether your story be correct. Go into that room, there wait patiently till I call you."

Archibald obeyed.

The margravine let fall the heavy curtain which closed the entrance to the room where he was to remain, and then rang the bell.

"The Countess of Florenges," she cried to the waiting woman who answered her summons, and then throwing herself into an arm-chair, and resting her head upon her hand, she thought over her manner of receiving the person who had so greatly offended her, and how she was to manage her forgiveness. She nourished no hatred to the countess, for a corner of her heart still felt kindly disposed towards her.

Sybille raised herself at the entrance of the Countess of Florenges, assumed a dignified demeanour, and awaited with a cold and proud air the address of the countess, who appeared pale and exhausted with weeping.

"Most gracious margravine," she stammered forth, "in obedience to your commands ——" and her voice failed her.

Sybille enjoyed the malicious pleasure of leaving her for some moments in a painful silence, and then said, "are you aware, Countess of Florenges, why I sent for you?"

The countess slowly shook her beautiful head, and then allowed it to sink on her breast.

"Within the last half hour you received the visit of a man, do not attempt to deny it."

"And why should I deny it," answered the countess; "I did no harm. The young Von Buhl accidentally entered my apartment."

"Was that when he first came into the house?" inquired the margravine. "Did you not see him again, when he was going away?"

"No," answered the countess, with a slight emotion of sorrow.

"Are you prepared for your journey?" asked Sybille; "have you no further arrangements to make?"

"None," sighed forth the countess; "all, all is prepared."

"I am glad that you have been so obedient," said Sybille, in a milder tone; "take this cross, as a token of remembrance from me, and when you look at it, let it remind you of a princess who was your friend, and whose favour you lost by your own fault—Adieu."

The countess meekly received the present of her severe mistress, kissed the hand which she presented, and then tottered towards the door, bursting into fresh tears.

The margravine's heart softened, her suspicions were allayed; she saw the sorrow with which her friend parted from her, and the

bitterness of her repentance. She also thought of her pledge to Archibald, and of the victory which she would obtain by her magnanimity; in short, her compassion predominated; she recalled the countess just as she was quitting the room, consoled her, and pardoned her.

The countess could hardly believe her own senses, at finding herself replaced in a situation which she had given up all hopes of recovering; she threw herself at her mistress's feet, and, with tears of gratitude, embraced her knees.

Sybille drew up the curtain which had masked the listening Archibald, and the startled Isabella concealed her burning face in the folds of her mistress's garment.

"You may thank this youth," said the margravine, "that for the first time in my life I have recalled my sentence. His intercession has procured for you a return of my favour, mind that you do not sacrifice it to your thoughtlessness a second time."

She then raised the kneeling countess, and pressed a kiss upon her forehead; peace was ratified between them, and he who had promoted it had risen many degrees in the regard of both parties. Sybille felt grateful to him, for having afforded her an opportunity of exhibiting her greatness of mind, without wound-

ing her vanity; while Isabella saw in him a benevolent and sympathising friend, by whose assistance she had been restored to that Paradise which she would have quitted with increased regret, now that he had been received into it as a familiar guest.

Another half hour flitted away, in a gay conversation kept up by these three now happy persons; but the advancing evening soon gave its inexorable commands for the youth to return home. He took his leave of the two ladies, perfectly enraptured, and paced, with hasty steps, the lengthened streets that divided him from the Radschin. A cool night had thrown its veil over the city of Prague; companies of students and of artisans were occasionally to be met, walking, for their amusement, about the streets; the gossiping mothers and their friends were seated at the doors, chattering with all their might, while the young women, having got together, joined their tuneful voices, in reciting the verses in which the minstrels of olden time had celebrated that ancient King of Bohemia, Krak, his Libussa, and her sisters; at a distance were to be heard the merry fiddle and the shrill dulcimer, amusing the crowd that had collected round them; and in retired streets the tender lute was accompanying the knight as he

serenaded his mistress before her dark window. The harsh Bohemian language itself appeared melodious, with its lovely instrumental accompaniment; the genius of melody might have been imagined to have fixed her court in that great city; and it seemed as if the musical twittering of birds, which by day played among the groves, continued by night in the streets of Prague. But all this movement, and these gay notes, did not for a moment delay Archibald, as he hurried along; after changing his clothes at Erlwein's, and wishing him a good-night, as he was at his work, he hastened towards the palace, passing alike the talkers and the singers, the dark hovel, and the illuminated places of public entertainment, without the least notice. But what a misfortune—the great gate was locked; he did not dare to knock, for the sentinel's formidable, "Who goes there?" would have announced the nocturnal rambler to all the inhabitants of the castle. What, then, was to be done? The posterns were also closed, and he had to choose between passing the night at an inn, awaiting the return of day in the cloister of some church, or falling into the hands of the patrol, who went their rounds about midnight. The first plan appeared objectionable, as he feared he should be recognised; and the last

alternative would have been utter disgrace. The second he fancied would be the most advisable; and no sooner had he made up his mind to this, than he commenced carrying it into effect, by retiring to the porch of a church, where, throwing himself upon a bench, he attempted to sleep, intending to rise with the first rays of the sun, and then slip unperceived into the palace. But he was still in that state, between dreaming and waking, which is the sure precursor of sleep, when he perceived another person entering his place of refuge; he was aroused by the footsteps of the new comer, and fixed his attention upon him. The stranger seated himself on the same bench with Archibald (who remarked, by the light of the moon, that he wore a sword), and, placing himself in the corner, appeared to slumber. He did not, however, remain long in that state, for he soon commenced talking to himself in the most unconnected rhapsodies.

"I am so tired," he muttered, and yawned again and again; "I am ready to perish with hunger! Oh, God! when will my sufferings be brought to a close? I know not whether I am in France! and near Paris! The monsters! they have burned down my tents! but I am a free man! they shall pay for all the blood they have made me shed."

Archibald's hair stood on end at these words; still, however, he thought that he recognised the voice.

The stranger now shook himself, and wrapt the great cloak, that hung from his shoulders, closer around him. "What a night," he cried, while his teeth chattered with cold; "this night air will never let me sleep! No, this cannot be my country—this cannot be the lovely Portugal—oh, my Portuguese, my noble-minded people! could you but see your king in his wretchedness!"

Archibald was struck with terror and astonishment on hearing these words, for he recognised the voice of the insane Prince of Vorosdar; and yet that prince was no longer among the living! for he was buried beneath the ruins of his prison. The youth started up, when the fancy struck him that it was a mocking apparition that was flitting around him. "Who's there?" he cried, collecting himself.

"The headsman!" was the answer croaked forth to him, and a broad blade gleamed, as it was slowly drawn from the scabbard. The coolness with which his dangerous companion expressed himself, still more alarmed Archibald, and he sprang back, undetermined in what manner to defend himself against the cold-

blooded assassin. But the latter appeared, on his part, to be anxious for his own safety; for, with a cry of alarm, he suddenly rushed from the dark portico.

Archibald pursued him with the speed of a greyhound; but on this occasion again, as at Vorosdar, the maniac won the race. His great cloak, looking like the wings of a huge bat, waved after him in the air, and seemed to bear him on. The bright blade, which still gleamed in the maniac's hand, served him as a staff, and he used it to assist him in springing forward. After a long and fruitless chase, the pursuer had the mortification to find that the fugitive had on a sudden disappeared; he stopped, out of breath, and remarked that his chase had led him close to the imperial palace. "Confound it!" he cried, stamping impatiently; "what a fool have I been made! That maniac is quite as living a being as I am, and yet mocks me like a phantom. But what a riddle! Ludmille's father to be still among the living, and here at Prague, too! Why did the unfortunate man fly from me, I would have taken care of him, and paid him all the attentions that a father could receive from a son; for is he not Ludmille's father, the father of that Ludmille whom I

loved, hopelessly loved, till another bound me in her chains? But what is now to be done? It is near midnight; where shall I find a shelter?"

He was standing by the entrance to the imperial stables, and Dywoky, the porter, Hagar's lover, suddenly came across his thoughts. "One hand washes the other," he said to himself, as he hastened to claim, in advance, the porter's gratitude; by clambering up the stone projections, he reached the window of his room, and, by tapping upon it, woke him up. He had hardly, as he awoke, heard the name of him who requested admission, before he hurried to execute his wish. The heavy gate creaked on its hinges, and Archibald passed through; just then a gust of wind blew out the porter's light! "The devil!!" he muttered, "this is unfortunate! Had you any body with you, sir?"

Archibald said that he had not.

"And yet it appeared to me as if another person had entered after you," said the porter.

"I have no doubt it was my shadow," replied Archibald, laughing; and in fact, neither by listening with the greatest attention, nor by carefully feeling about, could they discover any thing to cause them further uneasiness. Archibald next entreated the obliging porter not to

divulge his entrance at so late an hour, and to be prepared to repeat the same act of kindness frequently.

Dywoky pressed his hand; "You may recollect, my good young gentleman, that it was I who facilitated your first entrance into the palace. I then took a great fancy to you; and now, having heard from my dear Hagar that you intend to speak a good word for us to our most gracious lord and emperor, I am rendered thoroughly devoted to you. Come and go when you choose, and place a perfect confidence in my discretion and fidelity;" and thus they parted.

It might have been about an hour after midnight, when it suddenly struck the emperor, while tossing sleeplessly about his couch, that he had forgotten to give water to the old lion, whom he was accustomed to feed with his own hand. Being much more anxious about this wild animal than about the welfare of his extensive dominions, he quitted his comfortable bed in a far greater hurry than was his wont, and hastily reached the stables, by the narrow passages which constituted his daily walk, for his menagerie adjoined the imperial mews. He fulfilled his neglected office of keeper, and was on the point of returning to his own apartment, when the light of the moon, playing with a

silvery brightness through the bars of the building, caused him to form a plan which he was unable to resist. Since his arrival in the palace he had never enjoyed the fresh air, through fear of his brother's dagger. An unforeseen opportunity now presented itself for so doing; it was the more irresistible, as danger there could be none.

The court-yard was silent as the grave, the lights were all extinguished throughout the building, and all the inmates of the palace, with the exception of the guards, who were at a distance, were buried in profound sleep. High walls, and carefully-secured doors, were a protection against external violence, and it was impossible that any one could suspect the emperor's inconsiderate determination. Rudolph, therefore, took courage, and, with his master-key, cautiously opened the door of the stables which led into the court-yard; he then stealthily walked forth. The poor self-tormentor, the unhappy monarch, greedily inhaled the fresh air of heaven, from which he had been so long debarred, and heartily did he enjoy himself. The night had grown most lovely; a splendid mantle was thrown over the earth; brilliant stars, of every magnitude, glittered in countless myriads over the dark blue space; and as the

swan cleaves the dark blue wave, so did the queen of night pursue her unbending course through the sparkling throng. Her little glittering courtiers seemed to fade to nothing, and to vanish before their mighty mistress, whilst the vassals of her throne remained stationary, with a steady brightness, and merely tendered their respectful homage as she passed. There was a slight breeze, which bore a delightful fragrance from the bloom of the apple-trees in the gardens without the palace. The building itself rose majestically in dark masses, while its roofs, chimneys, and gilded vanes, were seen to sparkle in the fairy light.

The emperor paced the paved court-yard as if he were enjoying himself in the gardens of Semiramis; for the moment his fears and his cares were forgotten, and his light breast breathed joyfully the freshness of spring.

On a sudden, an almost imperceptible noise struck his practised ear. He started! but the unwonted daring of his undertaking had so far raised his courage, that he, who generally fancied a murderous step in every falling leaf, now ventured to look round to the spot whence the sound proceeded. But at that very instant he heard the noise close behind him, and he had hardly time to direct his glance towards it, when

he saw a very tall man, who, coming behind him from out the darkness, threw both arms around his neck, and roared into his very ear, with a most repulsive voice, "Tell me, fellow-countryman, how can I get to speak to the emperor?"

The hideous, deadly pale countenance of the nocturnal questioner, his frightful voice, and startling embrace, for a moment deprived the emperor of all power of speech; but he soon recovered himself, or rather, his very fright roused him to exertion. With determined force he thrust back the coarse cloak, with which his assailant had attempted to prevent his calling out, and cried so loudly for help, that the lofty walls around frightfully re-echoed the sound.

"Will you be quiet, my good friend?" howled his companion into his very ear, while with his right hand he drew forth a long sword, and with his left seized the suppliant by the throat. "Come," he said, "no noise, or I will cut your tongue out!"

The threat was dreadful, but loss of life would be still more so; and while the monarch defended himself as well as he could with both his hands, he sent forth screams for help more loudly than ever, and without any intermission. They would probably have been in vain, as all

the inhabitants of the castle were in their first sleep, had it not been for Propicz, formerly court fool, and now master of the horse. That good man had been awoke about a quarter of an hour before, by the noise of the opening of the door, which led from the stables into the court-yard, and which was close to the window of his room. Wishing to see which of the stablemen had ventured to take from his bunch of keys that one which opened the door in question, that faithful officer went softly to the window, and, to his great astonishment, recognised the emperor, who, having first screened the lamp which he carried, began pacing up and down the court. Although this nocturnal expedition was most unusual, Propicz knew too well the emperor's disposition to announce his presence, and therefore returned as quietly as possible to his bed; and had not fallen asleep when the cries for help commenced. The emperor's voice was plainly discernible; he jumped up, pulled the bell which rung in the stablemen's loft, and then hurried, almost, or rather totally undressed, to the assistance of his Anointed, whom he found still in the hands of his obstinate antagonist, although very fortunately unhurt. Adam was not deficient in courage, and

here, where it was necessary, was as brave as a lion; without hesitation he fell upon the enemy, and, mastering his sword, knocked him over with one blow on the ribs; he then knelt upon his conquered antagonist, and, holding him down, joined the emperor in his cries for help.

Meanwhile the bell in the stablemen's room had done its duty; the men, confused and stupefied, as they awoke out of a deep sleep, fancied that they heard the alarm bell. The cry of murder in the court strengthened that impression, and, hurrying on their clothes, they joined in the cry of "Fire, and murder!" and then rushed down the stairs to the scene of danger. The guards in the interior of the palace knocked, with their partisans, at all the passage doors. The household servants rushed forth, both men and women; maids with their paramours, and servants overwhelmed by the mixed fumes of beer and sleep, all in the most extraordinary night dresses. The warden, with officious haste, rushed up the watch tower, spread abroad the fire flag, and lit the signal. Things then took another turn, each ran to save his own particular property; and, 'midst packing and swearing, no one had leisure to think of the emperor. In the intermediate

time, neither the imperial chasseurs nor the bell-ringers had been idle. The first fired their muskets in the direction of the city, and the latter tolled the alarm-bell. Upon this the alarm-gun was fired from the ramparts, and it was answered by the cannon in other quarters; in short, the thunder of the artillery thoroughly awoke all who slept.

"Where is the fire?" cried a thousand voices in the city.

"In the Radschin," answered another thousand.

The citizens rushed, half-dressed, to their different "places d'armes," for buckets and fire-ladders. The chief magistrate mounted his horse, and, with a roar like that of an inundation, the populace rushed along the bridge over the Moldau. Countless torches waved on the stream, and countless voices were borne upon the air, which the noise of the alarm-bells, and the drums beating the fire alarm, were unable to drown. The soldiery made their way to the principal entrances of the palace, which the porters, fearing an insurrection, did not open, until they were forced to do so.

"Where are you going?" cried those who had forced an entrance, to a number of heavily-laden persons, who were endeavouring to make

their escape, and who for the most part consisted of the emperor's personal attendants and favourites, and among whom were astrologers, alchemists, painters, gold and silversmiths, conjurors, and jugglers.

"Where are you going to, with your burthens?"

"To make our escape from the danger, and to save our property!" answered some, pointing to their heavy chests, and other burthens which they were carrying!

"Where is the emperor?" resounded from among the mass of soldiers and populace who were pressing in. The fugitives were silent, and appeared ashamed. "Base wretches!" cried the populace, in a rage; "you wish to save your plunder, without thinking of him who has enriched you at our cost! No, you must stay, and assist us in putting out the fire, or you yourselves shall be reduced to ashes!"

The ingrates, among whom was Doctor Dee, were driven back, and in one instant the whole castle swarmed with the new-comers. Up stairs, down stairs they rushed, but from the lowest cellar to the summit of the roof, no traces of fire were to be found; neither smoke nor blaze was to be seen, nor was a single servant to be found in the courts of the palace.

The emperor's guard gave them the assurance that the emperor was in his own apartment, and in the greatest anger at this seditious tumult. The greater part of the people, much perplexed, were silent on hearing this, and then retired, murmuring at the false alarm. The warder, dreading lest he should have to suffer for the faults of all, crept like a cat up the watch tower, lowered the flag, and extinguished the signal; and the populace, slowly retiring from the castle, thought of nothing but sorcery and witchcraft. The drums ceased; the bells, one after the other, were silenced, and, with the first dawn of day, the remnant of the deluded citizens was wending its way home across the bridge.

While those who had been thus fooled were reciprocally questioning each other upon the origin and details of the whole business, and could find no other explanation, but that they had been deluded by the devil, the affair had been naturally enough cleared up. When the alarm had so hastily spread, and the populace had begun to assemble, the emperor's natural timidity had seized him, and driven him back with all haste along his private passages to his own apartments. The stable people had closely secured the author of all this confusion, him who had ventured to attack his majesty, and

then kept out of the way, that they might not be brought to account for their unseasonable alarm of fire.

Archibald was the first person who was summoned to his majesty's presence.

"Siebelstorfer!" groaned forth the prince to him, from the arm-chair in which he reclined, "only see the state in which we find ourselves, but a little more and our corpse alone would have reposed in this chair, covered with bloody wounds; and it would have been a just punishment for our imprudence, and our negligence, in disobeying the commands of the stars which were interpreted to us by the worthy astrologers, Brahe and Argoli. In the extremity of our distress we vowed, a wax taper two pounds in weight, to our Lady of Oettingen, and to give you, faithful messenger of the wise Argoli, a reward of a hundred ducats, if God delivered us from that peril. We are accustomed to keep our promises, and here, as a mark of our favour, we present you with this purse; you will find in it a surplus, which you may employ in sending to our lady the taper which we vowed."

Archibald thrust the purse into his bosom, with many expressions of gratitude; and the emperor, who would probably have spared his bounty had he but known that it was he who

received it, who was the sole cause of the tumult, continued, "and now, my dear son, take that green handkerchief and blind our eyes, and bleed us, lest the fright may do us any mischief."

Archibald, with a lightened heart, made the necessary preparations for bleeding, an art which he had practised at his monastery, and soon bled his majesty most adroitly. The emperor, who could not bear the sight of his own blood, had already removed the bandage from his eyes, and placed his wounded arm in a state of repose, when Doctor Dee entered the apartment. He expressed much condolence and concern, declared that the bleeding had been very salutary, and loudly praised the manner in which it had been performed. But the emperor looked askance on him with a suspicious eye, for the ingratitude of his favourites had already been reported to him, and how they had provided for their own safety, without ever wasting a thought upon him.

"You come rather late," he said to him, peevishly; "you were much more active in saving your property; that property for which you are indebted to us alone, appears of more value to you than our life; thus would not Wolfgang have done, whom you drove from us, and thus has not the brave Siebelstorfer done, who has been of such assistance to us. We no longer

require your good offices!" as he thus spoke, the emperor turned away in displeasure. The doctor was silenced, and Archibald laughed in his sleeve at the chance which had thus made the master give place to the scholar; but he soon learnt how far the doctor's cunning exceeded his own, for Dee commenced:

"It is painful to me, my gracious master, to part from you; and doubly so as an unjust judgment is the cause of our separation. My flight, most gracious lord and emperor, was not my own doing, for your majesty, who is so thoroughly versed 'in astrologia,' well knows that the stars rule our course here on earth; I myself, much as I have disputed this, must grant the truth of the doctrine. 'The cause is known by its effects.' You, my gracious master, acted against the decision of the stars; you exposed yourself to the danger that was threatened, and the fatality acted. Fortunately it was permitted to avert the baneful hour, but in the mean time the noxious influence had power over us all. It was able to force us, against our own will, from that position which, under other circumstances, we should have been proud to have maintained at the expense of our lives; for therein consists the baneful influence of the stars, that in time of

trouble they can force all the sufferer's friends to fly from him, even should it break their hearts so to do."

The emperor reflected for a time, and then, looking at the doctor, said, "In truth, Doctor Dee, it strikes us that you may be in the right; at all events it is certain that the unfortunate are deserted, like Job in his sickness; and it is possible that the influence of the stars may have the ill effects which you mention. Upon this consideration we forgive you; but we wish to all who are in trouble, such an exception to the rule as our brave Siebelstorfer has this day exhibited."

Dee's face became red as fire, at being thus for the second time compared with his pupil; he hemmed, kissed his majesty's hand, and asked, in a very subdued manner, what was to be done with the assassin?

The emperor commanded that he should be brought before him.

"Only take care that he be bound like a wild beast," he said, in rather a timid tone, "or otherwise we should not be able to divest ourselves of a feeling of uneasiness; a single well-armed man will be sufficient to bring him before us. We wish to hear who has instigated him to this act; and in order that our brother's

guilt may be kept as much as possible from the public ear, we command that no one shall be present at the examination, but yourself, Brahe, and the attendant Siebelstorfer, who may note down the examination. It is your discretion that you have to thank for this special favour."

The doctor retired, and Archibald, filled with gratitude to Dywoky for having kept his secret, seized that opportunity for saying a favourable word for him and Hagar. He represented to the monarch how fitting it would be, after so great an escape, to do an act of kindness, and he found him easily to be persuaded; he had been subdued by his fright, and also perhaps by his having lost a little blood, and answered with a gracious air.

"We had indeed intended to have the porter bastinadoed who had been so careless of his duty as to admit an assassin within the walls of our palace; but we have since taken it into consideration, that the villain must certainly have slipped in during the day, and we will therefore grant him a favour, instead of the measure of justice which might have been his due. Instead of the bastinado, we will give him, who is called Dywoky, his beloved as a wife, and you may announce the good news to him."

In the joy of his heart the youth thanked the

amiable prince, whose severity was never of long duration, but whose kindness would have been excessive, had his distrust permitted him to exercise it.

The rattling of heavy chains in the ante-room, announced the prisoner's approach. Brahe and Dee entered the room, and Archibald prepared himself for writing; but his pen nearly fell from his hand, when he recognised in the prisoner, Ludmille's father. His wasted form was bowed down by his weighty fetters, his gray hairs, disordered by the rough usage of his guards, fell over his eyes, while his thin mustachios almost shaded his proud lip. His wild eye showed the most excited state of madness, and the unfortunate prince stood like a statue before the emperor, who had slunk as far as he could into the corner of his arm-chair. The rank of the prisoner was unknown to all. The doctor himself had never seen the maniac at Vorosdar. Surprise very nearly drew the secret from Dee's pupil, but he mastered his emotion, and reflected that recognising him would involve him in a labyrinth of questions, in the answering of which some very unpleasant discoveries might be elicited.

In order, therefore, not to be accidentally recognised by the madman, he partly concealed

his face by his loose black sleeve, and listened with attention to the proceedings, which he attempted to follow, pen in hand.

"Who are you?" demanded the emperor, his countenance expressing all the severity of which it was capable; "your name?"

"I am the King of Portugal!" answered the maniac, in a hollow tone; "I am Don Sebastian, and know you well, vile Molucco! enemy of my people and of my faith! You have falsely spread abroad the report of my death, thus the more easily to take me in your toils. Miserable, Moorish infidel!"

During this solemn address, the faces of the bystanders expressed the greatest astonishment, and they gazed upon each other with an air of inquiry.

"By our Majesty!" commenced Rudolph, the "thing grows laughable! the villain last night attempted to murder us, and to-day calls us names. He terms himself a king, and us a heathen Moor! Have we heard aright?

"You have!" answered the madman; "I never retract my words. In the Plains of Alcazar you learned to know me—I traversed France yesterday to crave assistance against you, but in vain!—I went to Prague to supplicate the emperor for his aid, but your vassals fell

upon me, and having overpowered me, have brought me here to Tangiers, where my army and myself are your prisoners."

"God help you! brother of mine," answered the emperor, with a gleam of good humour; "we will restore you to your own proper kingdom, the madhouse! The man is insane, and we have wronged Matthew by an unfounded suspicion. See that the madman be attended to, doctor! and now let him be removed!"

"But your majesty," remarked Dee, "examples have been known of such criminals affecting madness, to evade the punishment due to them; ought we not first to try if, through imprisonment in a dungeon, he may not become more tractable?"

"Well! as you choose," said the emperor; "you may try it, and let us hear the result; for the present all of you retire, for we require repose."

Ludmille's unfortunate father was led away to his dungeon, and Archibald could not help keeping to his resolution, of letting things take their chance. The rest left the emperor's presence. Brahe hurried off to his study, whilst Dee, who had been left alone with Archibald, conducted him, unperceived, to a retired spot.

"What was it?" he then said, addressing the astonished Archibald in an angry manner. "What was it that the emperor meant this morning? Can you have ventured to defame *me?* and have you endeavoured to usurp *my* place? Again—what meant the treatment that I received from his majesty?"

Archibald, conscious of his own innocence, fixed his gaze on the doctor's grey eyes, which rolled with passion, and answered, laughing, "It means, doctor, that the emperor came for a moment to his senses, and learned to distinguish his true friends from his false ones."

"What do you say?" thundered forth the doctor; "insolent boy! Do you presume——?"

"To tell you the truth?" interrupted Archibald, with composure; "yes, I do! But I will never think of acting in an unfriendly manner towards the man to whom I am indebted for all that I know, unless he himself forces me to it by his own unkindness; this I promise you."

"Mind, then, that you keep your promises," said the doctor, angrily; "I shall not trust to your hypocrisy, but to my own quick-sightedness; I shall watch all your proceedings, and woe be to you if I catch you tripping! You are my own work, and the creator can annihilate

as well as form." The jealous Dee then angrily turned his back upon him whom he had thus threatened.

"So this is your vulnerable point?" muttered Archibald, as he retired. "Ha! ha! doctor, I am afraid that you have removed the mask rather too early."

He soon recovered from the effects of the doctor's lecture, and hurried off, to bear his good news to those whose happiness he had promoted. Some kind of presentiment must have brought them together, for Archibald found the fair one sitting comfortably in the porter's lodge: an agreeable message is soon delivered, although an evil one has to be clothed in many words, and thus the two betrothed learned, in as many moments, that they really were so by the imperial favour, and by the imperial promise. Hearty were their thanks to the youth. Hagar wept for joy, while Dywoky shook him warmly by the hand.

"What I have promised," he said, "that, my good young sir, will I perform; it is true that I was much alarmed, when I heard the commotion last night, for the shadow was certainly the stranger, who slipped in behind you; but my determination is unalterable, you may depend upon me."

Archibald took the servant's extended hand, and placed it within that of Hagar. "May you be happy," he said, "my good Dywoky; may you be happy for many years—you have chosen well. Hagar's features are not good, but her figure, and, what is still better—her heart—are so. The seducer will not think her face worth attacking; and if he did, would fail before her virtue; she will live for you alone, and her whole happiness centre in you and your children! May your union be a blessing to you both, and a pledge to myself, that I have secured two friends, whose services I may sooner or later require."

CHAPTER XI.

" A single word she could not say,
Too many listeners were awake;
One look was all I dar'd to pray,
And well I knew what then it spake."

SCHILLER.

MONTHS had flown like hours, from the time of Archibald's arrival in the lovely city of Prague, and he fancied that he had made some mistake, when he calculated that he had lived there six months; each day had passed with such uniformity. The young Bavarian noble, Seibelstorfer, the emperor's private attendant, passed the day at the palace, occupied in his master's apartment; he tasted for him all of which he partook at his solitary repasts, ground the colours for his painting, assisted him in his laboratory, helped him to feed his old favourite lion, shaved him, and, finally, according to agreement, gave the doctor a daily report of all that the emperor had done.

The seventh hour of the evening was that of the emperor's last repast, at which Archibald concluded his duties of the day, and was then at liberty till the next morning, as Rudolph either retired to rest at eight, or received his mistresses, the privilege of whose introduction the old valet would not allow to be taken from him. Seibelstorfer then changed his name and station, together with his dress, at Erlwein's lodgings, and the gay Von Buhl flew, handsomely dressed, to the margravine's palace.

Gaiety and sociability reigned in Sybille's house, and their reign was not over till midnight, when the young Von Buhl, by a visit to his friend's lodgings, was again metamorphosed into the formal Seibelstorfer; and, getting admission into the castle, by Dywoky's assistance, slipped up to his room. Meantime his affairs went on most prosperously; daily did he advance in the emperor's favour, and daily in the love of the two female rivals. Rudolph rewarded, with princely munificence, the slight services which were rendered to him by Seibelstorfer; and the margravine, on her part, showered the richest presents upon her favourite. The artful youth received all that was offered to him, and, profiting by his experience, laid aside for the day of adversity. His treasure was

concealed in a place of safety, which he confided to no one.

One day, when it so happened that Archibald was detained longer than usual in his services about the emperor's person, he was forced to appear late at the margravine's; the visitors there had gathered round a lady whom he did not know, who, seated with her back towards the door, was so taken up with the narration that she was making, as not to remark his entrance. A gracious nod from Sybille, and a smile from the Countess of Florenges, welcomed the youth, and this reception made the stranger look round. What was Archibald's alarm on recognising Ludmille?—Her surprise was as great as his own—she started! fortunately a glance at Archibald's dress, together with the respect and friendship with which he was saluted by all that were present, caused her not to divulge his secret. Archibald was thus delivered from a most dreadful alarm, and willingly permitted the margravine to present the Baron Von Buhl to the princess; the latter was then requested to take up the thread of her narration, which apparently related to the fire at Vorosdar, and the motives for her journey to Prague; but Ludmille had now grown absent, hurried over the account of her adventures, and

concluded by deploring, that she had yet found no means of getting access to the emperor, who alone could be arbiter in her affairs. The society present joined in regretting the unpleasant situation in which the beauteous petitioner was placed, and, among them, Archibald was not the last to express his sorrow. The margravine herself could give her no advice how to act; she spoke diffusely on the difficulty of obtaining access to the emperor, and told Ludmille what had been long known at Prague, that Rudolph was fast falling into misanthropy, and that the more exalted the rank of him who requested an audience, the greater was the difficulty of obtaining his request; and that, with the exception of his jesuit confessor, and of the Spanish ambassador, people of low birth only, were in the habit of seeing him, some of whom were in favour for their science, and others for their affectation of it. It was now perfectly impossible, without the special protection of one of these, to surmount the barriers with which he was surrounded. Each word of the margravine's diminished Ludmille's hopes, till at length she could not but despair.

On seeing that the most distinguished persons present only shook their heads, without being able to give any advice, a soft feeling towards

Ludmille, which still dwelt in Archibald's breast, caused him to get over his awkwardness at addressing her, and, with the unembarrassed manner of an obliging stranger, he commenced—

"If I might venture, noble princess, to give you a hint, I would recommend you a method which I imagine could not fail to obtain for you what you desire."

Ludmille regarded him with surprise, and all present were curious to know how the youth would set about obtaining that which appeared impossible even to those who were natives of the place; but he continued, without taking any notice—

"The most favourable moment for getting access to the emperor is just before dinner-time; if you would be at the palace at that time, and send for his majesty's new attendant, the youth Seibelstorfer, that he may announce you, I would be tempted to stake my head upon your success. I entreat you, princess, to put faith in my words, and to believe that they are only prompted by my wish to serve you."

Ludmille considered for a moment, and then bowing her head in token of her gratitude, answered, with a significant smile—

"It appears to me as if you would willingly be of service to me, noble sir, and I therefore

put faith in your advice, and will not hesitate to follow it."

"'The Baron Von Buhl still venerates the old chivalric practices, which are daily growing more out of date," said the margravine, approvingly; "'For God, my king, and the ladies!' was not that the motto of the Paladins? The baron, however, only takes two-thirds of the motto: the free-born Swiss has struck out that part which relates to the king, for he bows to the yoke of no potentate; and I therefore wonder the more, that he is so well versed in the habits of our palace."

"I spoke from experience, most noble lady," answered Archibald; "I forced my way, in the manner which I have recommended, to his majesty's presence, to whom I had to pay my homage, as a student of the sciences, which, as well as the arts, have been so much advanced by his liberality."

Ludmille's surprise increased at each word of Archibald's—his voice, his unembarrassed manner, and noble appearance, threatened to revive sentiments in her breast which she had only mastered by ceaseless exertions; she therefore soon took her departure. And now Archibald, desiring to show publicly his wish to oblige, seized one of the servants' wax torches

in the ante-room, and handed the princess to her litter, with the ease of an accomplished nobleman. He here was about to whisper to her a grateful adieu, but he recognised, and fortunately still in time, among the well-known countenances of her attendants, the face of one better known, and still more dear to him—Leila was leaning out of the interior of the litter, and the speech, which he was about to make, died upon his lips; with a half-averted face he lifted the equally silent Ludmille into her soft-cushioned chair, and then, with a hasty bow, retreated; avoiding, as well as he could, the searching glances of Leila, and of the servants, who would willingly have examined the face of the well-dressed youth, under his plumed hat. He returned, with a lighter heart, to the apartment where the visitors were taking leave of the margravine, when, in the confusion of the departure, the Countess of Florenges went up to him and whispered—

"The margravine leaves this to-morrow, for a few days, to pass in solitude the anniversary of her sister-in-law's death; but the palace will not, for that reason, be closed against you, and it is not prohibited to the friend to pay visits of comfort to her who is left behind."

With an emotion of gratitude he seized the

countess's hand, but she hastily withdrew it, in order to escape the notice of the margravine, whom she saw approaching.

"I saw the countess leave you," said that princess, going up to him; "she will probably have told you that I leave Prague for a few days, to retire to a country-house which I possess within four miles of this, upon the Czaslau road. 'Tis there I mourn in solitude the memory of a dear connection, who was torn from me by a relentless fate. One female attendant, on whom I can depend, and two old servants, are all the suite that accompany me. Every visitor is denied, during this retirement. But," she continued, in a lower tone of voice, "if the Baron Von Buhl can abandon his occupations and studies for a few afternoons, he is invited, by the mourner, to surprise her at her hermitage, were it even to-morrow; she has something to confide to a youth, in whom she perhaps takes too great an interest—it regards his future prospects and prosperity."

A silent bow was his answer, to an invitation which startled him; the margravine fixed an unspeakably tender glance on Archibald's eyes, gave him her hand to kiss with a sweet smile, and took a more gracious leave of him than she had ever done.

He rushed forth, and the cold air of night in which he found himself was well adapted to cool his burning brow; it was not his startling meeting with Ludmille, nor the margravine's flattering invitation, which had in fact rather alarmed him—it was neither of these that made his pulse to throb with such excitement—it was Isabella's permission to see her, and speak to her alone. He was himself almost unable to interpret his own sensations, but it appeared to him as if the hour of his happiness had sounded.

Archibald, therefore, hurried along through the autumnal night air without looking around him, and he had already nearly reached Erlwein's lodgings, when he heard, from a bye street, the sounds of a lute, much out of tune, whose unmelodious tinkling accompanied a hoarse voice, which croaked forth a love song. Curious to see a singer who, on so wintry a night, at the expense of his lungs and his lute, could find a pleasure in tormenting his love, as well as all the neighbours, he crept along a dead wall that was behind the merciless musician; just then a dreadful quaver concluded the song, the lute was laid aside, and he attempted, by rubbing and blowing, to get some warmth into his frozen hands. In spite of the darkness, Archibald had now recognised his man; the voice, the manner,

and the conspicuous dress, which even darkness could not wholly conceal, announced David Gitz, on the point, as it appeared, of recommencing his song. Archibald, in fun, gave him a sharp tap upon the shoulder, and the startled man instantly fell at his feet, as if struck by lightning, not paying the least attention to the friendly "good evening" with which Archibald saluted him.

"Mercy! pity!" cried the tailor, half mad with fright, as he embraced his assailant's knees; "most gracious prince, forgive me! I will do penance for my crime; never, in the whole course of my life, will I sin again, only forgive me this once, and let me depart with my life!"

"Are you not David?" asked Archibald, encouraging his mistake, with a rough voice, and threatening attitude.

"I am, indeed, sir! I am, my gracious prince!" cried the terrified man; "I am the miserable tailor, who has presumed to cast an eye upon that which you love, and who confesses every thing to obtain your pardon."

The laughter, which till that moment Archibald had with the utmost difficulty repressed, now broke forth most immoderately. The tailor perceived that he had made a mistake, and attempted to slip away; but he had permitted

too much to escape his lips, for Archibald to let him off without a full confession. He first endeavoured to stop his alarm, by announcing himself. The tailor stared at him. "Good God!" he said, in a plaintive voice; "here have I made a pretty mistake; but your dress and your sword, sparkling through the darkness of the night, gave you such a commanding appearance, that, without thinking, I took you for the prince."

"This I can understand," said Archibald; "but let me hear about the prince? and what prince you mean? Do not hesitate to tell me all you know. You are well aware of my footing about our most gracious lord and emperor, and how much I am esteemed by Doctor Dee; if you do not confess what you were doing here, the latter will, in half an hour, conjure it all out of you, while the former will cause you to be well punished for your mal-practices; and do not hope to escape from *me*. I am now making my rounds, by command of his majesty, to see that the city is quiet; armed men, who are to support me, are at hand, and at my first signal will seize you by the nape of your neck; therefore do not hesitate, make no difficulties, but confess what is going on here, and trust to my friend-

ship, which would prompt me not to divulge to his imperial majesty, any thing that may not be actual high treason."

"Hallo! my respected youth!" answered the tailor, half in joke, half in alarm; "how can you fill my poor brain with treasonable thoughts? Our emperor would not suffer half so much vexation, if all his subjects were as loyal and as patient as I am. No, my good sir! the affair is neither more nor less than all about a girl."

"Indeed!" said Archibald, with surprise; "can I believe this?"

"Your distrust offends me," answered Gitz; "and I will therefore tell you all about it; she is a heathen maid from Bosnia, whom Prince Julius has made his prey."

"Made his prey?" repeated Archibald, in a tone of curiosity; "where, may I ask?"

"Nay," said David, laughing, though somewhat embarrassed; "he did not make her his prey on the field of battle, but in a street in our good city of Prague. The heathen came here a few days ago, in the service of some family; she left the house upon some commission for her mistress, and lost her way in this great town, with which she was not well acquainted. Prince Julius, who generally goes about at night to take a look at the daughters of the land, met

her in her distress, promised to show her the way, and brought her to a small house which belongs to him, and which he employs as a cage for females. Yonder is the house, and there she dwells!"

"Capital!" muttered Archibald; "and how came you to know about it?"

"I am the prince's tailor!" answered David, boastingly; "he can hardly live without me. In a frolic he brought me here, to show me his wonderful prisoner; but, my good sir, it is indeed true, she must at least be an angel, and the bird-catcher has already made his bird so tame—so very tame, that he can twist her round his finger; the sight of the beautiful Zenide has driven me perfectly crazy!"

"Zenide?" cried Archibald, startled.

"That is the name of the heathen," answered Gitz; "I permitted myself to be tempted by the devil, fell in love with the witch, and undertook this foolish business, which very likely the prince will reward disagreeably, unless you have compassion, and pass the affair over in silence."

"I pledge myself to this," said Archibald, warmly; "I will be silent as the grave; now be off, for I hear my people coming."

The tailor, confused by his fears, fancied that he really did hear distant footsteps, with the

rattling of arms; and thanking him, with a hasty squeeze of his hand, hurried away as fast as he could; but Archibald remained behind, looked up at the dark windows, and said to himself, "Zenide! can my suspicions be true? Can it indeed be you?"

At that moment he heard the window open, and a soft voice sounded into the street—"Achmet! Achmet! is it you?"

An involuntary cry of joyful surprise escaped Archibald's lips, for it was the voice of Zenide: he did not hesitate long in obeying the call. The door, and its obstinate lock, resisted his attempts; but his quick eye had soon discovered means of entrance. The colossal statue of some saint was fixed up against the house, and it was child's play to the skilful climber to ascend it, and, by means of the bars of iron, which, issuing from the walls, were affixed to the glory round the head of the statue, to reach the window sill, and in a moment he leaped into the room, from which his young friend was extending her white hand. They hastily exchanged their first eager questions, and Zenide's joy was indescribable. Aroused from her sleep by David's miserable music, she had heard the whole conversation in front of the house, had recognised Archibald's figure and voice, and only waited

for the moment when the tiresome tailor should retire, to summon him to her presence. She confirmed all the tailor's story, as she narrated her arrival in Prague, the artful manner in which the prince had enclosed her in his toils, and her present position. At last her attentive listener was obliged to confess to himself that she was happy, and that Julius had managed to become master of her affections! Archibald was unable to conceal from Zenide the sorrow which her narration caused him; and at that moment, in the presence of him whom she had loved, and for whom her affection began again to dawn, she first awoke to the disgrace of her situation; and when Archibald reminded her of the alarm which her sudden disappearance must have caused to Ludmille and the princess, as well as to Mermes and Leila, she burst into tears, and entreated him to devise for her some way of escaping from the labyrinth in which her evil destiny had involved her.

He could only recommend her to return to the princess, although this would be a bitter cup. Unable to reconcile herself to the idea of returning, as a penitent, to her benefactress, and of subjecting herself to the mortifications which might possibly await her there, she rejected the proposition.

With difficulty, and by using every argument in his power, Archibald extorted from her the promise of taking the matter into consideration; in ten days he was to return there at the same hour to receive her determination, but till then he was to keep away, as the prince had promised to live entirely with Zenide for some days. She concluded by saying, "I am surrounded by spies and guards; the keys of the house are not trusted to me, for my lord's jealousy keeps him in constant alarm, lest I should use the slightest liberty as the means of my escape; this careful watching agrees with the custom of my own country, and till this evening I found myself happy in my gilded cage, but I now feel that all will henceforth be different; and much as I love you, Achmet, I could almost wish that you had not discovered me; I am unworthy of you, you must despise me, and your words go like fiery arrows to my heart; I shall never more feel contented—your visits will be my only comfort, but I must entreat you to manage them with the utmost caution, that I may not have to deplore some calamity—Julius is fierce and passionate, and his distrust as well as his love knows no bounds; not a soul must suspect that we are acquainted—for thus alone can my preservation from the fangs of seduction be accomplished."

Archibald promised the beauteous sinner the most perfect discretion, and again strongly impressed upon her the necessity of thinking of her own welfare, and of not forgetting the happiness of her relations. He then took leave of the lady, that he might still enjoy a few hours sleep.

The next morning, whilst shaving the emperor, he did not forget his project of the preceding evening, but told the monarch of Ludmille's wish to petition him, and of her fruitless attempts for so doing, mentioning it as if he had heard it by public report alone.

Rudolph was extremely angry that they should have ventured to refuse admittance to any person who wished to see him, without informing him of it, and without much reflection gave Archibald the order that she should be admitted the next time that she was announced. This was exactly what he most desired, and he did not delay executing the commission. In the course of the afternoon there was a general call for the youth Seibelstorfer, whom a stranger lady of distinction particularly desired to see. Archibald went to the expected interview armed with all his resolution; much did he enjoy Ludmille's surprise when she recognised in the emperor's attendant the Baron Von Buhl and the page of Vorosdar. She was hardly able to stammer forth a few

words, which he interrupted, in order to conduct her to Rudolph's apartment. "It appears to me that you are playing a dangerous game," she whispered, as she supported herself upon his arm.

"Were my life the stake," he answered, in the same tone, "I should consider myself fortunate in losing it, provided you were to be the gainer."

Ludmille blushed, but found herself altogether unable to reply.

"The emperor will grant you his protection," he continued, in a whisper; "he will know how to relieve you from your brother's persecutions, who would appear to have escaped from his watery grave only to torment you. This I promise you, and he can do still more—demand your father at his hands."

"My father," cried Ludmille in surprise, "can the emperor recall the dead to life?"

Archibald briefly made her understand that her father was alive, was at Prague, and in the dungeons of the Radschin. Ludmille would not believe it; but he declared by all most sacred, that it was true; he entreated her to petition the emperor for her father, but without saying a word as to how she came to know where he was; he then opened the door of the imperial apart-

ment, and awaited with joyful impatience the conclusion of the audience. The result was such as he had expected—Ludmille returned enchanted with the emperor's condescension—Rudolph had outdone himself—the beauty of the suppliant had moved him to make out with his own hand the letter of protection which she had requested against the violence of her relations, as well as an order for the release of her father, in case the old man, who was a prisoner, should really prove to be her parent.

In the utmost delight she rushed towards the expecting Archibald. "You are the cause," she said, in her melodious voice, and while the tears stood in her eyes, "you are the cause of my wishes being accomplished; to you I am indebted for my protection from the toils of him who would ensnare me, as well as from my brother's violence, and you have recovered for me a father whom I had long mourned as dead.—How can I ever have hated you?"

Archibald shrugged his shoulders, and answered, bowing, "Times change, noble princess; we one day gather up the pearls which on the previous day we trod under foot. It is the common lot of man to have his meaning misinterpreted, and I have no right to hope to be more fortunate than others; I ought to be contented

if my actions can occasionally refute the evil prejudices that may exist against me; utter not another word of thanks, I shall esteem myself overpaid if you no longer detest the poor nameless Archibald, and place him in a situation of again rendering you a service." Some servants who were approaching were the cause of their dialogue being suddenly broken off, and Ludmille departed, much affected. Archibald was proud as a king! "Oh her pain delights me!" he cried to himself; "her pain delights me!" and he revelled at the idea of Ludmille's feelings of shame and repentance. He passed some time in the reflections to which the adventures of the morning gave rise. The visit to which the margravine had engaged him for that afternoon suddenly struck him; neither his feelings of gratitude, nor the reception he expected, permitted him to avoid it; besides, a couple of hours of constraint would soon be passed, and had not Isabella promised to recompense him for it? in order therefore to fulfil the wishes of both the ladies, he boldly approached the emperor, and asked permission to be absent during the afternoon and evening, in order to entertain a cousin of his who was passing through the town, and also that he might accompany him a short distance on his journey.

The emperor, far from refusing him the permission he required, accompanied it by a command to amuse himself as much as possible, and to collect all the news he could, to entertain him on the ensuing morning. After dinner he dismissed him in the kindest manner.

"Away with you, my dear taster," he said, as he finished his repast; "enjoy life, and thank your Creator that he did not form you to bear the burthen of a crown. Summon the worthy Dr. Dee, and our imperial court mathematician Brahe; let them be in attendance after our afternoon's nap, we will pass the evening in their society, and in eating a few hard-boiled eggs."

Archibald hastened to do what he was ordered, then mounting his horse, rode to Erlwein's lodgings, where he changed his black dress for the most showy one that was at his disposal, and made the best of his way to the gate that led to Czaslau.

CHAPTER XII.

"An all-enchanting feeling of the heart
Surrounds the tender league with charmed belt
Of might mysterious—which e'er drives back
Each stranger glance within its limits."

ANONYMOUS.

A NERVOUS anxiety had already driven the margravine at least a hundred times to the window of her secluded country house, and with a sigh she had as often again thrown herself upon her sofa—the expected guest delayed much too long for her impatience. Every thing was prepared to receive him in the most inviting manner; the apartments were perfumed with the most delightful odours, the room in which she expected to receive him was covered with the richest Persian carpet, and in every corner Turkish cushions invited repose; large Italian mirrors lined the walls, while costly damask curtains, with massive golden tassels, excluded

the glaring light of day. This temple of love seemed formed for peace, yet it fled from the bosom of her who possessed it.

The time for decision approached; impatiently did the princess view the course of the hour-glass, while at each alternate moment she longed to hurry forward or to delay the time. Just as she had fancied that she had recovered her self-possession, the anxiety that she felt on hearing the steps of a horse in the court, proved that she had deceived herself; she imagined that they announced Von Buhl's arrival, and a timid glance, which she ventured from behind the curtains, showed that she was right. It is still time, whispered her good angel; deny him admittance, and the danger will be at an end; but an evil monitor scorned the timidity of this advice—and conquered.

When the youth was announced, she ordered him, without hesitation, to be admitted. The interview was a long one, and the shadows of evening were advancing when Archibald issued from the margravine's apartments, with a haughtier mien than usual, and an open air of triumph, though not unmixed with something like derision. He called for his horse, and spurred away. No window was opened to allow the eye of love to rest as long as possible on him who was its idol;

for those eyes, which had anxiously watched his arrival, now swam in a flood of tears.

The margravine's bosom heaved; torn by the most painful emotions, the flush of anger had replaced the blush of love on her cheek; she wrung her hands convulsively.

"Scorned!" she was at length able to utter, in a low deep tone—"rejected! and by him whom I thought to bless; heaven and earth! was there ever such humiliation? I still wonder how I was able to dissemble, and affect patient sadness, while my breast was bursting with rage; how I could assume forgiveness towards him who despised me under the mask of respect; and how I was ever able to invite him to continue his visits to my house. Thanks be to thee, celestial presence of mind, who didst not desert me in spite of my surprise. It is thou who hast preserved that delusion, my honour, in the face of the world." She placed herself before the looking-glass. "Is it possible," she continued, "that that monster could despise these charms? Doubtless, doubtless, another reigns in his heart; but who can be that rival that has seduced him? I must get to the bottom of this, and then dreadful will be the vengeance of the offended woman; till then the princess will master her rage; she will bury in apparent oblivion the recollection of an hour of

weakness, and crush any suspicions that may arise in the mind of the ungrateful youth, by fresh and increased benefits. The lightning of my vengeance will surprise him in his security, and destroy him with the greater certainty."

In the meanwhile Archibald, careless of the future, and deceived by the margravine's gentleness and mildness, was hurrying away, to be exact to his appointment with Isabella, when the clinking of his horse's hoof showed that a shoe was loose; a blacksmith's forge was close at hand, and while his journeymen took care of the horse, Archibald entered an adjoining public-house, which was filled with people from Prague, enjoying themselves. He was dreadfully thirsty, and called for a measure of wine; he emptied it at a draught, and ordered it to be replenished; while this was being done, he looked round at the people in the room, and saw that all eyes were fixed upon him, for a noble of his appearance was a rare guest at that house: half angry, he turned from those who were staring at him, and then first saw two persons whom he knew sitting over their wine in close conversation, in a corner formed by the stove; he recognised Erlwein and Eschenreuter; it was in vain that Arcibald affected not to know them, the manner in which Eschenreuter regarded him, showed that at least he was

not unknown, and Erlwein so far forgot himself over his cup as to acknowledge him by a friendly nod. Archibald, not thinking it necessary to return the salute, pretended not to see it, and turned away, muttering a curse. He then tossed off the wine which was brought to him, threw a piece of silver on the table, and mounting his horse, he spurred the faster as the fumes of wine began to take effect.

"Who was that young noble?" asked Eschenreuter of his friend, who was precisely in the very worst state for keeping a secret; "you must know him."

Erlwein shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, and much embarrassed, lifted the glass to his mouth.

"What does this mean?" again asked Eschenreuter, fixing a searching gaze on his mysterious friend; "what can you be making such a secret about? do you suppose that I did not see you salute him?"

"I acted foolishly," answered Erlwein, briefly.

"How so?" continued his persevering friend.

"Why," answered Erlwein, "because it was foolish to salute a man I did not know."

"You are but a bad hand at a lie, my good friend," said Eschenreuter, laughing; "you

cannot deceive me. You knew him well, and he equally knows you; I watched him, he grew red as fire, and I have no doubt wished you at the devil for showing, in such low company, that you knew his mightiness; still it would have annoyed me, if such a proud peacock as that youth appeared to be had pretended not to see me, as if I had not been good enough, even to presume to salute him; I should not have borne this; though after all—we have not all the same feelings; what is one man's meat is another's poison. '*Quod licet Jovi, non licet bovi.*'"

"Pray do not bore me with your Latin trash," cried Erlwein, whose weak side he had most admirably hit; "I am no '*Jovi*,' or '*bovi*,' either; I promise you that it annoyed me considerably, that he should have been ashamed of me, in fact I am very much disgusted," he continued, with increasing warmth, "for the acts of friendship that I have shown him, and continue to render him—Well! we'll drop the subject."

"Yes, brother, so we will," chimed in Eschenreuter, who thus hoped thoroughly to obtain his object; "ill requited acts of friendship do not, it is true, deserve any thing better than to be made known, to the disgrace of him who is

guilty of ingratitude; but what is it all to me, I should not have taken the least notice of the youth, if he had not been so like ——"

"Rascal!" cried Erlwein, placing himself at his ease, and leaning his head on his hand, "how soon you have the likeness, and after so long a time too!"

"Pray let me finish," cried Eschenreuter; "you cannot yet know if I am on the right scent or not; it is not indeed a very complimentary likeness between the noble, your friend, and a good-for-nothing fellow; but may I die if that youth is not as like the vagabond with whom we made acquaintance in the prison at Burgau, as if they were cast in the same mould."

Erlwein laughed with a sly look, and whispered to the other—"And it is the man!"

"Indeed?" said Eschenreuter, "but it is not possible! you must be joking."

"By my soul! I am not," said his friend; "may this wine, which I now pour down my throat, be poison, if I have not told you the truth."

"Really?" was the answer. "What an odd thing you are telling me—but how did you come to know him?"

The last cup of wine had been a fatal one to 's discretion, and had loosened his tongue.

His meeting with Archibald, their journey, their adventures, and actual connection, were soon no longer a secret to the attentive Eschenreuter, who took considerably more interest in the narrative than the confused narrator dreamed of.

When it was concluded, he struck the table, and said, "Your information, friend Erlwein, is above price, although it stirs up all the bad blood within me; but this is no matter, I now know the man upon whom I may vent it. Weep, weep, my fine fellow, your jacket shall be dusted for you!"

"What is the matter with you?" asked Erlwein, with great surprise, and opening his eyes wide; "I suppose I have done something foolish."

"Good heavens! no!" cried Eschenreuter, laughing heartily, "much the cleverest thing that you ever did. I could be as mad as the devil, and yet I am glad to know whom I have to deal with. You know old Doctor Cyriak, in the old town—you don't? well, no matter; his daughter, the dark Anna, was the apple of my eye, and is so still; a thankless creature! as soon as my alchemical services in the emperor's laboratory were over, I used to fly to old Cyriak's to assist him in preparing his medicines,

and to flirt a little with his daughter; we used to talk of moonlight, flowers, love, and of the future, with an occasional kiss; all went on admirably, till on a sudden the devil brought a rival into the house, who—I should think it must be now half a year ago—established himself at the old fellow's to finish his studies; there was an end to all my pleasure, the youth, who was a student in a black dress, and whom I have only once seen in the dusk, at a window, seduced from me my Anna's heart. A thousand things proved this to me, I became jealous, and out of temper—Anna laughed at me! I threatened, and she showed me the door. We came to an open rupture a few days ago—I quitted that d—mn—ble house never to re-enter it: I have been on the watch every where for that detestable student, Mesner as he is called there. The coward passes the whole day between the four walls, and only in the evening goes forth for a couple of hours, it is then that he changes his clothes at your lodgings, and then heaven knows what he does, for now that I have heard your story, I would stake my head upon the block that your young noble, and the student Mesner, are one and the same person."

"This is a bad business, that you have been telling me," stuttered forth Erlwein, laughing.

"It is an accursed affair!" cried Eschenreuter; "but now that I know who my rival really is, he shall curse the hour that brought him to Prague."

"Only leave me out of the business," stammered forth Erlwein; "I bar all deeds of violence at my lodgings."

"Do not be uneasy," answered Eschenreuter; "my dear Anna's house shall be the scene of a very justifiable act of vengeance."

"If this is to be the case, I have nothing further to say," muttered forth the painter, as, sinking his head upon the table, he fell fast asleep.

Numberless projects coursed each other through Eschenreuter's brain. None completely satisfied him, till a new arrival finally determined him; it was the tailor, David Gitz, who just then limped into the room, making a lamentable face at every step, and casting doleful glances at his clothes, which were covered with dust and dirt. In order to avoid as much as possible attracting observation, he slipped along the wall of the room, and placed himself by the side of Eschenreuter at the table, in the manner of a man completely fatigued.

"Whither so late, my good friend?" asked the alchemist, "and in what a state do you show

yourself? you are certainly not going to the wedding of the rich man, for at all events you are not dressed in a wedding garment."

"You are indeed right!" answered David, with a deep sigh. "Ah, my dear Eschenreuter, had you but seen my accident, you would pity me; a mad horseman upset me in the dust, close to the gate of the town, and the consequences are, that my clothes are in this pickle, and my ankle lamentably sprained. It took me above a quarter of an hour to limp here, for I was ashamed to enter Prague in this state, till night came on."

"Poor fellow," said Eschenreuter, in a tone of compassion; "but who was the blusterer who presumed thus to maltreat the emperor's body tailor—some rough soldier, I suppose?"

"No, no," answered David, with an air of sagacity, while rubbing his poor leg; "I well know who was the ill-mannered horseman; he is neither fish nor fowl, he is a mixture of every thing—he is at once a noble, a student, an imperial servant and taster, astrologer, and so forth. You may perhaps have seen him flying by like a whirlwind, for I can assure you that he was riding like a demon incarnate; he was dressed in a crimson doublet, and chamois leather pantaloons, a glittering dagger by his side, and a

plume in his hat, mounted on a dark horse with scarlet trappings, and had a Turkish riding whip in his hand."

"Right," answered Eschenreuter; "now I do remember!" and, in fact, he instantly recollected Archibald's dress. "And did you put up with the insult from that saucy hound?"

"Saucy, or not saucy!" cried David, shaking his head, as he swallowed a draught of wine; "I will not come in collision with him, else methinks I should have something of greater consequence to complain of than I now have."

"Indeed?" said Eschenreuter, with great curiosity, as he was preparing to renew the plan of operations which had so well succeeded with Erlwein, but the tailor did not afford him time, but, chattering like a magpie, gave him an account of his adventures of the preceding night; he described his serenade, its interruption by Archibald, his confession, and flight. "I was as frightened as a hunted hare," he continued; "but how unaccountable are the children of Adam; curiosity got the better of my fears of being again caught by this new patrol. As I did not hear any armed force approaching, and as I began to suspect that his story was but a stratagem, I concealed myself behind a great curb-stone, and soon saw that one rival had

driven the other from the dove-house; for the young gentleman who had threatened me so dreadfully, climbed up to the window, and I could hear the heathen damsel talking to him, as if they were natives of the same country, or lovers of old standing. Unfortunately, the only part of their conversation which I could catch, was the assurance which the youth gave, as he clambered down, of returning soon, if nothing occurred to prevent him; but that at all events he would be there, happen what might, upon the tenth day. He then went one way, and I the other. I thought my best plan was to keep my own counsel; and now, by way of thanks for not having disturbed him, the youth rides over me in the open street."

"A very proper judgment upon you, for having kept the matter from Prince Julius," remarked Eschenreuter; "the prince is contented with your ill-made clothes, and you have not even let him know that the martin-cat is watching his poultry house—you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"Not so!" said David, placing his finger to his nose; "I am not so stupid as you may think; the youth is much valued by our gracious majesty. If I were but to say one word, I should have the emperor, Doctor Dee the

exorcist, the court mathematician, and Propiez, besides the youth himself, about my ears; the whole story would be denied to the prince, and then who would stick in the mud, but the tailor, John David Gitz? and who would get the stick from both parties, but your unworthy servant, now sitting by your side?"

"Upon reflection, you may be right," answered the cunning Eschenreuter, who was just struck by a new project; "perhaps you did right to keep your own counsel; but if the affair should come out, without your having had any thing to say to it, you would not refuse your evidence?"

"Certainly not!" cried David, with malicious joy; "on the contrary, I should be delighted if the boor got a hiding; he might perhaps then learn not to ride over people."

"That is my object," said Eschenreuter, laughing; "but do be so obliging as to tell me what name this neat youth, who clambers in at the window of the prince's love, gives himself. I was just now talking to Erlwein, who is at this moment fast asleep by my side, of that mad horseman, but he did not tell me his name."

"Seibelstorfer is the youngster's name," answered the tailor, upon whom the wine began to take effect. "Seibelstorfer snapped up the

heathen maid from before my nose; Seibelstorfer nearly killed me, by riding over me, and if any one would contrive to do Seibelstorfer a mischief, without my suffering any harm from it, I would treat that person like a prince; I would not even stick at a Spanish or Hungarian dress."

"Well! this we will talk about," said Eschenreuter; "who knows? time brings about strange things! '*Festina lente.*' Meanwhile brush the dust from your clothes, take the creases out of your cloak, and trust to a retributive power, who will not even leave the sorrows of a tailor unweighed and unrepaid."

With these pithy words he arose, leaving the painter asleep in his cups, and the tailor comfortably enjoying his wine, and made his way home, thoroughly to digest his plans before carrying them into execution.

Though the tailor's story was not very clear, he gathered from it, that the object of his hatred, Seibelstorfer, was in great favour with the emperor, and therefore entirely laid aside his first project of taking his chastisement into his own hands. He determined to excite Prince Julius's jealousy by an anonymous letter, and to use that son of the emperor, who, by reason of his recognition by his father, was superior to all

law, as his tool, to revenge the wrong which he fancied he had received from Archibald, under the name of Mesner.

While Archibald's evil genius was thus stirring up a tempest in the horizon against him, he himself was enjoying moments of bliss; he was seated by the side of Isabella, in her own snug little boudoir; no one overheard their conversation, but its subject might be guessed at, from the attitudes in which they were placed; the youth was turned towards his beloved, and they were so close that their knees touched; his eyes were fixed upon her's, and he held her right hand within both his, at the same time covering it with kisses; he appeared to have just hazarded a declaration, which seemed not to be unfavourably received, for the cheeks of the countess were flushed, and her hand trembled, although she made no attempt to release it.

The youth, inflamed by love, and by the juice of the grape, pressed her with the most ardent expressions of his love, and did not rest, till a confession of a mutual feeling had escaped her rosy lips, and been confirmed by a first kiss. And now their position changed, Archibald pressed close to the side of his divinity, encircled her slender waist, his hands were within her's, and she tenderly pressed them, while her head

rested upon her lover's breast. What a contrast did her manner offer to Zenide's sensuality—to Ludmille's prudery, which hardly permitted her lover to touch her hand; and, finally, to Leila's reverential demeanour, as if she persisted in regarding the object of her love, in the light of a stern master. "This is indeed love," whispered his heart; "this is its bliss," was the conviction of his feelings! and more closely did he press to him the beauteous treasure, as smiling he shewed her the violet-coloured ribbon, which he had kept in his bosom like some holy relic. He received his reward in another kiss, and she whispered to him, "You then valued poor Isabella's little gift! Ah! to that ribbon was joined my heart, of which you became the possessor along with it."

With these words she turned her eyes, filled with tears, upon him, and sank into his arms.

CHAPTER XIII.

"Yes, yes, there dwells within the breast, a voice
That tells us, ere it comes, our bliss or woe;
With ominous and all-important signs,
This night, within her circle black, hath trod,
Who can declare, what in her bosom dark
She yet conceals?——"

ANONYMOUS.

AFTER an interval of a few days, the margravine returned to Prague, under the pretex of a sudden attack of illness. The emperor chanced to hear of it, and it also chanced that his sympathy was excited by the news. He gave directions to Doctor Dee, to go to her in his name, and to endeavour to restore her to health. Dee obeyed the mandate; and although much against her will, the margravine was forced to receive the visits of a physician commissioned by so high a personage.

The doctor did not find the slightest trace of illness in his patient, with the exception of considerable nervous agitation, which his knowledge of human nature caused him, very correctly, to

attribute to other causes; but this did not prevent him, in obedience to his orders, from continuing his attendance upon the patient who pretended to be sick, and even dangerously so; until, at the end of three days, the margravine herself thought it expedient to act recovery, and to quit her bed. There was a great assembly of nobles, of both sexes, to celebrate her convalescence, and the doctor was compelled to be present, and to take his place by the margravine's side. Unaccustomed to society, he seated himself silently, and was but little noticed in the circle, when the servant announced aloud, "The Baron Von Buhl;" and the person thus announced hastily entered the room.

What a surprise for the doctor! the baron was his Archibald, splendidly dressed, with a plume of feathers, and armed in a manner beseeming none but a rich nobleman: but if Dee was startled, Archibald was not less so! However, their presence of mind did not desert them; the doctor smoothed his red moustachio, and saluted Archibald as a stranger; while Archibald, on his side, returned his formal bow, with one equally distant, and in an unembarrassed manner, wished the margravine joy of her recovery. Sybille received his congratulations with the gentle bearing she so well knew how to

assume! It was strange enough to see three persons, sitting together, each doing his or her best to deceive the other two, and each feeling perfectly aware that the others were endeavouring to do the same. The conversation soon took a more general turn, and Archibald contented himself with remaining near enough the margravine and the doctor, to prevent their having any private conversation, and divided his attention between them and the Countess of Florenges, who, seated opposite to him, and overjoyed at seeing him again, appeared not only the most lovely, but the happiest of mortals. The doctor at length arose, and took his leave, wrapped himself in his cloak, and, on his way home, considered how the riddle, which had been so unexpectedly propounded to him, was to be solved. With all his cleverness, he never thought that Archibald was capable of wearing two masks, and of so different a character; he was forced to allow, with a sigh, that his seed had produced too luxuriant a fruit; that the scholar had excelled the master; and that it was time to put himself upon his guard; for, in fact, what could this disguise, and his frequenting the distinguished circle in which he met him, denote, but some secret plot—a plot, too, which might possibly, at last, endanger his

master's situation at court. Had not the sly varlet already obtained for himself, as if by magic, Rudolph's favour? had he not designedly avoided the doctor? and had he not ventured occasionally to omit his daily report, or to give him a false one, and thus produced very unpleasant consequences? as the doctor had made use of his private information of the emperor's domestic proceedings, in the magic tricks, and pretended raising of apparitions, with which he at one time amused, and, at another terrified, that weak prince, in order thus to give a higher opinion of his skill. Archibald had daily become a greater object of suspicion to the doctor, and hoping to effect his removal, Dee had often warned the emperor against his attendant, caused the planets to threaten, and apparitions to speak, but had not made the smallest advance towards the attainment of his purpose. The emperor's superstition was alarmed, but his confidence in Archibald remained undiminished. The cunning Englishman soon perceived that the youth was pursuing the best course for drawing the monarch's attention to his crooked courses, or, in other words, for working his own ruin. As soon, therefore, as this had struck him, the doctor abandoned all his artifices, and contented himself with await-

ing the moment, which, sooner or later, was to enclose his victim within the toils.

The occurrences of the evening were of especial importance to him, who had determined upon destroying his creature for aiming at independence; he now dreaded that Archibald might assume this disguise at the emperor's command, to see and hear, for the monarch, those things amongst his subjects which the deluded prince was on no account to see or hear. He was aware that the monarch's being undeceived would be the signal for the death of those who had kept him under their sway, and it was therefore absolutely necessary that this should be prevented; that the troublesome officious creature should be removed, and removed by some lucky hit, without the emperor having the slightest suspicion of it. The doctor called up all the resources of his imagination, but no plan which he hit upon satisfied him; and, on retiring to his couch, he made up his mind to call a council of all his creatures on the ensuing morning, to sit in judgment upon the malapert youth.

Archibald, who was aware that the doctor would make a thousand reflections upon his assumed character, longed to follow him; but, although he sat upon coals, was retained by the

persecutions of an importunate priest, as well as by the society of his beloved. The former buzzed in his ears about an inspired pillar of the church, who, for some time past, had distinguished himself as a preacher at the Capuchins; the latter gave him hopes of enjoying, on the morrow, one of those delicious meetings, with which, of late, he had been frequently blessed.

The margravine, by preparing to retire to her sleeping apartment, gave the signal to the company to break up; and Isabella's duties requiring her to follow her mistress, Archibald was thus no longer detained, and hurried away as fast as he could, in hopes of still finding the doctor out of bed, and, by some clever lie, of throwing him upon a wrong scent; but it struck him, whilst on his way to Erlwein's, that that was the very day which Zenide had appointed for receiving him, and giving him her decision upon her future plans. He had already passed her street, and while in the act of turning to go there, an internal voice seemed to cry to him—

"Beware! why should you meddle with other people's business? let the thoughtless creature follow her own devices; you are happy in Isabella's arms, why should you disturb the prince in his amours? What selfish egotism!"

replied the youth's pride; "shall I not stand by a misguided creature, who once felt love for me." Thus reasoning, the youth returned, but his feet advanced with difficulty, and it appeared to him as if he heard the same voice which said, "What are you doing, unhappy man! you are not about to save, but to destroy Zenide." But the more urgent the warning voice, the more obstinate was Archibald's self-will.

In spite of his forebodings, he pursued his way towards Zenide's dwelling; the window was open, and the apartment appeared feebly lighted. Zenide was waiting concealed behind the curtain, and, with a low voice, called to her Achmet. He hastened to climb up by his former path, and, with a light spring, was in her room; she threw herself on his bosom, pressed his hand, at one moment, to her lips, at another, to her palpitating breast: "You come at a propitious moment, my beloved," she cried, in an ecstatic tone; "I now no longer feel any uneasiness, though the whole evening I have been a prey to the most gloomy forebodings."

"Fanciful creature!" replied Archibald, laughing, "what can you mean? roses and myrtles ought to give a character to your dreams; you ought not to see any thing in a gloomy light. But do I indeed come at a

propitious moment? Do you intend to follow my advice?"

"I have made up my mind," said Zenide, weeping. "If, as you tell me, I am leading a criminal life, I must not remain here any longer; but never more will I return to the princess; place me where you choose, as servant in some respectable house, or as attendant in a convent; I will follow you any where, in the hopes that I may recover my own self-esteem, though you must always despise me."

Archibald blushed! "Strange creature," he cried, "are you aware of what you are about to do? you intend to trust yourself to a stranger, just as you are freed from a state of perplexity whence you can have had but slight hopes of escape; consider the matter well; where is Julius?"

"He quitted me yesterday," answered Zenide, "after passing two days with me, during which he behaved like a tyrannic gaoler; he was so morose, and so taciturn, that I was very glad when he left me, and the sad experience, that love soon vanishes from the breast of man, is the chief motive which induces me rather to entrust myself to you, than remain any longer where I am."

"What blind confidence!" cried Archibald;

"what makes you suppose that I am not as bad as your prince? and now listen to me, to-morrow I will provide you with a rope ladder; and on the following day, I will release you from your prison, and conduct you to Ludmille and her mother; they are considerate; they know what love is, and are not ignorant of the violence of the passions; they will forgive, and what is more, forget."

"Oh, no! never, never," cried Zenide, interterrupting him, as she hid her face in her hands; "sooner die, than present myself as a humble penitent before my severe mistress; I had rather die now, on this very spot."

She had scarcely uttered these criminal words, when her fate was decided for her. A noise was heard in the street, arms clattered, and keys seemed to be tried at the door of the house, while the windows reflected the uncertain light of torches. "By the joys of Paradise," cried Zenide, starting back in alarm from the window, whither her curiosity had attracted her, "we are betrayed! the prince is opening the house door, he is attended by torch-bearers, and armed men; what is to become of you?"

"By God's assistance I will yet disappoint my enemies," answered Archibald, laughing, as he lightly swung himself out of the window, and

made the best of his way to conceal himself behind the glory round the head of the colossal figure. Scarcely had he got firm footing there, when a shot was fired from beneath, and the ball carried his hat from his head, while the feathers of his plume, cut by the shot, flew about in all directions.

"I have planted it in his very forehead," cried the man who had fired from the street, in a tone of delight.

"No, no, you have missed," cried another, as the hat came twirling to the ground; "if you wish to hit, you must aim as I do;" and as he thus spoke, he pointed his musket. Archibald had no wish to try whether he could make good his boast, and therefore clambered, like a cat, back into Zenide's apartment. At the same moment that he re-entered the room, which was now dark, the door was burst open; Julius, with his face distorted by the most violent fury, rushed in, seized Zenide by the hair of her head, and dragged her about the room. Several armed attendants, and with them Eschenreuter, bearing a matchlock, followed the prince. One single torch threw its wild light on the scene. Archibald ensconced himself in a corner, where he was screened by the shadow of a great press. It would have been the height of madness for a

single individual to have opposed himself to ten armed men—certain death, or humiliating capture, would have been the consequence; all his prospects, all his hopes, would have been equally destroyed by either alternative; he therefore remained concealed, and was an agitated observer of all that passed.

"Have I then caught you in the fact! wretched woman?" cried Julius, to the fainting Zenide, in a voice of thunder. "Where is your paramour? confess, or it shall cost you your life."

"Oh, prince, take compassion on me," cried Zenide, on her knees; "you are mistaken."

"Silence, viper!" raved forth Julius, as he struck her to the ground; "did not the villain clamber in at the window? and did I not myself see him do so? Where is he; let me hear?"

"He has made his escape," moaned forth the unfortunate creature; "if you were to kill me, I have nothing further to say."

"Nothing further to say?" cried Julius in a frenzy; "you persist in saying so; then die!"

As he uttered these words, an attendant from behind let fall a tremendous blow with a battle-axe, on Zenide's head—she fell dead, without a groan. Archibald, shocked at this sight, rushed forward, and threw himself amongst the band of

barbarians; startled at this sudden apparition, they stepped back; but one glance at the beauteous body, was sufficient to convince the youth that he was too late, and all that he had now to provide for, was his own safety.

Eschenreuter, who fancied that he saw in him the person that had supplanted him with his Anna, rushed towards him in a state of blind fury, with his musket presented.

"That is the man, my friends," he exclaimed, and prepared the match. "Die, accursed rascal, you shall not again seduce young women," and he fired at Archibald, but the ball mocked his intention, and whistled by Archibald's head.

The youth, nevertheless, fell to the ground, thus hoping to escape from his perils; his fall, and the cries for help, which the neighbours, now raised from their slumbers, had set up, gave the murderers the signal for flight; the torch was flung into the middle of the room, and with the prince at their head, they rushed out of the house.

The citizens, who had by this time begun to assemble in considerable numbers, appeared disposed to cut off their retreat, but their arms, and the prince's bravado, who cried aloud, "I am the son of your king, of the emperor, woe be to those who venture to meddle with me," prevented

their using any violence, and the murderers effected their escape.

In the general confusion, Archibald also ventured to attempt to get away, and followed his enemies into the open air, who in the darkness mistook him for one of their party. He kept with them till they passed a bye street, by means of which he got to Erlwein's lodging. The painter was shocked at the state in which his visitor made his appearance, and was nearly frightened to death when he heard his narration. His conscience smote him; he could not for a moment doubt that it was his want of discretion that had been the origin of all this mischief, and he thanked God, in his heart, that the youth had so providentially escaped.

If he could have had any doubt on the subject, it would have been instantly removed, for whilst Archibald was hastily changing his dress, Eschenreuter's voice, calling him, sounded under the window. Erlwein opened it, and looked out.

"Adieu, brother of mine," cried Eschenreuter, whilst his teeth chattered, as if in a fit of the ague; "I must fly the country, I have shot my rival; salute my Anna for me, tell her that my despair brought me to the commission of this

deed, and offer up prayers for the poor victim's soul."

Scarcely had he uttered these words, before he took to flight, without giving Erlwein an opportunity of comforting him, or even of stopping him. Archibald, in the mean time, attired himself in his student's dress, and hurried towards the castle.

Numbers of people were hastening along the streets towards the scene of the murder; the report of the deed that had been committed had already reached the very farthest quarters of the city; officers of justice were hurrying to and fro; the magistrates, whose duty it was to take minutes of the evidence of the murder, rode by torch-light to the fatal spot.

A general cry of execration accompanied the name of Julius, the emperor's natural son; he was in every body's mouth, as the author of this atrocious act, and as the person who, considering himself in virtue of his birth to be above the reach of human law, had ventured to commit so horrible a crime in the very capital of the kingdom. Some servants of the Princess Eleonora, who were attracted to the spot by their curiosity, recognised the unfortunate victim of jealousy, and hurried back with the news; Leila's despair

knew no bounds, and Ludmille's grief was indescribable. The princess, more collected than the rest of her family, made up her mind instantly to quit a town where such an outrage had been committed.

Their preparations for departure did not take long; the maniac prince was put into a close carriage, the princess, her daughter, and the weeping Leila, who in vain entreated permission to see her sister once more, entered another. Old Christopher was left in charge of the house, and received directions to claim the body of Zenide, and thus in the course of a few hours the princess's family had quitted the city of Prague.

The savage, who in the course of the night had alarmed so many thousand citizens, had now retired to his den—had reached in safety the apartments which were allotted to him in the palace, and appeared as if nothing extraordinary had occurred.

He considered himself safe and inviolate, within the precincts of the royal palace, inside which no officer of justice dared venture, and whose bounds set at defiance the power of law; there he would be shielded by the kind indulgence which his father entertained for the children of his love: this time, however, the confidence of the proud prince deceived him.

It was early in the morning when the emperor was acquainted with the whole affair, which had thrown the city of Prague into a very serious ferment; he received the report from the gallant Field Marshal Von Rödern, who had lately returned from Hungary upon some important business at court, and who had already become, by his soldier-like frankness, the terror of the parasites, and hangers on. Rudolph was cut to the heart by this report of his son's crime. Severity succeeded to a sorrow so natural. The field marshal himself, at the head of a few guards, by the emperor's command, arrested the abettor of the murder, who, after a furious defence, was at length obliged to surrender. His obstinacy did not desert him, even in the presence of his imperial father. He maintained that he had acted rightly, did not attempt to deny that he had commanded the deed, and also confessed that, which till then no one had known, that the female's paramour, who, he had been informed, belonged to the court, had been shot at the same time, but that he had purposely refrained from demanding his name, lest the knowledge of it might have had the effect of screening him from his vengeance. He took upon himself all the guilt of his attendants, whose names, however, he carefully concealed; haughtily boasted of his

descent, and of the privileges which he declared that it gave him; and denied that either emperor, or court of justice, or in fact any other earthly power, had the right of calling him to account.

The unhappy father, thunder-struck at such unexampled effrontery, ordered the criminal to be removed, and then, with his own mind already made up to clemency, dubiously, and with anxiety, asked the few members of the council of state, which had been hastily summoned, for their opinion. Their sentence was severe, although just, yet still they left it to the father, to mitigate it as he chose.

The emperor's heart was already moved by his affection for his son, and he was reflecting how he should give his weakness some semblance of severity, when a chance opinion, uttered by Melchior Von Rödern, fixed his determination.

"Of how depraved a disposition," cried the field marshal, much excited, "is that young savage; give him but arms, and place him at the head of a few rebels, and he would precipitate his own father from his throne, and murder him at its foot."

This remark struck the emperor as a prophecy; distrust and gloomy suspicion began to work within him, and finally, through dread of

a crime which might be attempted against his own person, he punished that which had been already committed, by pronouncing a sentence worthy of an ancient Roman, but it originated in a love of justice.

Archibald was soon after summoned to the emperor's presence, and obeyed, under the full conviction that his share in the dreadful affair was no longer a secret, and that he would find him in the greatest anger. Rudolph, on the contrary, was in the attitude of one in deep grief; he had thrown himself back into his chair, his arms were folded across his breast, which breathed with difficulty, and his look, expressive of the anguish he felt, was turned towards the ceiling.

The emperor remained some time in this position, and at length raised himself with a deep sigh. "Have you your instruments about you?" he asked, in a hollow tone.

Archibald, with increasing astonishment, answered in the affirmative.

"Then follow us, in the name of the Trinity," said the emperor, bursting into tears; he then led the way to a private entry, and at the end of one of those close passages which have been already described, knocked at an iron door; an old servant opened it from the other side, and

the emperor descended a long narrow staircase; at the bottom there was a second door; he knocked again, the door opened, and, on entering, they stood in a small vaulted room, into which a light cloud of steam penetrated from a side entry.

At this instant the jesuit, who was the emperor's confessor, issued from the midst of the steam, and came to meet them.

"Have you finished, my worthy sir?" inquired Rudolph.

The jesuit bowed in silence, and with a sorrowful countenance.

"Is he quite prepared?" continued the emperor.

"Perfectly, my gracious prince," answered the ecclesiastic; "I have administered the *viaticum*, and now have only to crave mercy for the unfortunate man."

"He must look for mercy from his God," answered the emperor, "but we must not venture to mock our sentence; return now, to support him in his agonies."

The confessor bowed, and Archibald shuddered, as he followed the emperor into the adjacent vault, where he perceived the unfortunate Julius seated in a warm bath, whilst two

guards were intently watching every movement of the culprit.

Rudolph addressed Archibald in the imperial manner, and majestic tone, which he could so well assume.

"Do your duty, surgeon! take your instruments, and open the arteries of this criminal in the bath. Let him bleed to death, that the ends of justice may be answered, and his fate be a warning to all those who may be tempted to follow his example. Adieu, most unfortunate child," he continued, as he embraced Julius, who maintained a gloomy silence; "may your father's blessing, and the Lord's mercy, be with you." He then turned away, made an intelligible gesture to the bewildered surgeon to set to work, and hurried from the place of execution.

After a short, but heartfelt prayer, Archibald prepared to do his duty! As he advanced through the steam arising from the bath, towards him who was to suffer death at his hands, Julius looked round, while the paleness, caused by the approach of death, was heightened by horror. "Dreadful!" he cried; "must my last moments be rendered more horrible, by the apparition of those whom I have murdered."

"Calm yourself!" whispered Archibald to him; "I am still among the living. Heaven has spared you a crime; and now forgive me, that my duty compels me to lay violent hands upon you."

"On the contrary," answered Julius, in a low tone, pressing his hand; "you are doing me a benefit. I shall imagine to myself, that I lose my life by the just vengeance of him whom I tried to murder, and not by the unnatural sentence of my own father."

He passed both his hands over his brow, and then presented his arms for the execution of his sentence.

Archibald's duty was soon over; but the sufferer's agonies were long, and the confessor was present at them, for the purpose of giving him spiritual consolation; the field marshal, Von Rödern was also attending as a witness. It was with horrible convulsions that life finally quitted the youthful frame.

The first rays of the morning sun, as they played through the grated window, shone full upon the livid face of the corpse. Zenide's shade had received an expiation, and by the hands of him on whose account she had suffered death. Archibald returned to the emperor, with the solemn air that befitted one who had

just been witness of so dreadful a spectacle. The prince scarcely listened to his report, but making a sign to him to depart, locked himself into his room, with a firm determination of seeing no one. Although the morning was advanced, the silence of death remained around the castle, while in the city there was a gloomy fermentation abroad; for a speech, delivered by a discontented old burgess, to a collected crowd of citizens, had at length fanned into a flame the latent sparks of rebellion.

"You are surprised," spoke the ill-disposed old man, "that you have not yet heard, whether it be the emperor's intention to punish his son's crime. Cease your wonder, my friends; how can you be certain that the emperor has still the power of deciding on any thing? How long is it since any one of you has seen his majesty? and has he not even absented himself for a long time from the church, which he used to attend so regularly, penned up, as he was, in his doubly-grated oratory? Pious man! Is it not most probable that he is seriously ill? nay, is it not possible that he may be even dead, and that his favourites, those foreign bloodsuckers, whom may God confound, only keep the intelligence from his faithful people, that they may continue, under the emperor's name, to fatten upon our

hard-earned gains; to rob the widow and the orphan; and, in short, to wring, by every possible means, the withers of the people? Were the emperor still alive, he would never leave such misdeeds unpunished; but the mouth of the dead is closed, his power gone, and his murderer, no doubt, long since in safety."

The citizens looked at each other, with faces of doubt and anxiety. This tale, the mere invention of the narrator, spread through the city with the speed of thought, and soon reached the ears of the principal inhabitants. They seized, with avidity, this opportunity of exciting the people to revolt against a government that they despised, and against a set of favourites whom they detested. Gold and promises were distributed, and the number of insurgents every moment increased.

"The emperor is dead! down with the foreigners! down with his murderers!" was the cry throughout all the streets. The alarm-bell was first rung in a remote church, but soon after the bells throughout the entire city pealed the signal for revolt, and by mid-day the insurrection was at its height.

Cardinal Von Dietrichstein was the first whose loyalty prompted him to carry the news to the emperor; he was only admitted upon his

most urgent entreaties, and his report was not believed. The afflicted monarch paid no attention to the warnings of the brave Rödern, or to those of the faithful Althan. Meanwhile, the insurgents having besieged the castle with the most violent threats, the body guards barricadoed the gates, and pointed the artillery. Their officers asked for orders: the emperor commanded that human blood should be spared, but remained inactive in his own apartment. The danger became every moment more imminent, and the insurgents demanded, with loud shouts, the heads of those who had dared to keep secret the emperor's death. The monarch, shut up in his own apartment, continually fancied that he heard the cry of, "Death to the emperor," and was powerless, from excess of fear. The foreigners who lived in the castle trembled at the fate which threatened them, and some among them entreated of the emperor to show himself to the people; Rudolph rejected this request, with the utmost horror; a speedy flight was then urged; and the unfortunate prince, who for many years had carefully avoided every thing like publicity, accepted this pernicious advice. Trembling with rage and fear, he gave orders to his most confidential favourites, among whom was Doctor Dee, to

hasten and conceal, with all possible speed, the whole of his works of art, which he had collected at an enormous expense. Gold and silver plate, clocks, books, rare coins, engraved stones, pictures, and copper plates, were removed in heaps out of the emperor's apartment. The doctor, while thus occupied, met his pupil Archibald, who was on his way to offer his services to the emperor. A wicked plan entered Dee's imagination. In a tone of friendship he said, hastily thrusting a small box into the youth's hand, "Save this; and expect, for so doing, a considerable reward. Conceal it in the most secure corner of your room, and do not return it till I ask for it." Archibald did as he was desired, and concealing the box, which contained a beautiful cameo, in the straw of his bed, hurried back to the spot where his services were most required.

The masses of people, like the waves of the sea, swept round the walls of the castle, and lashed against it, as if it had been some lofty cliff. A party of them obtained possession of the arsenal, and guns were dragged towards the palace; storming ladders were called for, and stones flew in showers against all the windows.

Rudolph, in spite of the cardinal's entreaties, and the brave Rödern's representations, was

actually on his way to the under-ground passage, by which he was to make his escape, when a young man, in a travelling dress, who had by some means effected an entrance into the castle, rushed forward, and intercepted his progress. "My gracious sovereign," he cried, "I am but this instant arrived from a long journey, to behold, with astonishment, what is now going on. Be firm, my imperial master! grant me but a hundred of your mounted guards, and the use of that artillery which now remains unemployed under the arch. I will throw open the great gate, and, having poured a murderous fire upon the rebels, will follow it up by a charge, in which our swords and our horses' hoofs will complete their rout."

"This cannot be," answered the emperor; "we thank you, Von Wallenstein, but we have just made up our minds not to spill a drop of our subjects' blood, although, as you have heard, the madmen are thirsting for our's."

"My lord and master," cried the cardinal, "you are under an unfortunate delusion; the people imagine you are dead, and are raging to revenge it; do not fly, there are other means of allaying the storm."

"Show yourself to the people," said Melchior Von Rödern; "your presence would do won-

ders. We are now close to a great bay window, from which, I should think, you might be seen by a great mass of the people. Let it be thrown open, and gratify the wishes of the citizens."

"We will not yield to rebels," answered the emperor.

"Extraordinary occasions require extraordinary measures," cried the field marshal; "do you imagine it more glorious, with your crown on head, and sceptre in hand, to turn your back upon the rebels, by a cowardly flight, or to gratify their wishes, by meeting them face to face."

"You are speaking in a tone which does not become you," said the emperor, with an offended manner.

"In a tone that befits a faithful soldier, your majesty, and in no other," answered the field marshal, eagerly. "I am but just returned from Hungary; there have I, countless times in battle, looked in the very faces of the Mussulmen, the sworn foes of our people, and of our faith, and I cannot imagine how a Hapsburgh, a prince, who has not his equal in power throughout the world, can tremble at the idea of showing himself to his friends, and to his children. Your presence has been too long kept from them."

"Tremble!" cried the emperor, with his eyes sparkling; "who told you that?"

"You consent, then, my gracious master?" said Rödern, pretending to mistake his meaning. "To work, people! tear down the barricadoes! in the name of the emperor, hasten to the work!"

The emperor, startled at this sudden resolution, attempted to countermand the arbitrary order; but his threats and representations were drowned by the noise with which the servants, who were anxious to put an end, one way or another, to the alarming situation of the inhabitants of the castle, knocked down the barricadoes.

When the emperor saw that his gestures and exclamations were only interpreted by the industrious workmen as signals of encouragement, he angrily endeavoured to pursue his previous plan of escape. Rödern, seeing himself in danger of losing the fruits of his boldness, took a hasty resolution, seized the emperor's hand, and held him back.

Rudolph resisted. "How!" he cried, whilst his lips trembled with passion; "do you venture to lay hands upon us? and to use violence towards us?"

"My hand has already laid many of your

enemies in the dust," answered Rödern, coldly, as he held the emperor still more firmly. "This time it shall save you from disgrace. Remain, my gracious master, and pronounce my sentence after the event."

At that moment the heavy iron barricadoes fell to the ground, and the great bay window was thrown open; the emperor advanced to it, led by Rödern, and almost pressed forward by his numerous suite. His face wore a bitter expression, as he was thus forced forward to the window, under which was one dense mass of people. The moment that the countless spectators recognised their prince, every sword and lance was lowered, hats and caps were waved in the air, and a tremendous cry of, "Vivat Rudolphus Imperator!" "Vivat Rex Bohemiæ!" was raised, re-echoed even by the numbers who could not get a glimpse of their sovereign.

A slight smile came over Rudolph's countenance at the sight; but, long unaccustomed to spectacles of this kind, he could not bear it for any length of time; and, after a few moments, he made a slight bow, and hastily quitted his stand, to take refuge in the innermost recess of his apartment.

The cardinal admitted the principal citizens into the castle, to show them the corpse of the

unfortunate Julius, and to impress upon them the extent of the emperor's love of justice.

The field marshal surrendered himself a prisoner, that he might answer for his conduct, but his sword was immediately returned to him, with the intimation, however, that he was not, for a certain period, to enter his majesty's presence; and the insurgents, enchanted at the emperor's condescension, in appearing before them, and flattered by his severe act of justice, dispersed, and retired peaceably to their homes.

CHAPTER XIV.

" My tongue can never speak thee blest,
While hostile eyes are still awake."

SCHILLER.

THE armed bands had dispersed, and the palace of the kings of Bohemia was again in a state of repose. Archibald recollected that he had been entrusted with an article of value; he sought for it, and regarded, with admiration, that inestimable cameo, which the emperor himself had shown him, but a short time before, as his greatest treasure. It represented the apotheosis of Augustus, and had been brought to Europe at the time of the first crusades, by a knight of the order of St. John of Jerusalem, and had fortunately been preserved at the convent of Boissy, during the barbarism, and stormy feuds of the middle ages. The good nuns imagined that this work of art represented our Saviour's crucifixion, and preserved it as a holy relic.

Rudolph had gained possession of this inestimable work of art at an enormous cost, and prized it more than the gems of his crown, or even than the very crown itself.

Archibald, although he felt flattered that this valuable of all valuables had been entrusted to him, longed, nevertheless, to be relieved of the responsibility of its charge; he therefore took it to Doctor Dee, for the purpose of returning it, but the doctor refused to receive it, and said, in the kindest manner, "No, my good Archibald, the emperor is at present so plunged in grief, that he will not see any one; and he desired me to tell you, that he permitted you to absent yourself for the day, as he purposes to fast and pray; and it therefore is not to be supposed that he would think of arranging his collection. Restore to him, to-morrow, the valuable trust which has been confided to you; I have the most perfect confidence in your care, and would not, for the world, deprive you of the reward which will be your's, when you restore the apotheosis to the emperor with your own hands."

This observation delighted the youth, and he profited by the doctor's fit of good humour, to utter a few words of explanation, with regard

to their unexpected meeting on the previous day.

"You are a sly fox," he said, and shook his finger at him, smiling; "but your boldness has not displeased me. You have not done amiss in smuggling yourself into distinguished society, for it is impossible to know to what station fate may finally call you; but I should advise you to beware, how you let any uninitiated person know that you wear two masks."

The doctor succeeded in making the vain Archibald confide in him; and the false assertion, that the emperor dispensed with his services for that day, also had its effect. Archibald hastened again to conceal the apotheosis in the straw of his bed; he then changed his dress at Erlwein's, and made all haste to Ludmille's house, that in case poor Leila had not heard of her sister's death, he might break it to her.

On arriving at the house, he only found old Christopher, and the body of Zenide; he pressed a kiss upon the cold hand of that unfortunate young creature, and then made the best of his way to where he knew that the object of his love was waiting to embrace him. It was to the margravine's palace, to Isabella's apartment, that he thus hurried.

The horrible spectacles he had witnessed that morning, and on the preceding night, had little effect on his spirits, and he did not dare touch upon them, to her who was rather given to jealousy. The moments flew, in each other's society, with a speed that they could hardly believe. They started when they found that the moment was come, when the countess was forced, by her duty, to attend the margravine's toilette; there was that evening to be an assembly at that princess's palace, at which the whole nobility of Prague would be present, to offer their congratulations upon a victory which had been gained by the margrave, Charles Von Burgau, Sybille's husband.

The beauteous Isabella tore herself, with a sigh, from the arms of her lover, and gave him a last kiss.

"Come soon," she said, with a smile; "the sight of you can alone give me courage to endure the ennui of society. I feel, this evening, so uneasy and so low, that I am sure I am going to be ill, or that some other misfortune is impending."

Archibald endeavoured to remove her melancholy by a kiss; and, after her departure, remained a considerable time longer in her

apartment, lost in his reflections. At length, he fancied that he had caught Isabella's lowness of spirits.

"How very extraordinary!" he said to himself; "how does it happen that I should feel the same forebodings, which yesterday very nearly kept me from visiting Zenide? and would to God that they had succeeded in so doing. I feel the same uneasiness, the same dread, as if a sword were suspended over my head. Fool that I am! I am no Moloch, to whom, each day, a victim must be sacrificed; why should I think that another Zenide should perish on my account, or that a jealous prince, or mad lover, taking me for his unknown rival, should thirst after my life? The one sleeps the sleep of death, and the other must be now far from these walls! What, then, can I have to fear?" He finally succeeded in shaming himself out of his fears, and proceeded, as though he had but then entered the palace, towards the splendidly-illuminated suite of apartments, which was fast filling with the first society of Prague. This assembly, which was the most magnificent that the margravine had yet given, dazzled the youth, and he mixed among the crowd, but slightly acknowledging the ladies who were nearest him.

The mistress of the house entered the room a few minutes after his arrival, and her visitors passed before her to present their respects and congratulations; Archibald also approached, and placed himself in the line which would bring him up in turn to the princess, who was seated magnificently dressed, while the object of his love stood beside her.

He had nearly arrived at the princess, whilst preparing, in his own mind, a compliment, which was to eclipse all the others, and which the Countess of Florenges might also apply to herself; he was so taken up with this, that he paid no attention to the persons around him, and he was startled, when he felt some one tap him on the shoulder, and heard a voice say, in a loud tone of derision, "Why, fellow, who admitted you here?"

He turned hastily round, and was petrified with alarm—Prince Bernhard stood close to him, accompanied by the Baron Von Kaunitz.

Archibald's knees smote each other, and he trembled from head to foot.

The persons standing round, stared, on hearing this odd address, and did not know whether it was meant in jest or earnest; but the visible confusion of Von Buhl, as well as the malicious expression on the features of him who addressed

the young baron, soon showed them that it was a serious attack.

Archibald's presence of mind was at an end, he knew that he had to expect no mercy from his two enemies, and that his secret was irrecoverably gone.

The prince's next words but too fatally confirmed his fears.

"I am extremely sorry, ladies and gentlemen," said that vindictive man, "that, upon my first introduction to your society, I should be the author of an unpleasant scene; but I owe it to your escutcheons, and still more to the princess, whose guests we are, to drive from this house a person who disgraces it."

"A person who disgraces it?" cried the princess, while the rest of the society crowded round, silent through surprise.

Isabella's face became of the deepest scarlet—she saw that Archibald was pale as death.

"I repeat it," said Bernhard, in a measured tone, "a person who disgraces it! We are all disgraced as long as that man (pointing at Archibald) is among us."

"What! the Baron Von Buhl?" cried a voice; "why, in God's name, what can you mean?"

"He is a bastard, belonging to the very

scum of the people!" cried Bernhard, in a louder tone; "he is a vagabond! and an impostor! I pledge my princely word upon the truth of what I say; and he may strike me upon the face, who can prove it to be an untruth."

The whole circle remained speechless in anxious suspense; and Isabella appeared more dead than alive.

The margravine smiled in secret, with malicious pleasure, and made a sign to her chamberlain, Von Keppenbach; he approached the wretched Archibald with all the insolence of an upstart.

"My gracious mistress," he said, "has desired me to request you to depart. The noble prince must be believed upon his simple asseveration, and if you consider yourself aggrieved by what he has said, you may demand satisfaction elsewhere; but the margravine receives no guest who has had a slur cast upon his character."

The chamberlain then took him by the arm, to conduct him towards the door; but Archibald gave him such a look of fury, as caused him to start back, then going up to Bernhard, he seized his hand, and cried, at the highest pitch of his voice, "We will meet again, prince, and then woe be to you; the bastard will assuredly break that neck which unfortunately escaped harm in the castle

ditch of Vorosdar! It is very painful to me," he continued, "to be forced thus to quit a circle in which I have enjoyed happy hours, but you will find that the bastard will keep his word to that princely knave, exactly as he has sworn it." He then made a low bow; cast a threatening glance at the delighted margravine, and a softer one, of farewell, at the Countess of Florenges, who turned alternately pale and red, and then haughtily quitted the house.

It is true, that shame and rage forced burning drops from his eyes, and his heart felt as if it would break, when he thought of having lost Isabella; yet what could he do, but oppose an impotent rage to the scoffs of his foes. Alas! he did not know that his cup of bitterness was not yet drained, but that there was still fresh misfortune in its dregs.

On returning to the palace, he found his room broken open, and beset by guards, who instantly arrested him; it was in vain that he attempted to learn the reason of such treatment; it was in vain that he protested his innocence; he was forced to pass the night in a damp dungeon of the castle, where, deprived of sleep, he tossed backwards and forwards upon his mouldy straw, till a feeble light, which penetrated into his dreary lodging, gave notice that the day was breaking.

A female voice soon after reached the prisoner, through the aperture that served for a window; it proceeded from the kind Hagar, who had prevailed upon the guards to allow her a short conversation with the prisoner. It was from this compassionate woman that he learned the extent of his misfortune.

He had been proceeded against unheard, whilst every circumstance had apparently conspired to ruin him.

The emperor, already displeased at his attendant having absented himself without permission, from the supper table, had, at the conclusion of his repast, missed from his collection, which had been brought back in the course of the afternoon, the precious apotheosis, and his grief for the loss of a son had not the power of curbing his anger. In vain were all the servants questioned; none of them, and none of his favourites, would confess having seen the cameo. The doctor was the first person who directed the general suspicion upon Archibald, insinuating that he might have purloined it. His room was searched, and the lost cameo was discovered concealed in the straw of his bed, thus establishing a convincing proof of his guilt; it was then rumoured that the dishonest attendant had mysterious connections in the city, which might very possibly

finally lead to some attempt against the emperor's life. The master of the horse, Adam Propicz, next stated, that Von Wallenstein, who had only arrived the day before, and who was a friend of his, had visited him at the stables, and when Adam accidentally mentioned Seibelstorfer in the course of conversation, had assured him that he had never even heard of such a person at Padua, far less ever given him a message to Propicz. Wallenstein repeated this declaration in the emperor's presence; and the falsity of Archibald's mission, and of Argoli's horoscope, was thus unquestionably proved. Brahe and Dee got themselves out of the scrape, by declaring that they had been themselves deceived; and joined in throwing the whole blame upon the youth.

Such was the story which he collected with difficulty from Hagar's narration, and he was thunderstruck at the doctor's baseness.

"Oh, my dear young gentleman," sighed forth Hagar, in a deluge of tears, "how can you have so far forgotten yourself? but I have not yet told you all, there is something dreadful still behind; for this very morning, not more than a quarter of an hour ago, the officers of the criminal court, in their scarlet robes, rode into the castle, and craved admission to his majesty—

every body supposes that they are come about you. Oh, my good young gentleman! what have you been doing? but surely you will not bring destruction upon my beloved husband, the good Dywoky, by way of thanks for his having admitted you when you returned so late from your nocturnal rambles? Oh, do not do this! nobody knows better than you, that he is completely innocent, so do not ruin us; have compassion upon the poor worm that I bear within me, and whose father may, perhaps, perish upon the scaffold, if you are not merciful."

The unfortunate creature wept as she fell upon her knees.

Archibald smiled compassionately, and endeavoured to console her. "Never shall I forget," he said, "what I owe to your husband; never shall his name pass my lips, even if I have to present my neck to the executioner! you may depend upon this, my good creature, and, in the mean time, do not think ill of me; were not the followers of our Lord, placed in bonds? as I am innocent in the sight of God, so shall I be proved in the sight of men."

"God grant that it may be so!" sighed forth Hagar.

She was just then forced to retire from the

window, for a number of persons were crossing the court, towards the entrance of the prison. The bolts which fastened the entry of Archibald's cell were drawn back, and the door was opened; but, instead of any one arriving with authority to release him, the long scarlet robes of the officers of justice swept into the cell.

A crowd was collected around the door, and in the court-yard; Archibald's heart beat with anxiety, for he had never imagined that the emperor would have referred a matter of mere suspicion, to the jurisdiction of a criminal tribunal; but dreadfully did his alarm increase, not unmixed as it was with anger, when he heard by the mouth of the clerk of the court, the new accusation brought against him by Prince Bernhard, which placed his life in jeopardy; an accusation, supported by the testimony of Kaunitz and Nepomuck, of having set fire to the Castle of Vorosdar, for the purposes of pillaging it; of having abducted Princess Ludmille, and of having attempted to murder the complainants.

This horrible accusation paralyzed him who was the object of it, and he only recovered himself on seeing that the officers were preparing to remove him; he threw himself on his knees

[redacted]

gravine's, Bernhard directed Elias, who was in the house as a part of his suite, to trace out the person who styled himself the Baron Von Buhl. That servant had accordingly followed Archibald, had watched him into Erlwein's house, and had seen him leave it again, after a short stay there; in spite of the lateness of the hour, he had mounted to the painter's apartment, and though very ill received by him, had contrived by his friendly inquiries about the youth, to draw from him, what he had himself first learnt on the night of Zenide's death, namely, that Archibald was employed about the court. Thus it was known, that the accusers would find their victim at the palace. Erlwein trembled lest he too should be mixed up in the affair, when he heard of the accusation against his friend; but the confederates were so pleased at having their principal enemy in their toils, that they never thought of his accomplices.

The margravine had been so embittered by Archibald's contempt, as to have become his declared enemy. No greater satisfaction could have been afforded to her offended vanity, than the sudden and melancholy change of Archibald's prospects; she was ungenerous enough to triumph over him whom she had once thought worthy of her love, while she never let an

opportunity pass of expressing her gratification at the fall of the low-born bastard.

The Countess of Florenges suffered tortures at all she heard; and although the reports that reached her, joined in representing the youth as a disgrace to humanity, she could not prevail upon herself to hate him. The love which she felt for him, had no respect for birth or circumstances, and her heart could not bring itself to believe the atrocities which were universally propagated against her lover.

But though her love and her feelings acquitted him, he did not the less pine in his dungeon, and was not the less threatened by a cruel sentence. This reflection, and the thought of what his sufferings must be, so preyed upon her mind as necessarily to affect her health; her sleepless nights robbed her cheeks of their bloom, and the burning tears, which fell from her in her solitary hours, deprived her eyes of their brightness; her beauty was gradually fading; and such an alteration, though it at first escaped the observation of the margravine, who seemed altogether occupied by her new friendship with Prince Bernhard, was too remarkable, and too lasting, not to be at length taken notice of. Sybille inquired into its cause; at first she failed in discovering it; neither her authoritative

questions, nor her raillery, had the power of eliciting the fair mourner's secret, and yet the margravine, who half guessed it, was most anxious to be fully informed. She well knew the key that would be the most likely to open the heart of the friend of her youth. It would, indeed, be difficult to affect that friendly sympathy, that sister-like interest, which had once caused the happiness of the two friends, but which had disappeared ever since their quarrel, and was now replaced by cold formality and heartless expressions of friendship. But the skilful hypocrite did not shrink from her task, and her attempt succeeded better than she expected. Her raillery ceased, her former tenderness appeared to return, and her friendship glowed with its former fervour. Sympathy soon draws from a wounded heart its secret. One admission after the other was extorted from the artless Isabella, when a sudden and frightful shock wrung from her a full confession.

For months Archibald had been almost forgotten in the horrible dungeons in which he was a prisoner. His memory had almost perished, when he was suddenly recalled to the public notice in a very fearful manner. It was reported

from the Court of Criminal Inquiry, that the bastard had confessed, and was to receive his sentence in open court. A pile was, at the same time, prepared in a waste place in the city, where the unfortunate man's body was to be burnt.

From palace to hut, from convent to tavern, in short, throughout the entire city, Archibald became the subject of conversation.

Upon the appointed day, countless multitudes besieged the court house. The judges could hardly reach their places, from the swarms of people that crammed every spot where there was standing room. Scarcely had these functionaries taken their seats when the criminal arrived, carried in a cage, as though he had been a wild beast. He was pale as ashes, and, in spite of the inclemency of the weather, was but scantily clad. Upon his being brought forward, the crowd was still as death, every word that was uttered was distinctly heard.

When the syndic had read aloud the accusation, and had enjoined the accused to confess his crime, openly in the face of all people, as he had already confessed it at a private examination, Archibald raised himself with a noble demeanour, shook his chains, and casting a fiery look at the

spectators, and at his judges, said, in a loud clear tone—

"I confess before God and man that I have sinned often and greatly against my lord and emperor, whom may God preserve for a long course of years; but they were faults, not crimes, that I committed, and ought only to be judged by his majesty himself. Of the dreadful crimes of which I am accused I am perfectly innocent; I never purloined any thing from the emperor, nor did I ever set fire to the castle of Vorosdar; and were a hundred witnesses here to endeavour to prove these crimes against me, the accusation would not be less unfounded. Those witnesses whom I requested to be summoned, were not sent for; I have been pining in the most rigorous confinement, without being allowed the benefit of a legal adviser; and my confession was finally extorted from me by threats of torture. My frame is not of iron, and I am not insensible to pain; and preferring to terminate a miserable existence, by a speedy death, rather than by slow tortures, against which I should never be able to bear up, I confessed every thing that was required of me, and will still make any declaration that may be deemed necessary. May my blood be upon the head of my unjust judges, upon their children,

and upon my wicked accusers, even to the tenth generation! As for myself, may God help me!*"

This simple declaration, uttered as it was, with an expression of truth, and of resignation to his hard fate, made a powerful impression upon his auditors. The feelings of the mob, although easily excited to fury and to acts of injustice, are at bottom good. A murmur of disapprobation arose, that increased while his sentence was read, at length it rose to such a pitch as to alarm the judges. The officers of justice used threats and even blows to keep the people in check, and after the forms of condemnation had been gone through, they had great difficulty in making them leave the court house, where the unfortunate Archibald awaited the attendance of a priest, in order

* To this day, criminals cannot be executed in Germany without having confessed the crime for which they are to suffer. All imaginable means are employed to extort their confession. They undergo endless examinations, at all hours, and having once made any admission, they are not permitted to retract it; but it is used against them in their subsequent examinations. The slightest prevarication is most rigorously punished, upon the plea that it is contempt of court. It is but fair to state, that this only takes place when the proofs of their guilt are of the strongest kind.—*Note of the Translator.*

to prepare himself for the dreadful punishment which he was to undergo upon the following day.

The awful sentence which condemned the unfortunate man to the stake, spread through the city, and soon reached the palace of the margravine. The news seemed to annihilate the Countess of Florenges; Sybille, with whom she was sitting when the intelligence reached her, endeavoured to comfort her by honied words, and false consolations.

"But how does it happen, my dearest friend?" she asked soothingly, "that you are so dreadfully affected by this intelligence? I feel for the young criminal, and thus show that I have a compassionate heart, for it would not be wonderful, were my feelings steeled against him, who dishonoured my house by his visits; but I am unable to comprehend such violent grief upon the occasion."

"Oh! let me weep;" sobbed forth Isabella, wringing her hands; "you indeed cannot comprehend my anguish—you never loved him."

"How!" cried the margravine, while fire flashed from her eyes. "I was then right, when I suspected—Oh Isabella! what have you done? How have you degraded yourself?

You loved him! Did he know of your love?"

"My heart stood open to him," sighed forth the countess; "I had not the power of keeping my thoughts from him!"

"Unfortunate woman!" cried Sybille, while a malicious pleasure and a thirst for vengeance arose at the same moment within her breast; "so you have thrown away your affections upon a dishonoured man! He will proclaim from the stake your secret to the world, and brand you with his own disgrace."

"Think not so, Sybille!" answered the Countess of Florenges, eagerly; "I well know his courage and his honour! My secret will die with him; but ——"

"I wish you joy," said the margravine, wishing to entrap her, "of your confidence in his discretion. But why then these floods of tears? We lament in secret, and for a time, the heart's lost toy; but then we dry our eyes, and turn our affections towards a more worthy object."

"Never," cried Isabella, feeling almost offended, "never can I love another! he was all to me, and I am bound to him by the most indissoluble ties; a band which I consider sacred, makes

me his; and alas! it is even that which was my happiness; and is now a misfortune that I dare not mention, which reduces me to despair.

"Do I understand you aright?" cried the margravine, stepping back, and listening with a mischievous foreboding.

"If you love me, and will not despise me, you have understood me;" stammered forth Isabella, in indescribable anguish and confusion, while the tears rolled hastily down her pallid cheeks. "If you are a compassionate woman, and have a feeling heart," she continued, wringing her hands, "do not reject me, do not maltreat me."

"What means this extraordinary prelude?" said the margravine.

The Countess of Florenges fell at her feet, embraced her knees, and uttered, with the utmost expression of human suffering, "Oh do not treat me thus severely, friend of my youth, do not affect an ignorance which kills me; force not yourself to misunderstand my words; but be compassionate enough to guess them."

"Your senses are wandering, countess," answered the margravine, as she endeavoured to release herself from her kneeling friend.

The latter, however, dragged after her, clung to her garment, and with difficulty uttered the

words, "Must I then confess it? Is it necessary that I should declare my own wretchedness? I loved him—I was guilty of a weakness—I shall soon be a mother!" Sobs choked her utterance.

The margravine gave a cry of horror at this confession, but it was also a cry of triumph, at her gratified revenge; her eyes sparkled, and a diabolical laugh of scorn burst from her lips, which at first were unable to find words to express to her rival the whole extent of her triumph. This hideous laughter made the poor deceived Isabella suspect the fate that awaited her; the unfortunate woman, deceived in the hopes of sympathy, with which she had buoyed herself up, was silent now that it was too late.

When the margravine spoke, the poor countess' worst fears were confirmed. "So this," cried the pitiless woman, "this is that lecturer upon morals, who was not ashamed of taking to task my principles; a wretch, who, under the veil of sanctity, has brought disgrace upon my home, and upon the honour of a princess, whom she has already attacked by her calumnies. False hypocrite! so you imagined that your shameless confession would force me to screen you from your just punishment? But you have reckoned falsely, Countess

of Florenges; it is true, that my regard for the honour of my house will make me diminish the severity which I should otherwise have used towards you, had you not so fortunately been connected with me. Your husband was my cousin, and though you dishonour him in his grave, I must beware of casting a blot on his escutcheon; this is my reason for pronouncing upon you a sentence, mild, because it will be suffered in private. Prepare for a journey; the master of the horse, Pinzinger, who has returned to-day from the army, and who is to meet my husband at his winter quarters, will conduct you to a convent of penitents, whose abbess, my friend, will detain you as a prisoner; debarred from the light and air of heaven, there mourn your sins, and never expect to be released from its walls. Now go, and prepare yourself, and never again venture to appear in my presence."

"Merciful God! to what a fate do you destine me!" moaned forth her victim, as she sunk to the ground. "My child! oh, my poor child! what is to become of my child?"

"What is to become of the bastard's bastard?" said Sybille, grinding her teeth at her; "pray God that he may die, and that you may not long survive him. Prepare for your journey."

The barbarous woman, having thus gloated upon the sufferings of her poor victim, left her lying upon the floor, in a fainting fit, in which no compassionate being afforded her the least assistance.

CHAPTER XV.

"Hark, how the bell sounds dull and mournfully,
The hand denotes that here our time is gone;
Well then—in Heaven's name—so let it be,
Up—Death Companions, to the scaffold—on."

SCHILLER.

THE priest who had to prepare Archibald for his approaching death, was late in the evening taken suddenly unwell, and so severely as to be unable to continue his duties. He took his leave, therefore, supported by a servant, after promising that he would send some person in his stead.

Archibald, while waiting the arrival of a second comforter, was seated alone, in the condemned room, by a dimly-burning lantern, and a prey to his reflections: at one moment he played with the light fetters, which had replaced his former heavy ones, and at another with the black bands of the robe of death, which some pious matrons had sent him; he afterwards joined his hands,

offered up the most heartfelt prayers, and then listened to the wintry wind, as it howled around the building, and to the measured step of the sentinel, as he paced before the prison door. A celestial tranquillity reigned within his breast; the priest had given him absolution; and feeling innocent of the crime for which he was to suffer death, he persuaded himself that it was an enviable fate, to leave this world of suffering, as a martyr. A moment he thought of Isabella, and then, indeed, he felt as if all his resolutions would have given way; but he remembered his confessor's exhortations, and by a violent effort directed his whole mind to reflections upon futurity.

Approaching steps announced to him the arrival of his new confessor. An officer of justice opened the iron-bound door, admitted the capuchin by whom he was accompanied, and then refastened it.

The priest walked slowly up to Archibald, who no sooner caught a glimpse of his features, by the light of the lantern, than he sprang up, with a loud cry of joy, threw himself on his neck, and said, "My instructor, my friend! in Heaven's name what miracle conducts you to me, in my last hour?" A flood of tears choked

his utterance, and he pressed the monk convulsively to his breast.

"God save you, my good Archibald," said Hubert, in a subdued voice; "but moderate your ecstacy, beware of awakening the suspicion of your guards."

"You are right," said Archibald, imitating the subdued tone in which his instructor had spoken; "I forgot for a moment, that I was a dying man; recollections of my youth, and of that happy time when I studied under you, carried me away; you must forgive me, I am still a very young man, and I often cannot persuade myself of the possibility of my being so soon snatched from the enjoyments of life, like some young plant torn from its parent earth." His tears then burst forth afresh.

"Be not so wretched," said Hubert; "do I not suffer enough, by finding you in such a situation?"

"Your instructions have produced good fruit, have they not, my dear master?" sighed forth Archibald; "but no, my good Hubert, believe it not—I am innocent; and though death awaits me at the stake, the Eternal Judge will find in me no crime, that has merited such a punishment."

"This is what I had hoped," answered

Hubert. "I suspect that you have been shockingly misused. Had I but sooner——but of what avail are fruitless wishes. Relate to me what has befallen you here!"

Archibald did so, and Hubert had reason to be satisfied with his candour. When he had concluded, the monk shook his head, with a thoughtful smile, and said, "You have been in even worse hands than I had suspected; the doctor is a wicked man, and he has forfeited the gratitude which I owed him for his having once prevented my committing suicide, by the designing manner in which he kept from me your abode. It may now be four months since I came to Prague, and quickly obtained a reputation as a preacher. I, of course, visited my preserver, the doctor, and naturally inquired after my pupil, of whose adventures at Vorosdar I had received very imperfect reports; that practised liar deceived me, by telling me, although you were at that very moment under the same roof with us both, that you were an ingrate, and had quitted him to seek your fortunes in the wars. I believed him—lamented your fate—and, while pursuing my duties, saw but little of the doctor, whose pursuits were very different from my own. It soon after reached me that the Princess Eleonora was at Prague,

and from that time I almost totally confined myself to my monastery, lest accident should throw me in the way of her whom I once loved! Hence it came to pass that I but faintly heard of the young adventurer, who was so much talked of in the city. It was only to-day that a kind friend, to whom I once rendered a service, gave me an account of the whole affair; I easily guessed that you were the person to be sacrificed to the vengeance of some villain. A confidential friend of your's, who some time ago found means of speaking to you ——"

"You mean Erlwein?" interrupted Archibald.

"The very same," said Hubert; "it was he who related the whole of your misfortunes to my friend; he is inconsolable at them, as he partly attributes them to himself; and he has vowed to save you, should there exist any possibility of so doing. You may imagine how shocked I was when I heard the story. Fortunately it was a father of our monastery who was named to be your confessor. I easily persuaded him to allow me to take his place, and here I am, my dear son, come to comfort and console you."

"I am thankful to you for the trouble that you have taken," said Archibald; "I am already

comforted and consoled, for I am innocent. I am prepared to die."

"You shall not die," answered Hubert, "unless the devil conquers. Erlwein will save you."

"What can a poor painter do, when opposed to my powerful enemies?" said Archibald.

"That man is accustomed to violent measures," answered Hubert; "and there are times when a ready hand is the best argument."

"What anxiety do you excite within me," said Archibald earnestly; "should he be drawn into destruction along with me, and have risked his head in vain!"

"He will only have done his duty to his friend," answered Hubert; "but for the present let us hope, and pass the time till day in prayer."

The night wore away in instructive and edifying conversation. The morning was bright, and the populace, in their curiosity to witness the death-pangs of an unfortunate criminal, collected betimes in the streets. The city guard, and the officers of justice armed with halberds, early beset the court-house; the doors were opened, and as many people as the building would hold, were admitted to get a sight of him who was to suffer; money was showered into the plate, placed at the entrance

of the condemned cell, to receive the alms that were to be expended in masses, for the repose of his soul; even the most zealous Protestants added their mite, out of compassion to a youth about to suffer a premature death.

Archibald himself was the only person who appeared composed; he had given a lock of his hair to the good Hubert, with the request, that, should he indeed forfeit his life, he would deliver it to his Isabella. This done, he had nothing further to occupy him upon earth. Time crept slowly on—the officers whose duty it was to attend the execution, entered—the fatal hour struck—the executioner, with his assistants, approached to bind the criminal. Archibald turned pale, and Hubert was dreadfully affected. He entreated the chief magistrate present to permit this part of the ceremony, which rendered the individual upon whom it was performed infamous, to be postponed till their arrival at the place of punishment. This slight favour was readily granted; but they at the same time hinted that the time fixed for execution had arrived.

The melancholy procession moved on. Archibald walked in his light fetters by the side of Hubert, who had now lost all hopes. Mounted magistrates led the way, then followed

two lines of soldiers, with muffled drums, forming a lane, in the centre of which walked Archibald and his friend, followed by the executioner, in a scarlet cloak, with his attendants, bearing ropes, chains, and fire hooks. A strong body of officers of justice closed the procession. The death-bells tolled mournfully, above the bustle of the curious mob. They drew nearer and nearer to the fearful termination of their journey. Hubert looked around in despair: nowhere was there a chance of escape; it was in vain that the monk used every device to delay their progress, and advanced as slowly as possible; they still did advance, and a glance at the fatal pile, and at the stake to which he was to be bound, had already frozen Archibald's blood, and made his flesh to creep. The executioners, whose very touch was to render him for ever infamous, approached — when a distant murmur was heard; it increased; it was a cry of joy; a shout of pardon arose. With a feeling of ecstacy, Hubert pressed his pupil to his breast, who hardly dared believe what he heard.

The chief magistrate commanded a halt! the populace formed a dense circle around, whilst on the side towards the palace, the people opened to the right and left, and several horsemen were

seen advancing, at the top of their speed, waving white handkerchiefs.

"A pardon!" cried he who rode first, and in whom Archibald recognised the faithful Erlwein, as he sprang from his horse, close to him whom he had saved. "A pardon!" was repeated, in shouts, by the populace: the remainder of the horsemen dismounted; Archibald recognised them as Princess Eleonora's servants; and old Christopher, who was the foremost amongst them, heartily shook the youth's hand, as he cried, in a tone of delight, "God has signally befriended you, my good young man. My noble mistress heard, just in time, from the honest Erlwein, what was going on here, and that they made you out an incendiary; she immediately gave orders, that we should convey her testimony in opposition to this. We arrived at the break of day, and that good creature, Erlwein, procured us admission to his majesty; he instantly pronounced your pardon, and gave orders, that those who falsely accused you should be arrested; but the rascals, with our prince at the head of them, are off—heaven knows where! for they had got wind of what was going forward. God be praised, that we did not arrive too late. You are saved!"

In the meanwhile Erlwein had presented to

the chief magistrate an open document, under Rudolph's own hand, in which the emperor commanded all proceedings against Archibald to be stayed, revoked his sentence, and ordered him to be set at liberty, though under the condition, that within three days he should quit the capital, and never more return to it, without the monarch's special permission.

In obedience to this command, Archibald's fetters were instantly struck off. A humane citizen threw him a great cloak, under which he concealed his death-garment; then, surrounded by the Vorosdar servants, Erlwein and Hubert by his side, and almost borne by the excited populace who accompanied him, shouting their delight at his pardon, and their execrations of his enemies, he retired in triumph to Erlwein's lodgings.

After a happy repast, when the princess's servants had dispersed themselves about the city, and Archibald, Hubert, and Erlwein were left to themselves, the former commenced—"My beloved friends, I am aware that it is to you I owe my life, and that, had it not been for your assistance, I should now be numbered with the dead; still I cannot imagine how you were enabled thus to prolong my days. Be pleased, therefore, to give me an account of it."

"That will soon be done," answered Erlwein, finishing his glass; "I had been the original cause of getting you into the mire, which, by the bye, would not have been the case, had you but given me your confidence; but be that as it may, I could not forgive myself for my indiscretion, and only thought of the means of repairing the mischief; but I could devise no plan, and day after day passed in fruitless projects. The day for the execution could not be very far off, and I was almost in despair. It happened, one afternoon, as I was seated at the Pomegranate, that a drunken man was at the table near me. I spoke not; while, on the contrary, the sot allowed his evil tongue to work, without intermission, against every thing and every body, abused emperor and empire, magistrate and citizen, till the patience of the other people in the room at length gave way. They fell upon him, and he would have been rarely bastinadoed—for what could one man do against twenty, each anxious to give his blow—had I not mixed myself in the affair. I defended the drunkard, spoke in a conciliatory tone, and showed that I was ready, if necessary, to strike, as well as speak, in defence of his hide.

"The man, who was your gaoler, my dear friend, was grateful, and gave me his friend-

ship; he did more, he once gave me admission to his prisoner; you recollect, on that occasion, I begged of you to relate to me every thing circumstantially; you did so. I was then positive of your innocence, and learnt to know your enemies. I went to work, and, two days after, set off for Olmütz. The people of Vorosdar, whose testimony could have saved you, knew nothing of the affair; it was therefore but child's play to your enemies to compass your ruin, and, as I would not trust any messenger with a mission of such importance, I rode myself to Olmütz, to see the princess. Both princess Ludmille and herself were frightened to death, at the horrible crime which was on the point of being carried into effect against you, and promised to do all that was in their power to save you. After I had impressed upon them the absolute necessity of using the utmost haste, I returned here in delight, for I fancied that you were saved by the written testimony of the princess, which she had given me, as a provisionary measure; but I was thunderstruck, when a high legal authority informed me, that even if the accusation of incendiarism were set aside, the having purloined the emperor's gem would cost you your life, unless the monarch should be pleased to pardon you. I had, there-

fore, done nothing; the wicked doctor must be tamed, or all was lost. I had long borne him a spite, for having calumniated me to the princess, when I was at Rome. I had then vowed vengeance against him, and now an opportunity offered for carrying it into effect, and at the same time for doing you a service. Nevertheless, even yesterday morning I was not quite resolved how to set about it; but time pressed, so I quickly made up my mind, and bearded the sorcerer in his own study.

"The fellow instantly recognised me, and the disturbed look with which he regarded me, plainly told that he foreboded no good from my visit. But he was doubly alarmed when I fastened the door, and loaded him with abuse! and when I finally drew your Turkish poignard, and threatened to murder him on the spot, if he did not instantly draw up a paper in your justification; stating, that although late, he perfectly remembered having delivered the gem into your hands, and that he made this declaration voluntarily, for the purpose of saving you, and from his love of truth. The coward trembled for his dastard life; he wrote and signed the paper, and it was placed, by the learned Brahe, together with the princess's statement, in the emperor's hands.

"Fortunately for us, Doctor Dee was in disgrace, and not allowed to appear before his majesty. You were thus, in fact, saved yesterday evening; but the emperor, who is very undecided, could not make up his own mind, till at length Cardinal Dietrichstein contrived, this morning, that I should throw myself at his majesty's feet, together with the Vorosdar servants, who only arrived at break of day; and thus was your pardon granted, at the very last moment.

"But, as you thought fit to dissemble with his majesty, he has banished you from Prague, for an uncertain period; and I imagine that you will not find this sentence very severe, since a residence within these walls would now be painful to you."

Archibald sighed, at the recollection of the lies and artifices to which he had lent himself, and for which his reward had very nearly been death: and most heartily did he shake the brave Erlwein by the hand.

It was now Hubert's turn to speak, who contented himself by solemnly declaring, that he had not rendered the least assistance, although his co-operation would have certainly been afforded, had he known his pupil's danger. It was the rules of his order alone that had brought

him to Prague, for by those rules all its members, without distinction, were liable to be changed from monastery to monastery; and on his arrival there, being tired of the office of prior, he had devoted all his faculties to preaching.

The next question was, what was to become of Archibald? After some discussion, the long-forgotten Herbenstein, and his introduction to the general, George Basta, flashed across Archibald's recollection. When he had mentioned it to his friends, they thought that such an opening was not to be rejected: money he possessed, having accumulated a treasure whilst at the palace; and Erlwein stared not a little when he saw such wealth produced from a receptacle in his lodgings; there seemed, therefore, no objection to Archibald's project of obtaining the general's sanction to his entering himself as a volunteer in some corps; and the general being then at Prague, it was determined, before they parted, that Archibald should present himself before him on the following morning.

Erlwein could not bear the idea of being again separated from his dear Archibald. "Take me with you," he said, "as friend—as companion—as servant—as anything; I am tired of paint-

ing, and, like yourself, will seek my fortune, sword in hand."

On the following day, Archibald, accompanied by his friend, presented himself before the imperial general. Herbenstein's introduction was so favourable, as to induce him, after a few questions, to permit Archibald, and his friend Erlwein, to enter as volunteers in the artillery. He gave them directions to have themselves inscribed as such by the officer who had accompanied him as a part of the suite. They gladly obeyed the welcome order.

In applying for that purpose to the officer, who was busied with his papers, and who hardly looked at them, as he took up his pen, with an air of indifference, "Your name?" he asked, scarcely turning toward Archibald; who answered modestly, "My name is Archibald Verner, sir, and I am a native of Ulm."

At these words, the officer dropped his pen, turned hastily round, and stared a moment at the youth; he then sprung from his chair, and cried out, while his face beamed with delight, "Can it be true? what! the burgess Verner's son? my darling nephew!"

"What! uncle Ehrenfried?" exclaimed the youth, who, in the captain's elderly features,

suddenly fancied that he recollected those of his beloved uncle, and throwing himself into his arms, tears of joy flowed down the grey beard of the soldier, who thus so unexpectedly pressed to his bosom the image of his beloved brother. Every feature of his nephew expressed his ecstacy at thus finding his kindest friend—a second father—whom he had so long thought dead. He was indeed happy!

Ehrenfried, who was a man of few words, contented himself with asking a slight sketch of Archibald's adventures; during the narration, he sometimes smiled—was sometimes angry—and occasionally made him a threatening sign with his finger; at its conclusion, he a second time embraced his beloved nephew, and heartily shook the brave Erlwein's hand.

"You are welcome, my fine fellow," he cried, in the rough tones of a soldier; "you shall not repent your choice. In the camp alone is openheartedness and good fellowship to be found. I could indeed have wished to have seen you in our ranks in happier times. The artillery has lost much of its former importance. These are no longer the times of the Emperor Charles of blessed memory, who granted privileges to our corps which no other ever possessed. Formerly it always remained embodied, and in

receipt of very high pay, while the remainder of the imperial army was disbanded at the close of the campaign. He who killed his enemy, or rival, in a duel, or a fit of passion, was free on enlisting into the artillery; even the circuit of twenty-four paces round a cannon was as inviolable a sanctuary as a church. Quarrelling within a trench, or a bastion, was punished by certain decapitation. Such were the praiseworthy regulations which testified the importance of our service; in fact, they still exist, although they are fallen into disuse. Our science has diminished like our privileges; and our generals will find this to be the case when they are opposed to an enemy more skilled in the art of warfare than those Turkish dogs, who never gain a victory but from superiority of numbers. Still let us hope that times may improve, and that you will see better days in the service of our artillery; and as my nephew has made up his mind to enter the army, I am heartily glad that he is to do so under my auspices!"—"Yes, my dear Archibald," he continued, with emotion, "I will be a father to you; and you, Erlwein, who are my nephew's friend, will find me faithful and true. And now, may God protect us, and all good soldiers!"

His new companions in arms applauded this

exclamation, took their oath of allegiance, and then retired to make their preparations for quitting Prague on the following morning with Ehrenfried, who was to take his departure for his winter quarters on the frontiers of Hungary. They had indeed much to do, for they had to provide themselves with the necessary accoutrements for their new line of life.

Archibald left the treasure, which he imagined he should not want, in charge of Hubert, at the same time requesting him to deliver to Isabella, after his departure, the lock of hair which he had destined for her on the day appointed for his execution. He then hurried off to pay a visit to the good Dywoky and Hagar. Joyfully did they come to meet him, congratulated him on his deliverance, and wished him every kind of prosperity in his new career.

"We took charge," said Dywoky, "of the few things which you left at the palace, and will deliver them up to you safely, and in good order. But, my dear young gentleman," he continued, laughing, "one every day hears something new about you; it was but an hour ago that a girl in a foreign dress and dialect, was asking after you; and as we did not know

where, or when you might be met with, she asked to be directed to Doctor Dee; but we had been told that that wicked man was your most bitter enemy, and therefore we would not hear of her addressing herself to him. I sent our maid Slobka to look for you, and to desire your presence here, upon an affair of importance, the affair is—a child—whom you have probably deserted!"

Hagar blushed as she withdrew, to fetch, as she said, the child and the maid, while Archibald stared after her, completely puzzled.

"My dear young sir," continued Dywoky, "I must say that I do not think that it was right of you to act in such a manner, though unfortunately it is but too frequently the case with young gentlemen of your age and station; my former master, the baron, whose servant I was at Vienna, had several affairs of the kind, but none of them came to good."

"I really think that you must be drunk, Dywoky," cried Archibald, laughing, "what can have put all this into your head?"

"Well, well," answered the porter, "deny it as you choose, and as long as you choose; there is the girl, and there is the child, and all my conjectures have deceived me if ——"

At that moment Hagar re-entered the lodge with the stranger, who was leading by the hand a boy of six or seven years old.

"Is your name Archibald Verner?" she asked, in a Swabian dialect.

"Such is my name, my daughter," he answered; "what is it you want?"

"Mother Lene has sent me to you with her last blessing!" said the stranger, as she dried a tear; "she died just four weeks ago."

This news shocked Archibald, for he had truly loved his old foster-mother.

"The good woman had taken me, who am but a poor girl," continued the maid, "to take care of this child, that she had adopted. Whence it comes I know not! I remained with her some years as the child's attendant, and was with her in her last agonies; a short time before her death, she said to me, in a feeble voice, whilst I was arranging her pillow, and wiping the death sweat from her brow, 'You are a good soul, Agatha; you have been a faithful servant to me, and in my will I have left you a legacy that will assist you in finding a good husband; but you will only receive that money from the hands of the magistrates of this place, after having delivered over little Philip, together with that letter, to young Archibald

Verner (whom you are to inquire for at the palace at Prague) ; or if he is not to be found, to Doctor Dee, who is also to be heard of at the palace, and have brought back a testimonial that you have accomplished your mission. Perform this therefore like a faithful servant, and that it may go well with you upon earth.' She soon after began to rattle in her throat, pronounced your name and the name of Hedvig, with great difficulty, and breathed her last. The officers of justice then came in, took possession of Lene's last will and of her property, and allowed me to depart in peace with the child and the letter, giving me money for my journey to Prague. I found my way to Munich, there got a place upon a waggon that was going to Bohemia, and arrived yesterday evening ; and now here is the little Philip, and this is the letter."

The astonished Archibald broke the seal, and read the following lines, traced by old Lene's trembling hand.

" My good Archibald,

" I feel that my end is approaching, and I " send you the child of vengeance ; educate him " with care. You are my heir. The magistrates " of the city of Augsburgh will take care of

"my property for you till you demand it of "them in person, for the iron chest contains "things which ought to be known to you alone. "Meantime, remember me with affection, and "when at length you come to know all, do "not curse my memory. Divide all that you "have with the boy; by these benefits, you "will both complete your revenge, and make "up to the son for the sorrows which I caused "the mother. My eyes grow dim, and my "hand trembles. I must conclude. Pray for "me, and do not curse me.

"MAGDALEN."

He had long finished reading, but still kept his eyes upon the letter, unable to understand its meaning. At length he re-folded the parchment, put it in his pocket, and said to Agatha, "Mother Lene's last will shall be respected, and most faithfully observed. But what is now to be done? I am to act a father's part to that child, and my fate has just thrown me into the most unsettled career upon earth. How is it possible that I can do my duty to the child? and who would burthen themselves with it during my absence?"

Hagar cast a single glance at Dywoky, and

as the latter, who well understood her meaning, nodded assent, she eagerly exclaimed, at the same time seizing Archibald's hand, "My husband and I will do so. Philip shall be our child till you return, and are yourself in a condition to take care of him."

"But, my good people, have you reflected upon the matter?" commenced Archibald.

Dywoky, however, interrupted him. "Should we be worthy," he said, "of owing our happiness to you, did we not endeavour to show our gratitude? Do not hurt us, by refusing to allow us to pay off some part of our debt."

"But what a burthen you will thus impose upon yourselves!" replied Archibald.

"Am I not a mother?" cried Hagar, proudly; "and can you call the duties of a mother a burthen?"

Archibald, much affected, no longer refused.

Philip was given in charge to his foster parents, and Lene's messenger dismissed, with a handsome present, and the stipulated testimonial.

And now it was time for him to take his farewell; though it did not employ many words, it was heartfelt.

"My dear sir," whispered Hagar to him, on

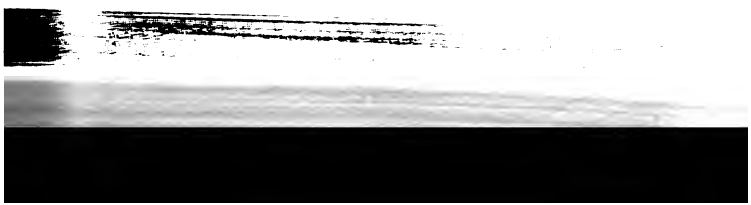
the very threshold; "adieu! and do not forget, when you have joined the artillery, old John Prapowick; he is my father, and if you can do any thing for him, you will certainly be rewarded for it."

Archibald promised all in his power, and then quitted the precincts of that palace, where he had passed so many happy, and so few unhappy hours. He hurried by the margravine's palace, as though the passing it had been a crime; while shame forbad his inquiring after his beloved, and thus relieving his mind from its anxiety.

On the following morning, when the first rays of the early sun shone cheerily upon him, as, dressed in the imperial uniform, and accompanied by his uncle and Erlwein, he rode by the palace at the head of a considerable body of troops, and directed his look towards the window, whence Isabella had so often made him signs of recognition; nothing was to be seen or heard; the silence of death reigned throughout the vast building. But the margravine, who had left her couch on hearing the sounds of martial preparation, was watching them from behind the blinds of her sleeping apartment. She could not believe her own eyes, when she

beheld, in a soldier's garb, the man whom she detested, and whose escape from death she had not yet ceased lamenting. But whatever was her surprise, the fact remained the same; it was indeed Archibald, who was proudly riding forth, to enter, with confidence, upon a new career of life.

THE NATURAL SON.



THE NATURAL SON.

A German Tale,

DESCRIPTIVE OF THE AGE OF THE EMPEROR RUDOLPH II.

TRANSLATED FROM SPINDLER,

BY

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THE NATURAL SON.

THE MAN, AND HIS REVENGE.

CHAPTER I.

"Honour the woman—she twines and she weaves,
With an earthly existence, celestial leaves,
Weaves the sweet garland of prosperous love."

SCHILLER.

NEAR a window of her apartment in the palace of Burgau, sat the lady Von Herbenstein. She seemed lost in thought, and her left arm was thrown around her son, who had affectionately nestled himself by the side of his lovely mother.

Neither the little Hermann, who was busied in watching the swallows as they flew to and fro with food for their young, nor his mother, heard the door open, as it admitted the captain. Herbenstein remained a few moments unobserved, regarding the dame with a mournful look; he then approached, and passed his hand caressingly over the boy's head.

"What are you doing in doors?" he said, in a kind tone; "it is a lovely evening, go and play in the court; Rupert, the armourer's son, and Matthew Pinzinger are romping about there."

"I am this very day ten years old," said the boy, with an air of importance, "and mean henceforth to give up romping. I am the son of a noble, and will be a knight."

"Hallo!" cried Herbenstein, laughing; "only think of the boy's pride; he already wishes to be a greater man than his father, who has not himself yet received the gilt spurs! But now go into the open air; the air is good for little boys, and makes them grow. If you do not wish to play with Matthew and Rupert, you may tell the groom to saddle your bay pony, and ride about with you till dark."

Hermann jumped with delight on hearing this, threw his arms around his indulgent father's neck, imprinted a hearty kiss upon his dark beard, and ran away, without paying much attention to his mother's exhortations, as she implored him to take care of himself.

When he had quitted the room, Von Herbenstein seated himself by his wife's side, took her hand, gazed on her with a melancholy air, and said, with an affectionate smile, "What

is it, dearest Maria, that renders you thus dispirited? Will my tender love and my unceasing attention never succeed in restoring serenity to your mind? Shall I never succeed in making you happy?"

"Best of men!" answered his wife, with a tearful eye, and a voice which trembled with emotion. "Is it necessary to remind me that I am indebted to you for every thing—that I owe all to your love? You have converted the desert of my existence into a paradise, and that at a time when I knew not where to find a shelter, and was without protection or consolation. May Heaven recompense you for your compassion; my warmest love can never sufficiently reward you."

"You talk of love," answered Herbenstein; "but are you speaking truly, when you name it? I am indeed tempted to believe you, when encircled by your arms, and sunning myself in your glances, I enjoy a happiness of which I never even caught a glimpse in my first marriage; but so much the more am I grieved, when I see that any thing which recalls to your memory a wretch who sacrificed you to his wickedness, has the power to banish joy from your features, and to spread over them a veil

of sadness! Are these wounds never to heal? or is that man, like some evil demon, for ever to disturb our happiness?"

"Oh Hermann!" sighed forth Maria, on his breast, "what a suspicion!"

"I am no suspicious Spaniard," continued Herbenstein, "who in his jealousy secures his wife with bolts and bars; nor a tyrannic despot, endeavouring to deprive his wife of freedom of thought; on the contrary, I respect your feelings. You loved heartily, truly, and with entire devotion! A first passion, which impresses itself on the youthful imagination with letters of fire, is not so easily forgotten. But have not years passed away since a faithless lover so deeply wounded your heart? Have you not found compensation for the perjury of a reprobate, in the love of a devoted husband? You mourned the loss of a child, which is indeed an affliction to a mother's heart; but has not the Creator in his kindness blessed you with a second, the son of an honest father and husband? How therefore am I to explain to myself this grief, of which I well noted the commencement? The young noble, Von Ehingen, who quitted our house but an hour ago, is the cause of it. His story of neighbour

Verner, with whom matters were turning out so ill, has recalled the wretch to your memory. Is not this the case?"

"I do not deny it," answered Maria, with an air of candour, and a steady voice; "but I intreat you, my Hermann, not to misinterpret me, and not to take amiss what I am going to say. How could I love you, my preserver and my friend, less than that unfortunate man? Are you not the person who accidentally discovered me in the peasant's cottage, near Gunzburgh, when I was just recovering from my severe confinement, and who so kindly remembered the destitute stranger, overwhelmed with disgrace? Are you not the same person that consoled me when the old woman who had taken such care of me, and had appeared my warmest friend, disappeared with my child; and in spite of all the search that was made for her, could no where be discovered? My wounded heart felt deeply the sympathy which you bestowed upon one who was inconsolable. Your endeavours succeeded as you wished—I became more composed, but more alarmed for the future, till at length I was unable any longer to conceal my anxiety. You then did what no other man would have done—you threw off the widower's crape, and though still smarting from the recol-

lections of an unhappy marriage, you offered your hand to a disgraced and persecuted woman. I refused the invaluable offer—spoke of a false step—and of the infamy with which I had been loaded at Ulm; still you did not desist—you ascribed my fall to my youth, and to seduction—you described my expulsion from Ulm as the shameful violence of a few miscreants of which the magistracy was perfectly ignorant. Your virtues, together with a feeling which argued for you in my breast, and which I called gratitude, when it was in reality love, overcame my delicacy, and in order not to alarm your father's pride, the good Priest Nicholas privately married us at the chapel among the mountains; under his roof I passed a year, a happy year—blessed by your affection, in my solitude, there I became a mother—there did we celebrate our Hermann's christening, and soon after, when your father died, you brought me here as your bride, introduced me to an affluence to which I was unaccustomed, and to a happiness which I did not deserve."

"But to what does this long recapitulation tend?" asked Herbenstein; "do you then suppose that I have forgotten how I found my earthly happiness?"

"My beloved husband," answered Maria,

while the tear of affection sparkled in her eye, "well do I know that your affectionate kindness has always regarded me as the origin of your happiness. I have only enumerated the obligations which you have conferred upon me, in order to prove that I should be the most heartless creature in existence, were I capable of forgetting you for another. Oh! do not believe it! You have behaved too nobly, and Philip too barbarously, to allow even a single thought to sin against my duty. But forgive the weakness of a woman unable to hate the man whom she once loved, and who feels compassion for his situation. Philip, brought up to affluence, has been dishonoured, and has lost a considerable portion of his property through an unworthy wife; his father-in-law squandered away another portion, and the artifices of an old servant have completed his ruin. He lives far from his native place, deserted and alone; a stranger has related to me a number of unfortunate circumstances to which Verner has been a victim, and then made a sport of his guilty misery. This it is that has made me melancholy. Philip has ill-treated me—spurned me; I no longer love—I despise him; but his errors and his misfortunes have excited my compassion, and I lament his fate."

"Yes! you must indeed be a saint!" cried Herbenstein, with enthusiasm. "When, at the time of your pilgrimage to Ulm, you were brought before me by the soldiers of the fortress which I commanded, under the Duke of Wirtemberg, on seeing you, and listening to your artless narration, I felt as if you were some good angel, and not a being of this world. You continued your wanderings, but your image was impressed upon my mind; my wife had long estranged me by her worthlessness; and, when I learned to compare her to you, she became to me an object of hatred! She died suddenly, and her father, who was one of the duke's courtiers, was offended at the indifference with which I bore her death; he calumniated me, and compelled me to quit the duke's service for that of the margrave; but in all the changes of life I still remembered you, and on that day when, tired with the chase, I discovered you in the peasant's hut, into which I had entered to obtain some refreshment—on that day, my Maria! were opened for me the gates of paradise—how fortunate is my lot, when compared with that of the margrave!"

"For shame," answered Maria, blushing; "how can you thus speak of your mistress?"

"I only repeat what thousands have said

before me," said Herbenstein, shrugging his shoulders.

"May not these thousands have uttered an untruth, or have been deceived? Do not condemn without proof."

"Do you want proof?" cried Herbenstein, eagerly. "What then is the prince, that ambiguous friend of the family, doing at the castle?"

"Appearances are deceitful," answered Maria; "the margravine, it is true, does not act with perfect decorum, but there is a great difference between that and dishonour."

"A great difference!" cried the captain, with an incredulous laugh; "I do not think the difference so very great. A woman of her station, who can disregard propriety and decorum, is nearer her fall than she supposes, and generally has already fallen, ere her subjects begin to make remarks."

"Pray be silent, uncharitable man!" cried his wife.

But Herbenstein would go on. "The people very much resemble a child; a child would not remark the rising of the sun, did it not happen every twenty-four hours; but when the child grows older, and gets accustomed to it, it no longer attracts its attention. You are

wondering what I mean; the people are like the child, and though the errors of their mistress do not, it is true, strike the eye as the sun does, yet they are as often renewed; and the people, soon getting accustomed to them, no longer consider them worth talking about. But it is very amiable in you to defend the princess, and only a sweet disposition, like your own, would take the part of that proud woman, who so haughtily refused to receive you, because I could not present her with your pedigree."

"Mere human infirmity!" said Maria, in exculpation; "the pride so natural to our sex; but," continued she, with a smile, "who knows whether I am, in reality, of so low an origin as one is tempted to believe. The Spaniards, and especially the Castilians, are noted for their pedigrees; is it impossible that the family of the Castilian armourer, Miguel Verde, may have descended from some old princely family of his own country? My father may inform us of something of the kind, when he answers the letter which I only lately, after so long, so very long a time, ventured to write to him, describing my happiness, and entreating his pardon."

"You remind me," remarked Herbenstein, "that the courier who brought the margrave

his letters this day, was the bearer of one for me, by which the magistracy of Antwerp inform me, in answer to my inquiries, that the armourer Miguel had some time before quitted that city to embark for the New World, and that my letter had been sent to Ostend, to be forwarded by some ship about to sail for America."

Maria was visibly affected by the news of her father's departure for a distant quarter of the globe, and Herbenstein left her, in order that she might recover her composure. She soon summoned her attendant to her presence, who almost immediately made her appearance.

"Come here, Gertrude!" said her mistress; "take your work, sit with me, and while you are working, talk to me. I must be amused, therefore, child, relate to me some jest or tale; in short any thing you like, but the more lively the better."

"Ah, my noble lady!" replied the maid, "how should I be able to tell you a merry tale, when I am absolutely trembling with fright?"

"Indeed!" said Maria, in a tone of interest, "and you really do seem pale and agitated; let me know the reason. What has happened to you, child?"

"My noble lady," commenced Gertrude, "when I entered your service, a short time ago,

I made no secret of my reasons for having quitted my native city, my beloved Ulm. I fled from a hard-hearted guardian, who, since the death of my parents, has tormented me as a guardian only can torment, and who endeavoured to force me to become the wife of an old man, to whom the world gives the character of being rich, but thoroughly wicked. The importunate advances of old Simon, who is a man who ought rather to be thinking of his grave than of marriage, and my guardian Leonard's ill treatment, drove me from home, and I entered your service in the hopes of finding peace; but alas, I have been mistaken!"

"How so?" cried the lady Von Herbenstein.

"My asylum has been discovered," answered Gertrude, mournfully; "not long since I saw the detestable Simon lurking about the castle, and talking with Prince Bernhard's servant, the hypocritical Nepomuck, and now my peace of mind is at an end."

"Be not alarmed," said her lady, consolingly; "as long as you are near me you are safe! Unless an armed force should storm the castle, we will not give you up; you have only to be certain that your enemies have not the power of taking you by force. But who is this Simon, of whom you are so much afraid?"

"Alas! my dear lady," replied Gertrude, "he is the most wicked of men; he is a hoary villain, near eighty years of age, who has deceived every body, and so cheated his former master, that of all his former riches, there scarce remains to him a cottage."

"Indeed!" said Maria, whose mind misgave her.

"He is now living—Simon, I mean—in the paternal mansion of his ruined master," continued Gertrude, "as proud and as snappish as a rat in a cheese. His employment consists in bringing to misery whoever may ask his assistance. If a citizen gets into debt, or meets with misfortunes, he has only to address himself to Simon, in his distress, and he is sure to become involved still more deeply. The old man assists him, at first, with a few dollars, but it does not last long; and as soon as that demon's term of compact with his victim has expired, Simon turns him out of his house, and sells his entire property before his eyes, by way of recovering his money, and his tremendous interest. If that good burgess, Verner, of blessed memory, could but see what was going on in his house, he would turn in his grave. If I were to tell you, my noble lady, all that has happened in that

house, and in that family, since the old burgess's death, you would not believe it!"

"Never mind," interrupted the lady Von Herbenstein; "I have already heard much about it, and do not wish to hear more."

Gertrude was silent, and busied herself with her work. Just then, horns sounded merrily without; the margravine was returning from riding, accompanied by her friend Bernhard, and her chamberlain. They dismounted in great spirits, and ascended the staircase.

The margrave was pacing up and down the apartment which they entered; a table was set with cups and flagons, and upon it there also lay a large letter, with the imperial seal. The margrave's eyes beamed with delight. "Glad am I that you are come!" he cried, as the margravine and her companions entered the room; "I long to tell you my good news; sit down with me, and listen!"

"What can have been the contents of this letter," cried Sybille, ironically, "that can thus have had the power of putting my stern husband into such good humour?"

"Are you anxious to know?" replied her husband, in the same tone; "it is an invitation to stand godfather. As you save me the trouble

of sending such invitations myself, the least that I can do is to attend to those sent by other people."

"An amiable! a princely jest!" cried the margravine, looking daggers at him, as she rose from her seat; but her husband forced her to sit down, and continued—

"Why! how touchy you are! do not let it be remarked, that you are vexed at not having any children; follow my example. I live amid the clash of arms and of goblets, passing my days in the chase, and in jollity of every kind, and do not allow the illustrious house of Austria (which can never forgive either my brother the cardinal, or myself, our descent, and which, doubtless, has somehow or other brought a curse upon our union) the gratification of seeing how miserable I am at your sterility. 'Tis for this reason that I am in favour with the archduke, and with the emperor, who, by this letter, has just asked me to stand godfather, with my regiment, at the baptism, by fire, of Transylvania and Hungary, which are now threatening disturbances and war; a request which an old warrior like myself will certainly not refuse. Vivat Rodolphus!"

While the margrave flourished his goblet, and clashed it against those of his companions,

Bernhard gave a side glance, full of meaning, at the margravine. She well understood that he meant to express his pleasure, that her detested and troublesome husband was so soon to take his departure; and the simple chamberlain swallowed his draught of wine, by way of showing his devotion to his master, who was fond of drinking. "So you again intend to leave me, dearest margrave?" commenced Sybille, in a tone that pretty plainly expressed how disappointed she would be, if he were to change his mind.

"Yes, so it is, my noble lady!" he replied, with irony; "I am unfortunate enough to cause you fresh affliction; I am aware how much my frequent absences vex you, and that you are forced to resort to every possible means of amusing yourself! This is but just; I like my pleasures; you like your's. In our dislikes we have the same sympathy; I cannot bear your fondness for show; you cannot bear the warlike bustle in which I live; I despise the fops by whom you are surrounded; you abhor my drinking companions; it is indeed true, that I would never found an order of temperance, and would never permit myself to be enrolled as a member of the Aragonian order of the lilies, or of the Styrian companionship of St. Christopher. I

love enjoyment; I also follow the old hearty German style of expression, never weighing, beforehand, what I am going to say, but occasionally bringing out a good oath; to counterbalance all this, I submit to all the privations of war; that alone stamps the man: may war flourish!"

The goblets were again clashed, and Prince Bernhard, with a slight shrug, meant for the princess's observation, raised the cup to his lips, and, by way of pleasing the margravine, sipped it like a young woman.

The margrave, although intoxicated, remarked the young man's affectation, and burst into a loud fit of laughter. "Well!" he cried, dashing his goblet on the table; "could any man guess that that was a prince, and a student of Prague, sitting opposite me? Do you call that drinking, cousin Bernhard? You ought to be ashamed of yourself! A man, and particularly a German prince, ought to act very differently; do not be led away by the example of those who set themselves against German joviality, which they term drunkenness; that kind of affectation smells, with your permission, of the protestant doctrine, and its preachers. A man—a German, and particularly a German prince, ought to be straightforward, firm, and

faithful; he must not mind an oath, nor count his cups, but keep his word as true as gold; he must be fierce in battle, but mild in victory; stern to his wife and child, and jovial at a carousal! So were our forefathers, and thus must we act, if we wish to bring back the good old times. 'Twas to give you an opportunity, cousin, of acquiring a character so worthy of a prince, that I requested his imperial majesty, some time ago, to grant you a captain's commission. The emperor, in this letter, accedes to my request, and would be glad that you should bear arms, for the first time, in my regiment. I have already made the necessary arrangements; I shall leave Herbenstein, whom I had intended to take with me, as guardian to the margravine, and, in his place, will give you the command of my infantry—what say you?"

Bernhard at first answered not a word, so unexpected was the news; but his lengthened face, confused smile, and stolen glances at the margravine, were easily to be understood.

The margravine, who did not dislike manly courage, cast him a look of reproof, and secretly rejoicing at being released from her troublesome and jealous lover, of whom she had been for some time tired, said—

"How can you, my husband, suppose that

the prince will not hail with delight so honourable a prospect? He would not be his father's son, did he hesitate to close with your offer. With regard to myself, margrave, I thank you for your tender care, but *I* require no guardian!"

The margrave settled himself comfortably in his chair, and smiled.

"At least you cannot refuse a protector," he said; "and Von Herbenstein will be entrusted with that office; therefore, so let it be. But the prince does not seem to be quite pleased with my proposal; you are wrong, Cousin Bernhard, you must do your duty to your country, and must learn, in the camp, discretion, presence of mind, and the art of drinking; if you do not practise this, you will have to avoid every banquet, as if it were death, and will not be even able to equal Von Keppenback, who, although a lady's man by profession, out of regard to me, swallows and gulps down the noble Rhine-wine, as the whale in my picture-gallery swallows the prophet Jonas. You sneer, but listen to what I have to say, and I will answer for it that you will be more tractable. The emperor reckons upon your consent; it may regain you his favour, which the mad conduct of your brother-in-law, Kaunitz, has lost

you, perhaps for ever, if you are not prepared to seize this opportunity; like a clever man, then, think of the future; his present majesty cannot live for ever. Matthew, his successor, is in the very worst state of health. Ferdinand comes next, and then will his protestant subjects be persecuted with fire and sword; Moravia will not be the last province which the destroying angel of conversion will visit, and Kaunitz's excitement of the states to sedition, and his own rebellion, together with your refusal upon this occasion, might then be heavily visited upon your property; but if you now draw your sword for the emperor, all will be well; and if, in addition, you turn Catholic, it will be still better!"

Bernhard knit his brows, but a few words from the margravine, who did not appear to doubt his willingness to accept the proposal, forced him, although evidently against his wishes, to give his assent.

The margrave, who was accustomed to strike the iron while it was hot, and, unlike the Emperor Rudolph, never lost any thing by indecision, instantly made the prince swear allegiance to the Austrian colours, in the presence of proper witnesses, and was then led off to bed, to sleep away the effects of his carousal.

Bernhard remained with the margravine; they were alone, and the prince was enabled to give utterance to his hitherto repressed ill humour.

"I could almost believe, noble lady," he said, with a bitter smile, "that you wished for my removal, so heartily did you support your husband's proposal; and it is seldom that his wishes meet with your concurrence."

"Well! and suppose that I did?" asked Sybille.

Bernhard was startled. "Then I was right!" he said, after a pause; "if you considered me deserving your displeasure, I am surprised that you did not sooner dismiss me; as it is, I am at a loss to discover the cause of a banishment which is to endanger my life; you must, at least, give your slave credit for his obedience to your commands; even at his last gasp will he bless his murderer!"

"Not so!" cried Sybille, hardly able to contain a smile of contempt; "you sketch the picture too gloomily. Come, leave your sentiment, you are too old for it to become you, and use a little of the margrave's matter of fact, which, after all, must ever be employed in the common intercourse of life; for a moment recollect my position, our attachment is no longer a secret to the world; my husband is the only

person who is blind to it, as is generally the case in these affairs. But who can answer for it, that some spy may not be set over me during his absence, who will report to him each mark of favour which I may think fit to show you, and which, though innocent in itself, may not appear so, when reported by an evil-disposed tongue. I well know how readily a severe sentence may be pronounced by an absent person, and I also know," she continued, with a sigh, "how helpless is the situation of a poor weak woman, exposed to the fury of vassals, striving to gain some object of their own, to the hatred of those more powerful than herself, and whom she may have rendered her enemies, from having offered them some slight; and, finally, to the cruel officiousness of some too-zealous servant, who, interpreting his master's hints according to his own pleasure, does not think that his mistress's honour, or even her life itself, ought to be for a moment balanced against the formal thanks of his lord. Thus was it due to my honour, and to my welfare, that I should support the margrave's proposal; let me also add, that it was a sacrifice to my vanity. I love the laurels of victory, and I would receive, with double enthusiasm, the man who returned from the wars, crowned with them; and happy would

I be to renew the delightful ties, by which I should then incur no risk. By your readiness to meet the wishes of the emperor, and of my husband, you would gain the confidence of the former, and the friendship of the latter. Friendship, like the heathen god of love, wears a bandage over its eyes. My husband will not be the only person blinded; but our voluntary and cheerful separation, for an uncertain term, will stamp as false, the suspicions now so generally entertained against us. I shall also have my mind very much set at rest, by knowing that I possess in you, prince, a faithful intercessor with the passionate margrave, and an attentive observer of all his actions. In conclusion, I name you my avenger, if the report which has reached us, should prove to be correct, that that bastard, whom we both detest, still lives, and has some kind of post in General Basta's army. That wretch is said to have obtained some command, either by fighting or by flattery; seek him out, strike him down, wherever you find him, even within the very sanctuary of the cannon; the emperor shall forgive you. If you scorn to pollute your sword with the blood of a bastard, get him shot, and I will procure for you and your assistants a free pardon; but do not venture to appear again before me, till you can produce to

me some proof of his death, or have yourself seen the traitor breathe his last upon the field of battle."

Passion had, for a moment, triumphed over Sybille's prudence; but the unfeigned astonishment of the prince, who was unable to credit this murderous appetite, caused her to recollect herself.

"You now see, my young hero," she concluded, in a tranquil, friendly voice, and with a glance of love; "you now see the causes which urge me to prepare for you a new career, to which chance has afforded such assistance. Fight! as one worthy of his race; gain to yourself glory and honours, and return to me, from the field of battle, as my knight and as my avenger. You may then expect from my love, a sweeter reward than chains of honour, or crowns of laurel."

The ambitious mind of the youth thirsted for the badges of honour which she mentioned; but higher than these did he prize the reward promised him by the enchantress, who had had the art to lead the dissolute youth for years in her chains. In earlier times he had determined to tempt the fortunes of war, but Burgau had been to him a Capua, in whose pleasures his plans had been forgotten, and it required some

sudden and violent impulse to shake him from the apathy into which he had fallen. Sybille, by the candid exposition of her reasons, persuaded the naturally obstinate youth to come into her scheme.

He felt flattered that his beloved should wish the object of her choice to distinguish himself; whilst her revenge was also his own. Longing to settle his own account with Archibald, he eagerly caught at the idea of gratifying his hatred, and at the same time obeying the commands of his beloved; but, jealous as was his disposition, he could not decide upon his departure, till he had arranged that his faithful Nepomuck should remain as a spy upon the margravine; he was then able to leave her with his mind more at ease.

CHAPTER II.

" Round the Hero's temples bind
Oaken garland—laurel crown,
Green beneath the winter's wind
And the Autumn's stormy frown."

OSWALD.

FATHER HUBERT was seated in his cell at Prague, reading Münster's Cosmography; diligently and laboriously engaged in learning the names of those countries and towns to which his

his leisure hours were employed in studying every book which had reference to Hungary and Transylvania, in order to acquaint himself as well as he could, with the country, where, according to report, his adopted son was earning a precarious renown; or, perhaps, had found an early grave. The latter melancholy supposition, which gained some weight from Archibald's obstinate silence, came upon him with redoubled force, whilst thus occupied in reading. He was disturbed from his reflections, by a knock at the door; upon his saying, "Come in," a well known face unexpectedly showed itself; it was the Margrave of Burgau's master of the horse, Pinzinger.

"The blessing of the Lord be with you, my dear friend Amadeus," cried Hubert, as he heartily shook his visitor's hand; "it gladdens my old eyes once more to see you; it is now an eternity since you quitted me and this city, to conduct the Countess of Florenges to the convent of penitents."

"It is indeed many years, my worthy sir," replied Pinzinger, as he kissed Hubert's hand, and forced him to seat himself again in his great leathern arm-chair; "and well do I recollect the promise which I gave you, to bring you, on my return, plenty of news; God is my

witness, that that was out of my power. We returned to our home by a different road, and I should not even now have had the pleasure of seeing you, had not the warlike spirit of my master, the margrave, induced him to visit Prague, in order to receive his imperial majesty's commands relating to some expedition against the rebellious Hungarians, or Transylvanians, or, perhaps, against the Turks. Meantime my news must have become old, and you must have long heard it, more amply and satisfactorily than I should be able to repeat it."

"In the first place," inquired Hubert, "how goes it with you, and your's?"

"I may say gloriously," answered Pinzinger, "I am now a husband, and a father; and in both capacities much to be envied. My wife is well, blooming, and contented; my children are her image; four pure and grateful souls pray to God each evening for the preservation of their father, and for a blessing upon that benefactor, whom they never will forget."

"Tush, tush," interrupted the monk, wiping the tear of emotion from his eye; "this is not well; I asked after your family, and a simple 'they are well and happy,' would have been answer enough."

"My feelings got the better of me," said

Pinzinger; "the opportunity has not yet offered itself for rewarding your humanity by deeds, instead of words."

"But, for all that," answered Hubert, in joke, "when an opportunity of being of service to me did present itself, you did not seize it; if the duties of your office prevented your giving me the information by word of mouth, which I asked of you at your departure, you might have told me in a letter, how my pupil went on. Amadeus," he continued, "I am no longer a young man; and I might have been cut off, without knowing whether my Archibald had preceded me to another world, or whether he survived me; but now, my friend, begin your narration, for you shall not quit this cell till you have given me a detailed account of all that you know of him."

Pinzinger was not a little surprised, when he found that Hubert was almost entirely ignorant of Archibald's fate.

"My narration," he said, "will agreeably surprise you. Do you recollect the day when Archibald quitted Prague, with his uncle and Erlwein?"

"As if it were yesterday," answered Hubert; "on that very day, on some pretext, I got into

the margravine's house, for the purpose of delivering to the Countess Isabella, Archibald's last salutation, and his token of remembrance. I found the countess alone, and in tears—her weeping redoubled upon receiving my mission. She was surrounded by the preparations for a journey; the servants, who were constantly coming in and out, gave me but a short time for the performance of my promise; and the Countess of Florenges was forced to dismiss me, although she appeared to have something upon her heart which she longed to confide to me; I therefore gave her a father's blessing, and took my leave of that beautiful woman, who caused me to judge of Archibald's passion much more leniently than I did before; from what she said, I understood, that she was to leave this on the following day."

"And you were right," interrupted Pinzinger; "the margravine had thus commanded, but she could not command health; the countess was taken suddenly ill, and confined to her bed for some months; it was reported in private, that the illness was a miscarriage, by which a pledge of her love towards Archibald perished. I will not venture an opinion of my own upon the subject.

"There must have been some great quarrel between the margravine and the Countess of Florenges, for the former did not once visit the latter, scarcely ever mentioned her, and remained firm to her purpose, of having her taken to the convent of penitents, as soon as she was convalescent. All this time I was dying to get away; I ought long before to have returned to my master, who had advanced very far into Hungary; but the margravine kept me at Prague; for she declared that she would not entrust the countess to any other person, and she sent a messenger to give the margrave notice of the reasons of my absence; at length, after waiting very long, the wished-for-day came; the Countess of Florenges and her companion mounted the litter, which was carried by mules; two sumpter horses followed with baggage, and two strong servants, well armed, formed the convoy; it was the beginning of summer, the weather was fine and settled, the journey agreeable; but the countess cried without ceasing, and nothing appeared to raise her spirits, though I did all in my power to lighten her sorrow. On approaching the part of the country which was occupied by the enemy, prudence urged me to hurry our journey as much as it was possible; and though the countess disliked this haste, it

delighted her companion's heart; she was a Turk, and beautiful as an angel, her name was Leila."

"Leila!" cried Hubert, "how did she happen to be with the countess of Florenges?"

"In a very natural manner," answered Pinzinger; "she was in the service of a princess, whose daughter, after a long resistance, was married to a man who had previously cast his eye upon the Turkish maid, and neither his bride nor his mother-in-law thought it advisable that the apple of discord should be found in the same house with the young couple. The maiden herself could not bear remaining with the old princess; she was suddenly taken with a longing for home, fell ill, and was at death's door, when the physicians declared, that the only means of restoring her to health was by granting her liberty, together with permission to return to Buda after her recovery; for among the Turkish commanders at that capital, which unfortunately is still in the power of the infidels, she expected to find a relation. The princess, her mistress, was at that time at Prague, for the purpose of obtaining the emperor's signature to her daughter's contract of marriage, and at length, although with repugnance, consented to what the doctor had recom-

mended; a Protestant preacher, the keeper of her conscience, persuaded her to it, by declaring, that as she never would be converted, it would be better to send the heathen to her sinful country, than to let her remain with her unbaptized, a scandal to Christianity. It soon became a question, how an unprotected woman was to perform so long a journey; for her recovery commenced from the moment that there was a prospect of a return amongst her country-people. Just at that time the Countess of Florenges made inquiries for some person, who, for a great reward, would undertake a journey into Hungary; all her female attendants having refused to accompany her, Leila offered her services, and was accepted; she was to attend upon the countess as far as her convent, and was then to continue her journey to Buda, in male attire. The maiden assumed that dress before she quitted Prague, and it became her more than the garb of her own sex."

"Why, brother Amadeus," interrupted the monk, jesting, "who would have thought——?"

"Do not make yourself uneasy, my respected sir," replied Pinzinger; "I am more faithful to my wife than I was to my convent; but to continue my tale; the sequel proved that my caution to be on my guard on approaching the

frontiers where the roads were unsafe, was not in vain; but it was our fate to exemplify the old adage of Scylla and Charybdis; we fell out of the frying pan into the fire; some rascally peasants, who fancied that we were carrying treasure, gave notice of our passage to a tribe who fought on their own account, at one time acknowledging the emperor, and at another Sigismond Bathori, as their liege, just as they happened to be upon the territory of one or the other; however, whether they at that moment were fighting under the banner of the eagle or of the elephant's tusk, I know not, but as we seemed a good prize, they gave us chase, and it was with the utmost difficulty that my servant, who thoroughly knew the country, was able, by skilful winding, to save us from their clutches. In spite of ourselves, we were driven out of our route, and found ourselves very far advanced in Hungary. During this time, the countess was perfectly collected, and showed no kind of fear, till one day, on a wide plain, we saw at a distance a party of imperial soldiers, apparently escorting several pieces of cannon; upon the approach of the party, at the head of the horsemen, she recognised your pupil Archibald; and at the sight of him, her love for liberty got the better of her prudence, and

before I could prevent her, she had called to him by name. Leila, in equal excitement, joined her voice to that of Isabella; their handkerchiefs waved from the litter, and the servants, who were unable to understand what this meant, stopped the mules to receive my orders; I lost no time in ordering them to turn away, but before they had executed my commands, some horsemen rushed upon us with the speed of thought; I drew my sword, my servants did the same; but one of them was prostrated by a shot, while the other was disabled by a tremendous sabre cut, and almost at the same moment, Archibald, driven mad by the cries for help, uttered by his beloved, rushed furiously at me; unaccustomed to the use of the sword, it was with the utmost difficulty that, by the management of my horse, I contrived to escape his blows, but neither my skill nor my sword would have long protected me, had not a guardian angel come to my assistance; a horseman spurred between us, parried a cut directed at my head, and cried to my antagonist, in a tremendous voice, 'Stop, Archibald; I know your antagonist—he is a worthy man.'

"Archibald discontinued his attack; my preserver seized the horse by the rein, and cried, 'You must surrender, sir; what can you do

against half a dozen soldiers? Sheathe your sword; do it to please me.' On looking at this interposer, I recognised a painter, to whom I once had an opportunity of rendering a slight service, whilst I was at Rome, endeavouring to procure from his holiness absolution from my vows. I embraced the man who had thus shown his gratitude, and in so doing, my hat fell off. Archibald had no difficulty in recognising the features of brother Amadeus, which completely put an end to his anger. The remainder of my tale is briefly this, the women were set at liberty; Isabella vowed that she would never again separate herself from her preserver; Leila did the same; and Archibald, who heard from them what the case was, entreated me to make out a story to the margravine, to the effect that robbers had carried away the persons who had been entrusted to my care. My servants had been killed, and as Archibald's people knew nothing of the matter, I consented to what was asked of me, and followed the happy pair to Basta's camp, from thence to return to my master, under the protection of one of the parties sent out to reconnoitre the Turks; I became Archibald's friend, for he had been interested by my dreadful sufferings at our monastery—never shall I cease to call down Heaven's blessings

upon you, who saved me from them; for it was your representations, and the picture which you drew of my torments, that persuaded the pope to release me from my vows, with permission to marry, and choose another profession.—At the camp, I became acquainted with the brave Ehrenfried, and was witness to the solemnity of Archibald's marriage, which was performed by a regimental chaplain, with the consent of the general."

Hubert clasped his hands in surprise.

Pinzinger continued: "The marriage was celebrated but a few days before the decisive battle of Gorozla; Basta's valour, and the able support of the Wallachian Woywode Michael, defeated the General Bathori, and the skilful Moses Spekely. The perfidious prince of Transylvania was forced to lay aside his crown for the third time, as he had already twice done, to suit his own purposes. Archibald distinguished himself on that day; all the artillery men had fallen under the sabres and balls of the enemy in the battery, where he was placed, with Isabella and Leila by his side, who, in the Wallachian male attire, never left him; the firing must have ceased, and the battery been surrendered, had it not been for Archibald,

who, supported by a few foot soldiers, kept up the fire till the end of the battle.

"George Basta, by rewarding this act of valour, showed that he could appreciate merit without regard to birth; he named your Archibald to be captain of artillery, in which honourable corps several vacancies had occurred. Not long after, I left your pupil in the arms of beauty, and in the path of glory, and returned with the margrave to Burgau, through Vienna, which prevented me from being the bearer to you of this report."

"For which I heartily thank you," answered Hubert, "though I hear it from you some years too late. You have much interested me, and though it is possible that since the period of which you speak, my pupil may have perished on the bed of honour, I heartily rejoice at his advancement; I trust his marriage with Isabella may not check him in his career; for full early was that connection for Archibald's age, and, I fear me, for his advancement; the Countess of Florenges is older than my pupil, and I tremble lest this circumstance should be the cause of diminishing his affection. How glad I am, that Archibald has taken to a military life; in the excitement of that career he will be in his

element, and his birth will there hardly be an hindrance to his advancement."

While this conversation was going on, the Margrave of Burgau, accompanied by Prince Bernhard, was in the presence of the emperor Rudolph, who had at length made up his mind to grant an audience to the two illustrious persons.

After the margrave had presented his companion to the monarch, and had the satisfaction of seeing him well received, he begged for the instructions which he was to receive at Prague.

The emperor at this request seemed very much embarrassed, and after a pause, said, "Just at this moment we are extremely occupied, and must send you and your request to the Arch-duke Maximilian; or, stay, perhaps, it would be better to refer you to the Arch-duke Matthew, our military brother; we have so much upon our hands of a peaceable nature, that it is impossible for us to find leisure to attend to military affairs, and, besides, we never liked war."

"The sword is the best sceptre!" cried the margrave.

"You are a soldier," answered the emperor; "and vain would be the attempt to argue you

out of your opinion; but just reflect, that the horse is guided by the bridle—the slight weak bridle."

"Your majesty may say this," replied the margrave Charles, "for you are accustomed to ride quiet animals; but the restive horse requires the sharp spur."

The emperor was silent; he felt the comparison to be a true one: but the margrave, growing warm, continued—"I could almost suppose that your majesty had determined to try the gentleness, of which you seem so fond, towards your restive subjects; war is almost at your gates, and nowhere do I find preparations going forward to meet it. Men, horses, and warlike stores, only exist upon the books of the military council, and none of them are actually in readiness; I can hardly find out where my regiment is posted, or which of the archdukes commands the weak imperial army, stationed in Hungary."

"My dear cousin!" answered the emperor, in a familiar and indifferent tone, "do not be angry with us, we rule as well as we can, but we cannot think of every thing; besides, our time is very much taken up in determining the colours to be worn by the knights of 'the Order

of Peace,' a new order which we are about to found."

"I do not understand your majesty," muttered the margrave, sulkily.

"That is because you are a prince who loves not peace," answered the emperor, smiling; "just see how black are our imperial hands; look, too, at the marks and stains upon our garments; the whole day we are at work. We have ourselves not only planned and drawn, but absolutely forged and burnished, the chains which are to form the collar of the order; two of them are finished, you shall see them. Are they not handsome? won't you allow that they must have cost some trouble? but I do not begrudge it, on account of the object which they are to attain; for when a sufficient number of these chains are finished, we intend to send one to each of the European potentates, who are at present engaged in warlike preparations; '*Si fabula vera*'—so, at least, our foolish Dietrichstein has taken into his head; and now do you see my plan? No prince could be so uncourteous as to refuse an order, whose badge we had ourselves designed and executed; and each of them who bore this chain would be ashamed to commence war, being at the time a

knight of the 'Order of Peace.' You see that our plan is not difficult of execution, and will assure a lasting peace to the world."

The margrave looked very much chagrined. "I should recommend your majesty, either to lose no time in presenting your rebellious subjects with the orders from which you have such hopes, or to begin, in earnest, your preparations against them."

"Our beloved brother, Matthew, is the commander-in-chief," replied Rudolph, with a sigh; "do not fear that he will neglect any thing; he will, for his own sake, take all possible care of the empire."

"Granting this to be the case," answered the margrave; "do you expect him to make an army spring out of the earth by magic? Will he not require the assistance of your majesty, and that of the states-general, to carry into effect what is required of him?"

"The states of the holy Roman empire will agree to nothing," cried Rudolph; "they treat us as if we were some importunate beggar; we cannot either conjure forth armies, nor can we carry on, upon our own means, a war which concerns the whole of Christian Europe, for as sure as the Transylvanians or the Hungarians

rebel, so sure is the grand Turk at the bottom of it all. Let those whom it concerns take care of themselves; we are the emperor, and not the slave of the German empire, and we certainly will not act, before our subjects, the part of a clown, whom each may kick about at his pleasure. We call upon the princes of the empire; if they do not listen to our call, we have still done our duty; we send into the field the troops we have ready; and if they are not victorious, it is not our fault, but that of their commander. You will see the preparations which the Austrian and Moravian states (who have hitherto answered our requests with a simple refusal) will make when their own provinces are endangered, and there is a prospect of their being turned into Turks. Necessity is the best spur; we are determined to annoy ourselves no longer on the subject, and will not permit ourselves to be further hindered in our preparations for this order, which shall, with God's blessing, for ever put an end to war."

"Your majesty's final commands," cried the margrave, who could hardly keep his temper, "are then ——"

"Go to Matthew, my dear cousin!" interrupted the emperor; "we do not interfere in military affairs! If our soldiers are willing,

and our generals are well disposed, it will not be easy for the rebels to keep the field; we hear that they wish to elect a Prince of Transylvania; if the states of the empire would only hold together, they would soon be forced to abandon so foolish an idea, and their allies, the Turks, would be soundly beaten. But heaven help us, the states seem neither to think of empire or of emperor. Well, we wash our hands in innocency, and have at all events done our duty! My dear cousin of Burgau," he continued, "would you like to see the lion that we have lately received from Africa?"

"I want to see no lion in its cage," answered the margrave, sulkily.

"You have no soul for what is beautiful and useful," said the emperor, in a tone of soft reproof; "where should we forget our sorrows, but among the works of art, or the wonders of nature? you ought to pity us! my dear cousin."

He then addressed himself to Bernhard. "We are much pleased with you, prince, for drawing the sword in our behalf; you render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's: for the sake of your devotion, we forgive your brother-in-law, Kaunitz, the disturbances which he occasioned among the Moravian nobility, and

take him into our especial favour. The Lord of Hosts be with you, and with you also, dearest cousin!"

The emperor made a sign that his visitors should leave him, but he recalled them at the door.

"We are so taken up with the cares of the empire," he said to the margrave, "that we had very nearly forgotten what has just struck us; thanks to the needle which we stick in our sleeve, for the purpose of assisting our memory, we have just recollected it in time. General George Basta constantly mentions, in his reports, a certain captain of artillery, Verner! Archibald is his Christian name, if we are not mistaken. One would almost think, from his manner of mentioning him, that he was the prop of the army; he says that great ameliorations in the art of gunnery are to be expected from him; have an eye to the man! We have heard of him before, but do not now recollect on what occasion; we should like to hear something more of him; and therefore request you not to forget his name. Adieu, margrave, and tell the generals of our army that they should be on the alert, for that we in our palace are not idle!"

After this extraordinary audience, the mar-

grave set off for Hungary, very much displ
at having made so long a circuit to no purp
He was accompanied by Bernhard, who o
pied himself, during the journey, with form
plans for the destruction of the detested Ar
bald, who had now attracted the notice of
emperor himself.

CHAPTER III.

" Where may I go? Or where my fleeting shade,
When hence releas'd, its wandering flight may tend?
Have I not now my final exit made?
With love, is not existence at an end?"

SCHILLER.

FROM the day on which the Battle of Goroszla had been fought, love and happiness had constantly smiled upon the captain, Archibald Verner. Time flew in uninterrupted enjoyment at the house which Archibald possessed near Hermanstadt, where his regiment was quartered.

The tender Isabella his wife, his faithful friend Leila, his uncle, and Erlwein, lived with him; old Prapowick, Hagar's father, though but a private soldier, was a member of his household; that brave man had saved Ehrenfried's life at Sabalka; he had sought and found his body amid a heap of the slain, in order to give it a separate interment, and on discovering some slight traces of life, had never left him

till he was entirely recovered; Archibald could do no less than invite the preserver of his uncle—who was at the same time the father of that Hagar to whom he was under such obligations—to live under his roof, and sit at his table.

Leila was the only one of the party who affected gaiety, while care was sapping her life. That longing for home which had driven her from Prague to Hungary, was merely love; it was a restlessness to approach the country where Archibald served; it was the slight hope of again seeing him, that had urged her to accompany the countess; without repining, she heard him whom she loved, pledge his faith to another, and from the bottom of her heart congratulated him on his marriage. She imagined that she would have sufficient strength of mind to be a constant witness of his happiness: but in this expectation the poor maiden found herself after a time mistaken; there is a great difference between giving up a lover, and resigning him from a feeling of generosity to another, and becoming a daily witness of their happiness, every day growing more aware of the sacrifice which has been made. Leila discovered too late that this was the case, but she nevertheless remained at her dangerous post; and though her good

sense occasionally prompted her to leave the happy pair, her heart successfully struggled against the warning.

"How could I ever leave him," she said to herself—"him whom I most solemnly vowed to serve to the end of my days; I will keep that vow, even should it break my heart." Then again she considered, "but how indeed, even if I wished it, could I save myself from this suffering, which threatens my very life? Absence would be my only remedy; and how could I, a weak woman, fly from hence? The country is peopled by lawless tribes, rendering travelling difficult to all—and to a woman impossible. Dishonour and death would be the fate of an unprotected female." She had forgotten the adventurous plan she had formed at Prague, of making her way in male attire from the convent of Penitents to Buda, where she hoped to meet with one of her relations; rather would she pine away her life under the tortures of a hopeless passion, than now risk the dangers of such an attempt. She remained; but her cheeks grew pale, and her eyes lost their brilliancy. It was in vain that Isabella attempted to divert her friend, in vain too that Erlwein, upon whom her beauty, as well as goodness had made a deep impression, endea-

voured to soothe her sorrows and to discover their source; she remained amiable as ever, but took upon herself all the work of the house, rendering her friends unhappy, by obstinately persisting in assuming the character of a servant. Erlwein, moved by feelings which he had never before experienced, opened his heart to his friend Archibald, assured him that he could not endure to see Leila thus fading away, and implored him to acquaint the young Turk how he loved her, and how happy he should esteem himself, if she would become his.

Archibald, enchanted at finding that fickle-minded person assuming more serious and better feelings, undertook to plead for him, and profited by the first opportunity of speaking to Leila alone. He took the hand of the surprised and blushing woman, inquired after her health, blamed her for not having confidence enough in her friends to acquaint them with the reasons of her melancholy, and hinted his suspicions, that it might originate in the state of her heart. He then turned the conversation on Erlwein, enumerated his merits, and concluded by describing his passion in the most lively colours. He gave her an assurance, that if she would give her consent, and go to the altar with his friend, according to the christian rites, he would do all

in his power for their advancement in life, by securing to them the general's favour; and he assured her how happy all her friends would be to find her following his advice. It was only as he concluded his wooing, that Archibald perceived that Leila was pale as ashes, and almost fainting; in alarm he let go her hand, and caught her round the waist, that she might not sink to the ground.

This sudden movement, and the pressure of his arm, recovered her; she released herself from her supporter, and said, in a low trembling voice, "Be not angry, Achmet, if I give you a refusal! I have vowed to be your slave alone, and no other person will I serve! I find no restraint in your service, which is my happiness; but if you expressly command me," she continued, with emotion, "I will give my hand to him whom I cannot love, and be miserable in my obedience! But forgive me for the opposition which I have shown you, for believe me, the proposition from your mouth, was unexpected and mortifying!"

"Mortifying?" repeated Archibald, in surprise; but a glance which the maid gave, as she sunk her eyes in confusion to the ground, answered the question, in a manner which not only betrayed the unfortunate woman's secret,

but also awoke dangerous feelings in his own breast. He left her without saying a word; but the impression which Leila's last look had created in him did not leave him, even in Isabella's presence.

"My friend," he said to Erlwein, "I have spoken, but without effect."

The enamoured painter was in despair, and talked of suicide; every day, however, he became more composed, and within a week appeared to have forgotten the whole affair.

About this time, Isabella acquainted her husband that their prayers had been granted, and that she should soon be a mother. Who can describe Archibald's delight? the whole house was to take a part in it; the men wished him hearty joy, and Leila threw herself sobbing into Isabella's arms, and implored heaven's blessing upon her. This extraordinary manner of expressing her joy distressed Archibald, and, from that time forward, he never would be alone with the maiden; while, on her part, she evidently avoided him, till an ill-starred chance brought them together, in spite of themselves.

Leila was engaged at her needle, employed upon the baby linen; she left off, let fall her hands, and raised her tearful eyes towards the ceiling. Archibald, who had entered the room

unperceived, surprised her in this attitude. Upon his addressing her, she started; he ventured to say a few words, to which she listened with a mournful smile; he inquired the cause of her tears; she denied that she had wept, and complained of the weakness of her eyes; he said that she would destroy them by working so hard.

"And even if it blinded me," cried Leila, much excited, "do I not work for your child? Your child! Can you not suspect what I must feel at that word?" She ceased, and her glistening eyes were again fixed upon her work.

Archibald too well understood her meaning; his eyes were opened to the state of his own heart, and he felt that he loved another, besides his wife; it was true that this love was pure and innocent as its object, but he trembled on reflecting how often an evil moment had shaken his best resolutions, and triumphed over virtue.

It absolutely seemed as if Isabella had conspired, with Leila's beauty, against her husband. She reproached him for slighting the poor maiden, declared that he behaved to her with coldness, and even with rudeness; and made it a point, that he should for the future conduct himself towards her with more kindness. The

most jealous wife could not have caused her husband greater pain than did Isabella, by her innocent reproaches; Archibald's situation became daily more embarrassing.

Basta had for some time been so taken up with business, as to be unable to find time for friendly visits; he one day entered Archibald's apartment with a melancholy air.

"You must know, captain," he said, with his usual brevity, "that my position will soon be very desperate, if I do not take the greatest precaution; the rascally populace is never at rest; my management of the country has been termed at Vienna, tyrannic; at Prague, the emperor is the only person to whom I give satisfaction; and he, as you know, is no more than a fifth wheel to the carriage of the state. The Transylvanians, mutinous and ill-disposed as they are, hate me bitterly, and term me a Castaldo, and one who greedily battens upon their country; they are already beginning to conspire, and we are standing upon a mine that may explode the next moment. I should only laugh at the madness of the people, had I a sufficient force under arms, and a good supply of ammunition; but, besides my force being weak, the discontented Hungarians are in my

rear, and that turbulent country is always ready to burst into rebellion. The emperor has but lately given them an excuse for it; he permitted their delegates to remain two months at Prague, without giving them an answer; this has given offence to the haughty magnates, and the whole country is in a flame. I can easily defend my conduct to the emperor, and to the council of state; for though I have been rather hard upon Transylvania, not more so than the imperial commanders have been towards Hungary; it was absolutely necessary, if the soldiers were to live; for what was granted for the support of my force, has never been received;—but what avails my unimpeachable conduct, if we are to be given up to a rebellious mob, without the means of defending ourselves; we must be prepared, upon the first alarm, to fall back upon the imperial army, now in Hungary. Be therefore in readiness, for this deceitful calm will not last long."

Archibald declared that he would be perfectly prepared, and the general continued, "I am also come to ask of you an act of friendship. A Turk of distinction has this day arrived, with but few attendants, all of whom are Wallachians, but it appears that he has brought with him a considerable treasure; he represents that

he has fled from the bow-string with which he was threatened, and wishes to take refuge in the imperial dominions; now as I cannot be certain whether this person may not be a Turkish spy, come for the purpose of exciting the people to insurrection; and as I also cannot give him permission to advance into the country, without first receiving instructions from the field marshal, or from the archduke, I should wish to give him into your custody, that he may not remain in the town under a *surveillance* which must necessarily be insecure. Will you undertake this act of friendship?"

Archibald assured the general of his willing compliance; and in the evening, when all the inmates of his house were sitting together, the Turk, whom the general had mentioned, entered the apartment. He was a good-looking man, of dark complexion, with fine eyes, and a coal-black moustachio; he was richly dressed, and had a valuable sabre at his side; a red Greek cap was set upon his head, which was covered with short black and curly hair. Scarcely had he uttered a few words in a Frank dialect, when Leila, springing from her seat, rushed towards him, threw her arms round his neck, and addressed him in her native language, whilst he returned her embrace with affection.

It was Achmet, seraskier of the Pacha of Temeswar, and Leila's brother; a sangiac of the Pacha of Bosnia had calumniated him to the sultan, and the Governor of Temeswar, in spite of his power, was unable to protect his friend against the hatischerif and the bow-string; he could only advise him to fly for safety to the imperial frontiers. Achmet, urged by the love of life, had collected his treasures (which consisted not only in what he had inherited from his father, who had been Pacha of Bosnia, but also in what he had acquired through the liberality of the Pacha of Temeswar), and fled. Little did he expect that he would thus have been made happy, by meeting with a sister so long lost. The delight of the two relations was not to be described; melancholy, however, soon succeeded to their joy, for Achmet inquired after Mermes, and after Zenide.

The first was afar off, an inmate of the Princess Eleonora's household; the second was no more!

Achmet was dreadfully affected, and it was some time before he could master his feelings. When he had succeeded in so doing, he shook hands with the whole party, endeavoured, in broken German, to express to them his friend-

ship, and acquainted them with his intentions of quitting the Mahometan religion, and entering the Christian church; as a proof of his sincerity, he had already laid aside the turban, and attempted, as well as he could, to imitate the Catholic customs, that being the religion which he had determined to adopt.

The stranger was an agreeable addition to Archibald's family party. Leila's sorrow was gradually soothed, her brother's society prevented her from brooding over her misfortunes, and Achmet, in this happy circle, forgot that he was a prisoner, and under Archibald's scrupulous, though friendly guard. Time thus pleasantly glided away, till the insurrection in Transylvania broke forth.

The discontented Hungarians joined the insurgents. Stephen Bocskay was the soul of the rebellion; he was uncle to the vanquished Transylvanian prince, Sigismond Bathori, and had been the chief of the deputation sent to Prague, with remonstrances from the Hungarian states. Rudolph, led away by evil councillors, had received them as he had previously done others upon similar missions, that is to say, ungraciously; had then amused them with false hopes, and finally dismissed them, without any definitive answer. It was not so much the

grievances of his native land, nor the misfortunes of his fickle nephew, that drove Bocskay to arms; it was the ravages committed on his property during his absence, by the troops under Count Belgiojoso, that excited him to such a pitch of fury. A manifesto that he drew up, while under the influence of his rage, and in which he entreated his countrymen to rise to the defence of their rights and freedom, against foreign robbers and murderers, and which was distributed among the people of Upper Hungary, already ripe for rebellion, had a wondrous effect. Upper Hungary burst forth into rebellion; the people flocked to his standard, and to that of Gabor Bethlem.

Basta's small force had to concentrate itself; the other imperial forces in Hungary had to do the same; the two armies approached each other for mutual assistance, but there was no union between them; their generals hated each other, and the soldiers, levied from different nations, could not conceal their contempt for those who were not their fellow-countrymen. These were the great causes of the misfortunes of the imperial arms, but at the same time pay began to run short, and the country, already impoverished by a rapacious soldiery, and by bands of marau-

ders, could not support the military. Want and discontent reigned throughout the camp and head-quarters.

Archibald, who with his family had taken up his quarters in a village where he thought his wife, her companion, and Achmet, would be safe, suffered like the rest of the army; but he never murmured, and gave a bright example of self-denial, and of fidelity to the emperor, and to his duties. A good example does wonders; Archibald's corps was the most exemplary throughout the army, and received the commendations of the commander-in-chief. His men never disobeyed orders, and, by the constant practice in which Archibald kept them, made rapid progress, under every disadvantage, in the science of gunnery, which was still in its infancy. Their good-humoured countenances showed their confidence in their commanders, and there was only one gloomy-looking man among them—the old John Prapowick; he of late had mixed with his companions in a morose and surly manner, and never approached them but when he was absolutely obliged; he avoided Archibald as much as possible, and would remain abroad for a whole day, without giving any other reason than that he had been at head-

quarters. This remarkable change did not strike Archibald, who was too much taken up with his duties; but it excited the attention of his lieutenant, Erlwein, and moved him to warn his friend against the old hypocrite.

"That man is plotting no good," he often said to Archibald; "he meditates treason, or purposes to desert; put no confidence in the old bigot—he is a secret Hussite, and even if he were not, he is at all events a downright Bohemian; so be upon your guard!"

"Are you not aware, that benefits attach?" cried Archibald, incredulously; "I have always treated the old man as a friend; don't trouble yourself about him; it is not improbable that in the present state of necessity he may cast a thought upon his wife and child."

"Had you said upon the sins of his youth, I would sooner have believed you," answered Erlwein, shaking his head; "but now you mention his family, you touch upon a subject on which I may venture a remark. You build greatly upon Prapowick, on account of his having saved your uncle's life, though you must be aware that the greatest rascal occasionally performs a good action; for my part, I declare that I can put no confidence in a man who can abandon his wife and children to the pangs

of hunger, while he takes care of himself by entering the army!"

"Necessity has no law," said Archibald; "it does not become us to condemn without proof. Prapowick has preserved my uncle's life, and I should consider myself much to blame, if without motive, and without his having committed any actual fault, I treated him less kindly than usual."

"Well! you may do as you like," answered Erlwein; "I wash my hands of the business; if you close your eyes wilfully, I will take care to keep mine open; and by God's assistance, I will be on my guard when danger threatens." They then dropped the conversation.

Meantime Prapowick's countenance grew from day to day more gloomy, and his fellow soldiers gazed on him with wonder mixed with dread.

It so happened that Archibald received an order to make a movement some distance in advance; its object was to check the rebels, by throwing up a battery that would command an important pass. The captain assembled his company, and took an affecting leave of his family; Isabella hung round his neck, while Leila kissed, and Achmet pressed his hand.

"In a few days," cried Archibald, full of

confidence, "I shall again be with you. Could I but hope that during my absence my wishes might be fulfilled."

Isabella replied, with a blush, "God will soon answer our prayers."

"And," cried Leila, "I undertake to bring the child to meet you."

The bustle of departure, as well as the duties which he had to perform when he arrived at the place of his destination, prevented Archibald from dwelling much upon his separation; for the same reason too he failed to remark that Prapowick, who for some time previously had appeared to avoid him, had constantly dodged him during the day. A bright moonlight succeeded to a sultry evening; the work of throwing up the redoubt was continued, and Archibald, enjoying the freshness of the night, wandered along a narrow dyke which led to a lake at no great distance. When he had reached it, he threw himself under a tree, and in a dreamy mood, gazed at the brightness of the enemy's watch fires, as they glittered along a line of hills in the horizon, and listened to the various sounds produced by the pioneers as they carried on the works, and to the busy hum among the soldiers, for loud talking or singing was most strictly forbidden.

Prapowick crept behind an alder, not far from him, with his musket in his hand; silently and cautiously he hung his match to a bough, took from his bandolier a charge, and carefully loading the weapon, he uttered a prayer over it, and was in the act of aiming at Archibald, when Erlwein rushed forward; he had followed the old man at a distance, and just come up in time to prevent mischief.

Prapowick startled, let fall the musket, and the lieutenant, without losing time, dragged him from his place of concealment, and took him to Archibald, who had started up on hearing the noise. Erlwein, burning with rage, related the old villain's attempt to Archibald, who was amazed at the danger from which he had escaped.

"Prapowick!" he commenced, in a mild, but serious tone, "can you have wished to murder me?"

The old man shook his head proudly.

"What! does the villain attempt to deny it?" cried Erlwein.

Archibald ordered him to be silent, and then addressing Prapowick, "You deny it then?" he said; "was the suspicion unfounded?"

"It was so!" answered the Bohemian boldly, and without hesitation; "I received a new

musket this very day, and I came to this retired spot, where I thought that I could do no harm, in order to try it—I did not see you."

There was a pause.

"What can you be considering about?" cried Erlwein; "do you not at once see through so gross a falsehood?"

"I shall not sift the affair," said Archibald, with coolness; "it is not my intention to punish, for there is still a possibility that the old man may have spoken truth, but with this forbearance all obligation ceases; Prapowick, my uncle's preservation is repaid—do you understand me? Near me you can no longer remain. Retire! and betake yourself again to your old captain, Ehrenfried; I would advise you for the future, not to try your muskets so near your commanders; they will not all let you off so easily as I have done—and now depart."

"Is this your serious intention?" cried Erlwein, in the most utter surprise; "can you really purpose to let the villain escape thus easily?"

"Yes!" answered Archibald, firmly, as Prapowick hurried away without another word, and Erlwein walked by the side of his friend, very much out of humour. "Recollect my own

situation in Prague; I was within a hair's breadth of being burnt, and yet not guilty; the old man might possibly have been innocent, although, to tell you the truth, I strongly suspect his guilt; but you will see, for the future he will avoid me; some secret foe must have urged him on to this attempt, for he had no cause of complaint of his own against me: my generosity will now disarm him."

"I no longer recognise you," replied Erlwein, much displeased; "you have grown quite like a weak woman. Confound all love and matrimony, say I, if they have thus the power of banishing firmness from a man's disposition, and replacing it by a woman's softness; I see, my friend, you require the excitement of a battle to cure you!"

On the following morning the Margrave of Burgau, who had but lately joined the army, came, as general of that division, to inspect Archibald's redoubt. The prince, accompanied by a numerous suite, rode all round it, and although he at first appeared disposed rather to blame than to praise, he was forced at length to approve of Archibald's arrangements; nevertheless he treated him with much hauteur, and generally addressed his questions either to

Captain Ehrenfried, who was in his suite, or to Lieutenant Erlwein.

Archibald was much surprised at this unmerited slight, and accompanied the margrave in silence. A well-known countenance then forced his way up to him; with pleasure he recognised the master of the horse, Pinzinger.

"I am sorry to see your chagrin," whispered Pinzinger, "but do not be surprised at the margrave's conduct; he has been set against you; so you may easily imagine that it could not well be otherwise. Your most bitter enemy ——"

Pinzinger's explanation was interrupted by the margrave's suddenly taking his leave of the commander of the post. Archibald was forced to receive his orders, and Pinzinger to take his place behind his master, who, after uttering a few common-place sentences of approbation with a most ungracious air, galloped away, followed by his suite.

"I have not lost any thing by that interruption," said Archibald to himself, as he walked towards the shed formed by boughs, where stood his horse; "my most bitter enemy ——! who can the good Amadeus mean but the margravine? I can easily imagine that she does not speak in very high terms of me, and

that she does not neglect any opportunity of lowering me in her husband's estimation. This margrave's arrival is indeed unfortunate; should he discover that Isabella is my wife, and that she has accompanied me here —— I must hasten to place her in security." He ordered his horse to be saddled immediately, gave his friend full powers to act in his absence, and rode towards the village. He soon arrived within sight of the humble roof which contained his treasure; a horseman at the top of his speed advanced towards him along the high road, he uttered a loud cry on recognising Archibald; it was Achmet, pale as death, and with perspiration running down his face.

"God be praised!" he exclaimed, "that I have found you—come with me directly—such a misfortune has happened—pray compose yourself—your Isabella ——"

"Isabella!" cried Archibald, horror-struck; "not a word more, messenger of evil!" and putting spurs to his horse, and leaving Leila's brother far behind him, he rushed like a madman to the house, where a melancholy scene awaited him.

Isabella was extended on her couch, pale, and with one arm bound up; she was apparently dying, and perfectly insensible. Archibald

seated himself by the side of her bed, and covered her hand with kisses and with tears; not paying the slightest attention to Leila's consolations or exhortations. His Isabella had fallen a sacrifice to a most horrible crime; she had been sitting talking with Leila and her brother, when a party of horsemen galloped into the court-yard, and almost directly after, the margrave of Burgau entered the room; in dreadful embarrassment at this visit, she advanced a few steps to meet him; hardly had she welcomed him, when he broke forth into the most violent invectives against her, and reproached her in the most insulting manner; Isabella's emotion prevented her from replying, and the margrave at last went so far as to call her a woman without virtue, who had dishonoured her family and connections.

Here, however, her indignation broke forth: "I am Archibald's lawful wife," she cried, "and not his paramour; and I know the duties of a wife, better than many a perjured woman, though of princely rank!"

The margrave's rage was redoubled at this remark, and he spoke most violently against Archibald, and his dishonourable birth.

The unfortunate woman was without a friend to support her. Leila could only weep; Achmet

could understand nothing of the whole affair; and though Ehrenfried was among the suite in the court below, the prince had given him especial orders not to interfere in any manner. The unfortunate woman was thus obliged to bear the whole weight of the margrave's anger. He concluded his visit, by a threat that he would soon give an example to the world, of the consequences of a premeditated injury to a princely house.

After his departure, Isabella sunk, fainting upon a chair. Leila entreated her to take comfort, and supported her into the open air. In the miserable garden of the cottage, which was surrounded by a thick hedge, there was a wooden bench, under an apple tree; thither Leila supported her friend, and Achmet slowly followed them. They had scarcely seated themselves, and commenced a conversation, when a shot was fired through the hedge, which shattered Isabella's arm; she fell senseless to the ground. Achmet, roused by the spectacle, and by Leila's cry of agony, sprung over the hedge, and seized the murderer, who, startled by the sudden attack, and stiff from age, had not made the speed in escaping which he had hoped. Achmet was shocked in recognising their former inmate, Prapowick. He delivered the hoary villain to the

guard of the household servants, who, by this time came running up, threw himself on a horse, to carry to Archibald the intelligence of the dreadful deed, and had met him on the way. The unfortunate husband only listened to this account of the affair, after he had first been made certain that it had already cost the life of his child, and would in all probability cause the death of his wife. She lingered for a few days, and Archibald did not awake from the stupor into which this dreadful calamity had thrown him, and which seemed to threaten his reason, until the beauteous Isabella was a corpse. He arose; but not as a resigned man, bowing to the decrees of Providence. His eyes sparkled, his pale face was distorted with passion, and he thirsted for revenge.

"Where is Prapowick?" he inquired.

"In chains!" answered Achmet.

"Let him be brought before me!" commanded Archibald.

"Would you pronounce his sentence under the influence of passion?" said Leila, with a supplicating look.

An angry glance, and a second command to produce the criminal, was the only answer she received. The captain's orders were obeyed, and Prapowick was led in, heavily ironed. He stood

collected and unmoved, in the midst of his guards.

"Approach!" said Archibald. "Do you know this corpse?"

"I do," answered Prapowick.

"You murdered her?" He gave a nod of assent.

"What can that saint, what can I, have done to you, to have excited you to such a deed? Answer! Did we not treat you like a friend, and reverence your grey hairs, and did I not make your daughter happy? Speak, monster of ingratitude! Why did you take away her life? Why did you attempt mine? Are you still silent? Does regret for your crime choke your utterance?"

Prapowick shook his head. "I repent nothing," he answered, "but not having at once shot her through the heart; she would have suffered less; still she is dead, and her blessed spirit will, I hope, forgive my old eyes for missing their mark by a very little."

"Erlwein! Erlwein!" cried Archibald, clasping his hands in agony, "you were right! Why did not I rather follow your advice, than confide in this monster, whose crime I cannot understand?"

"That I can easily imagine," answered the

murderer, with some emotion, "from your hands I have received nothing but benefits; for some years have I accustomed myself to look up to you as my supporter, and it distressed me to have to break your heart; but what was to be done? I was forced to keep my word!"

"Forced to keep your word!" cried Archibald; "are you mad?"

The old man shook his head, and answered with a smile, "I am not indeed, sir; a few words will suffice to explain every thing to you: I was a profligate in my youth, and when I came to man's estate, I suffered misfortune and poverty. As soon as my property was squandered, I grew desperate, and quitted my native place, leaving my wife and child to beggary; they had to exist upon charity, while I was leading a dissolute life, squandering both pay and pillage. A fever, brought on by drunkenness and by excesses, tamed me; it was the commencement of my amelioration; it was then that I became acquainted with your uncle; I profited by his good example, and became steady and well behaved. Age came over me, and my conscience suddenly awoke; on passing my life in review, I could find nothing in it consolatory; and by degrees I doubted the possibility of expiating my offences. I thought and thought

again, till at last the idea struck me, that I might by some deed devote myself to the sword of justice; then die in public, after absolution for all my sins, and be benefited by the prayers offered for my soul by devout persons. I long meditated upon this plan, and when I heard that my child and its poor mother were provided for, through your kindness, there was no longer any thing to prevent me from devoting myself to my salvation. I was some time undetermined how to carry my plan into effect. Robbery would have brought me to the gallows, but I considered both the crime and its punishment disgraceful. A murder appeared to me to be the most desirable offence. I did not know but that I might thus be the salvation of a soul, for that of an innocent murdered person goes straight to heaven; and scarce had I come to this resolution, when a proposal was made to me to make away with you as well as your wife."

"Can it be possible?" cried the spectators.

"A considerable sum of money was offered me," continued Prapowick, "if I would undertake the business; and after reflecting for some weeks, I closed with the proposal, firmly determined in my own mind to sacrifice you alone; for I earnestly wished that you should enter into the joys of heaven. What were your enemies'

designs to me? They insisted upon your wife being also destroyed; but your death would have sufficiently gained my purpose. No sooner had I thought of the plan, than I prepared to carry it into effect. I sent the stipulated money to my wife, and set to work; but the lieutenant was too sharp; I was caught in the act, and you pardoned me."

"Blood-thirsty maniac!" cried Archibald, "if you desired death at the place of execution, why did you not confess your intention; for an attempt to murder is punishable with death, and the life of an innocent person would have been saved!"

"Pardon me, my dear sir," replied the old man; "that would have been smuggling myself into eternal life. No, no! the deed must be done thoroughly and honestly, if it is to have the wished-for effect. My grey head, also, might have moved my judges to mercy; my sentence of death would have been commuted to imprisonment for life, and all my hopes would have been destroyed."

"What a tissue of horrors!" said Archibald; "continue."

"I had missed my aim," pursued Prapowick, "and I was again free; but I did not dare to make a second attempt upon your life. I imagined

that you were under the special protection of the Almighty. Still I had to earn my money and my salvation, and with this view I fixed upon your wife. That excellent woman, with her innocent child, is gone to heaven; guiltless did that child return to its Father; two pure souls shall I find as my advocates before the great Judge! May he be merciful unto me!"

Tears fell from the eyes of the old visionary, as he concluded a confession which the whole circle of spectators had listened to with breathless silence.

Archibald hid his face with both hands. After a while he recovered himself, and said, as he addressed the criminal, in a slow and serious tone, "John Prapowick, you have forfeited your life!"

"I know it," answered the old man.

"I shall deliver you over to His Majesty's Imperial Court of Justice, which will pronounce your sentence."

"The sooner the better," said Prapowick, firmly, "I shall meet my death without fear."

"But first," cried Archibald, in the most violent emotion, "do honour to truth; confess who bribed you to this crime!"

"Do not inquire," answered the old man, after a minute's reflection; "the deed is done,

and he who performed it is in irons. Do with me what you choose; but I will not disgrace my last day on earth by a crime!"

"Wretch!" cried Archibald, "do you call it a crime to speak the truth?"

"Forgive me, my dear sir," answered Prapowick; "every one has his own way of thinking: had I not accepted the proposal, it would have served the wicked author of the murder right to have betrayed him to you; but as I undertook the affair, that person has a claim upon my silence. More blood shall not flow than is necessary. I shall not name the person!"

Archibald went up to him, led him aside, and said, in a low tone, as he fixed his eyes upon him, "The Margrave of Burgau, was it not?"

But the old man looked him steadily in the face, and replied, "No, my good captain! You are on a false scent; your suspicion of that noble prince is unfounded!"

"Do you mean to mock me?" cried Archibald, in a rage. "Miscreant! I will have you tortured, and have the confession of your accomplices wrung from you by the most indescribable agonies."

"Well, I am in your power," answered the criminal, with the composure of an innocent man; "you can torture me as you choose,

but I will bite my tongue off, while on the rack, to render my confession impossible; so you will extort nothing from me."

"Who is holding an examination without a legal right to do so?" cried an officer who entered suddenly, attended by a strong guard.

"It is the prince," exclained Leila, foreboding the very worst, and without knowing what she did, she threw her arms around Archibald, who drew up on seeing the object of his hatred.

"His highness the margrave is much displeased," said Bernhard, haughtily, "that you should have presumed to have screened this old criminal so long from his justice; he is shocked at the crime which has been committed here, and will fearfully punish him who committed it; his highness has also commanded me, captain, to deliver to you this paper; it contains your dismissal from the army."

Archibald grew pale, took the paper, opened it with a trembling hand, and having glanced over it, crushed it in his grasp, and apparently was about to burst forth in the most violent fury, when Leila, in order to soothe him, caused him to turn towards Isabella's corpse.

"Do not," she cried, in a persuasive voice, "do not disturb the repose of that dear departed one." At this sight his feelings overcame him,

and throwing himself on his knees by the side of the couch, he there forgot all else but her.

"The margrave," continued Bernhard, in a loud tone, "grounds your dismissal upon these reasons: he will not employ any officer who, on account of a private calamity, could desert a post entrusted to him, and leave it in charge of a deputy; you can imagine his other reasons, captain; you must yourself feel that your birth disqualifies you from a place in that honourable corps to which you belong, and that it is a scandal to your brother officers. You must also be aware, that those who advanced you in the army have done wrong, and that it is the margrave's duty to correct their error. He will not, however, forget your services, and contents himself with your immediate dismissal; leaving you all your plunder, and only desiring you to depart as speedily as possible, and to betake yourself out of the imperial dominions. Do you understand me?"

"Yes, noble sir," was Archibald's answer, although he had scarcely understood a word of what was said; "I know that I am dismissed, and driven away like some guilty wretch; only permit me to commit this dear body to the earth,

and I will then depart, to make room for one more deserving than myself."

Bernhard was startled at this collected speech, for it was uttered with the calmness of despair; a diabolical smile then played about his countenance. At that instant, Ehrenfried and Erlwein burst into the room.

"Is it indeed true?" they both cried, "can it be true that you are dismissed the service —that you are ordered to quit the army?"

"It is true," answered Archibald, in the same calm tone.

"What injustice!" said his uncle, sorrowfully.

"Unfortunate man!" cried his friend.

"Why are you so much moved, my friends?" said Archibald, with the utmost composure; "this sash that I take off—this sword that I throw aside, are no loss to me. My disgrace with the general, and the scorn of those fools who despise me, are no calamities. What had I to lose after they had robbed me of this —— ?" and he tore off the cloth that covered the body. "What calamity could equal this? What can render me more miserable than I am already?"

"But the disgrace of a dismissal in the very middle of a campaign," cried Ehrenfried, clenching his fist.

"Be patient, my uncle," said Archibald, in a soothing voice; "I ought still to thank the commander-in-chief, that he has given me my dismissal in so indulgent a manner—that he has not had the base bastard deprived of his gorget, and driven from the ranks with his head shaved, his sword having been previously broken before his face, as one convicted of felony. I suppose I am indebted for this kindness to the excellent bearer of the margrave's commands, and who has already in the course of my life, done me several good turns; in truth, prince," he continued, with a hideous laugh, "when I look at this dear body, I feel almost as if I had still something to thank you for, were it possible that so young a man could be capable of such an atrocity!"

Prapowick clanked his chains, and looked embarrassed.

Bernhard replied, "What do you mean? Would you charge me with the murder?"

"Were I certain of your guilt," cried Archibald, "you would already have been stretched at the foot of that saint; still you are the wicked spirit that has haunted me every where; this is the third time that you have come across me for evil; I now declare to you, that you are lost if you again meet me. Providence will

have doomed you to death, if you cross my path for the fourth time; be assured of this, and relieve me from your unseasonable presence."

"Now, by Heavens!" cried Erlwein, "if this is the way that valour is to be rewarded, I could almost feel ashamed at wearing this uniform any longer."

"Were we not in the field," said Ehrenfried, "I would never draw my good sword again in the emperor's service."

"You are at liberty to do just what you like," Bernhard quickly replied; "I have full powers, gentlemen, instantly to give you your dismissal, should you wish it; the margrave will be delighted at being freed from those whom the adventurer Basta advanced in the army, for the purpose of being surrounded by people of his own stamp."

"What an insult!" cried Erlwein; "I accept my dismissal."

"Neither do I refuse mine," cried Ehrenfried, haughtily; "but Heaven help you, my prince, when the adventurer of whom you speak returns from Vienna, and, on hearing of your abuse, insists upon your giving him satisfaction."

"Be not uneasy," answered Bernhard, in a tone of contempt; "as for giving him satisfaction, just think of the difference of rank. A

prince's son cannot oppose himself to a common mercenary!"

He moved his head proudly, and departed. The guards surrounded Prapowick, and began to move. Archibald remained standing, like a statue representing despair, with his friends grouped around him. When the hoary murderer saw this, he lingered a few moments at the door, apparently deeply affected, returned a few steps into the room, and appeared anxious to speak—cast his eyes to heaven—and then rushed from the room, surrounded by the soldiers.

When the room was cleared, and the unwelcome spectators had retired, Archibald roused himself from his despair, and seizing the hands of his friends Ehrenfried and Erlwein, shook them heartily, embraced them, and did the same to Achmet and Leila. He then drew back a little, cast a mournful look upon them, and said, in a mild and measured tone, "I have again passed an important period of my life. Here I am, the youngest man among you, and yet can boldly state, that none of you have undergone what I have; none of you have suffered like myself. The adventures of an old man of eighty cannot be compared to the changes of my life. Here am I, standing by the corpse of the most excellent of women, a bereaved

husband and father. My destiny is closed. I was born to misfortunes; life has been bitter to me, I will now try if death is less so. Adieu, my friends! I leave you, to rejoin my wife!"

"What are you going to do?" they all cried.

"Part from you," answered Archibald, "to die far away from you."

"Dastard!" cried Ehrenfried, "would you thus bend under misfortune?"

"Think of your adopted son!" said Leila, soothingly.

"And of your friends, who have sacrificed every thing for you!" said Erlwein.

"Think of your revenge!" cried, with sparkling eyes, the Eastern Achmet, who understood the passions better than the rest.

"Enough!" exclaimed Archibald, you have touched the most sensitive chord in my breast. From a freeman, you have once more made me a slave to life; but to endure life alone, I am too weak. My friends, do not refuse me your support. Join yourselves to me; or, rather, permit me to join myself to you, since those who attach themselves to me, are made partakers in my misfortunes. I have neither house nor home—both Achmet and Leila have for ever quitted their country—my uncle has thrown away his sword, and Erlwein has sacri-

ficed his fortune to his feelings of anger at my disgrace—let us, therefore, join our destinies. Let us be brothers instead of friends; and from this time forward, let us never abandon each other."

This was agreed to by acclamation.

"Our first and most sacred duty," my friends, said Archibald, "will be to consign the mortal remains of that saint to her parent earth. Our next object, not less sacred to me, must be revenge.

CHAPTER IV.

"When the treason's hatch'd,
Why seek a traitor?"

Life a Dream.—CALDERON.

THE ambitious and revengeful Bocskay, appeared to have chosen the most favourable moment for his rebellion.

The flames of insurrection burned as strongly as ever in those provinces where they had burst forth, and even extended to the neighbouring provinces. Bocskay, in defiance of the imperial forces, was elected Prince of Transylvania, under the protection of his powerful friend, Bethlem Gabor. The Porte, which had obstinately denied having given any support to the rebels, now threw aside the mask, and most openly displayed its contempt for the feeble emperor, by naming Bocskay to be King of Hungary, a few months after his election to the principality of Transylvania. To make this nomination of greater importance, the

grand vizier, in the name of the Padischah, presented the brave leader of the rebels, at the camp of Buda, with a golden crown, said to have been wore by the Palaeologi, as well as with a sceptre and colours; the ceremony had a great effect upon the assembled multitude, among whom, besides the Turkish troops, were a great many Hungarian and Transylvanian nobles.

The clear-sighted and enterprising Stephen Bocskay, was the only one who saw the absurdity of this farce, of which however he did not fail to profit to the utmost of his power, for the furtherance of his own purposes. He submitted with repugnance to a ceremony, which forced him to do public homage to the slave of a prince, whose people and faith he most thoroughly despised, and then entrusting to his relation Hommonay the symbols of his kingly dignity, hastened to place himself at the head of the bands which had assembled under his banners, in the hopes of being led to plunder. Immediately upon his arrival, he set his army in motion, and boldly advancing, showed a dreadful superiority over the imperialists, his opponents (who were pining from want), both in numbers, courage, and confidence. The imperial forces, who dared not risk battle,

gave way, and Bocskay determinate
up his purpose of forcing them back to
or even farther.

Rudolph's council had prepared no
the empire was in the most utter disorga
religious feuds ran so high, that it a
as though the parties only waited for a
to draw the sword of civil war; the a
the law was powerless, the public purse e
the army ill recruited, and deficient in
necessary; the generals disagreeing an
themselves, and the soldiers mutinous. Ne
theless, in spite of all this, the emperor remained
his palace at Prague, leading the life of a Me
vingian king. Surrounded by his favourites, an
thinking of every thing but his people and
honour, he saw with indiffer
that threatened

for him the way into Moravia. His wild hussars, the warlike and rapacious descendants of the Haiducks, overran the unprotected country in swarms, plundering and burning; they were led on by their daring chief, in person, and the outrages that they committed, soon caused those who had urged him to extend the insurrection into the heart of their country, bitterly to repent that measure.

Ulrich Kaunitz, Ludmille's husband, in spite of the entreaties of his excellent wife, had taken an active part in fomenting rebellious feelings throught the country; but not even an angel's voice could have assuaged the hatred which he bore against the emperor, and for which he fancied that he had the best grounded cause. He had been the organ of the Protestant states to the council of the emperor, had spoken intemperately at the very foot of the throne, and had received an unfavourable answer from the emperor, and a threatening one from the council of state. From that time he had thirsted for vengeance, and Bocskay's inroad appeared to him the best opportunity for gratifying it. His property, and that of his relations, was taken under the special protection of the rebel king, who had threatened to ravage all the estates of his adversaries with fire

and sword; but when the treachery is completed, the traitor is neglected, and Bocskay soon discarded from his memory his promises to his friend. His soldiers, in their rapacity and love of plunder, made no difference between the property of his friends, and that of his foes.

The Castle of Vorosdar, which had been but lately rebuilt, was again burnt down by the Hungarians; the princess was forced to make her escape, with her maniac husband, and entire household, for the purpose of seeking a refuge with a son-in-law, whom she disliked as much as he disliked her. Kaunitz was like a madman, when he heard that the enemy had not respected the castle, which it had been stipulated should be spared; and now bitterly lamented his having engaged in a bad cause.

Ludmille had succeeded on some previous occasions, in softening, by mild remonstrance, her husband's impetuosity, she now again attempted the same task, and failed.

"Were I to follow your advice," he said, "I should kiss the rod that smites me; but this is not my custom. With me, it has always been, an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth; had I but the power, ten castles of those rapacious dogs should burn for Vorosdar. It

is not the mere destruction of the building that annoys me, but that the fire has burthened me with the whole connection. I am to be plagued with that mad King Sebastian, and that odious Princess Eleonora, your proud mother."

Tears came into Ludmille's eyes; he remarked it, and continued, in a softer tone, "Compose yourself, I did not mean to offend you; dry your tears, your sorrow renders me tender-hearted as a child; much as it rejoices me to have at length won you, after undergoing such difficulties, it has been a disadvantage to me, as in your society I am become an altered man. Formerly I was determined in purpose, and indifferent as to the means by which I attained it; but since I have become your husband, I am grown conscientious, and am constantly thinking whether I am acting right or wrong."

"And yet you could connect yourself with rebels," said Ludmille, in a tone of soft reproach.

Kaunitz rubbed his brow, as he replied, "You are right, but I thought I could depend upon Hungarian honour. What have I gained by it? Vorosdar is in ashes, and I am saddled with its inhabitants. I cannot bear your mother; she cannot disguise her vexation at having been forced, for the sake of peace, to give you up to

me; you have put a better face upon it; I thank you, and love you for it. Your mother I hate; and when she, the maniac, and that ill-conditioned priest, Schöneman, are under the same roof with me, it vexes me to death. One thing alone is wanting to finish the matter; it is that that good-for-nothing fellow, Bernhard, should arrive; then, indeed, it would be beyond endurance!"

"But how does it happen that you should so hate the friend of your youth?" asked Ludmille; "one of whom you were so fond!"

"My friendship for him was never very great!" said her husband, with a smile; "I never liked his arrogance, nor his manner of laying down the law; his fondness for debauch, too, displeased me; for you may believe me when I say (and late facts prove that I am right), that, in spite of that affair at Vorosdar, with the cursed heathen maid, I was ten times more sober, more continent, and less extravagant, than your brother Bernhard, who had only his hypocrisy to thank for his reputation of morality."

Ludmille uttered a melancholy sigh, and Kaunitz continued—

"His ruling passion was extravagance, and I will not deny that I encouraged him in it. My

object was to call you mine; and as I steadily pursued it, I saw that the family pride of my school-friend would be my greatest obstacle, and that my only chance of success would be to get him gradually within my power. I had soon the means of doing so; for, although plentifully supplied with money by Princess Eleonora's generosity, your brother's purse was always empty; he was continually in difficulties, and there was no end to his expenses. I advanced him sums upon sums, and Prince Bernhard signed away portion after portion of his inheritance; and when he was embarrassed to the degree that I wanted, and that he was on the point of being disgraced, by his numerous creditors making their complaints to the principals in the college, I once more assisted him, and the recompense for a considerable loan, was to be the hand of his sister."

"Can my brother have acted thus?" sighed forth Ludmille; "what degeneracy!"

"The story was then invented, according to which I saved Bernhard's life," continued Kaunitz; "there was not one word of truth in it, but nevertheless it succeeded. I was well received at your house, and would doubtless have attained my wishes, if that accursed boy, who affected to be dumb, had not inter-

vened. What has happened since then, is still fresh in my memory; my unbending determination overcame Bernhard's vacillation, who thought of giving up the affair in despair. The emperor's letter of protection, that you contrived to procure, had the effect of most of his decrees; it was not attended to, and you became mine! Since that time, your brother's profligacy has thoroughly developed itself, and thoroughly estranged me from him. He has squandered away the greatest part of his property, at the court of a princess of most corrupt character. Dishonest stewards, over whom he had no check, in consequence of their having in every way supported his extravagance, completed his ruin. I know, from the best sources, that such is the present state of affairs. The last remnant of his property has been sent to him in Hungary, where he has joined the army. Nothing more remains, of his once great possessions, than the mortgages which he has given me in your dowry, and which he dare not touch. Vorosdar was the principal portion of this; and now the Hungarian miscreants—whom may God confound—have burnt it to the ground."

Here his fury burst forth afresh, and Ludmille was forced to let it take its course.

The news that was daily brought in, of the devastations committed throughout the country, were not qualified to pacify him; when an unexpected defender for Moravia started up, in the person of the brave Cardinal Dietrichstein, who, on the spur of the moment, quitted Prague, appeared in his diocese, and called upon all the servants of the church to take up arms against the common enemy. He laid his mitre and crosier upon the altar of the cathedral of Olmutz, and girded on the sword, undertaking, at his own cost, and without any assistance from the inactive court, to raise a numerous and well-armed body of cavalry. He then placed himself at their head, ready to march wherever his presence might be necessary, and called upon all the wealthy landowners to defend, to the utmost of their power, the state, and their own property. Rich and poor flocked to the standard of the warlike bishop.

"What a fine opportunity for wiping the blot from your name," said Ludmille to her husband; "join the defenders of their homes; assist in saving the country!"

Kaunitz started! "Did I even wish it," he then said, slowly, and fixing a searching glance upon Ludmille, as if to fathom her thoughts; "should I not have good cause to fear the

being rejected from their ranks? or eve
treated as a traitor by the cardinal?"

"Not so," answered Ludmille, in a
soft persuasion; "mutual calamity conc
we embrace the most bitter enemy as a b
if, in the hour of danger, he tend us t
couring hand. Your countrymen would
you; they would see you, after a mom
aberration, staking life and property fo
good. You waver, my husband!" sh
tinued, more pressingly. "I only ask
do what is right! I only speak for
honour! Do not turn a deaf ear to my
At this moment I am your good genius!"

Kaunitz hesitated, considered, and at
consented. His mind once made up, he

be angry; my brother has just arrived, he seeks an asylum at your hands."

"Bernhard?" cried the count; "what does the profligate spendthrift mean, by coming here?"

"For heaven's sake!" cried Ludmille, "restrain yourself; think of what I suffer, at the appearance of one whom I am forced to detest, and whom my mother avoids like a wild beast. You despise him, do not also maltreat him."

"Where is he?" asked Kaunitz, after a moment's thought.

"In your sitting room," answered the countess; "he is resting from the fatigues of a perilous journey."

"I will see him alone!" said her husband; and he ascended to his apartment.

Bernhard, miserably clothed, was stretched at his length on the carpet; the noise of the door closing, awoke him. On perceiving his brother-in-law, he slowly arose from his resting-place.

"What do you want here?" asked Kaunitz, briefly and sulkily.

"Protection and assistance!" answered Bernhard, in a similar tone.

"But how came you here?" continued Kaunitz.

"Our army was beaten," said Bernhard, gloomily; "we were forced back upon Presburg; my people deserted, and I had to take to flight; I was made prisoner by a band of partisans, and was hurried off in the direction of Moravia; well acquainted with the country, I escaped from my captors, and now demand hospitality, and the means of reaching Olmutz."

"What are you going to do there?" asked Kaunitz.

"Join the cardinal's army," replied Bernhard.

"The cardinal cannot want a deserter!" replied Kaunitz, with a laugh of scorn, but very much annoyed that Bernhard entertained the same project with himself.

"Kaunitz!" cried Bernhard, in a threatening tone, "you are growing insolent!"

"I will never give an asylum to a deserter!" continued Kaunitz; "you have broken your oath of allegiance to your colours; pursue your journey."

"Do you venture to turn me thus harshly from your door?" asked Bernhard, with bitterness. "Are these my thanks for the services I have rendered you?"

"Do not boast too much of them," replied the count; "I was forced to pay them dear enough, with heavy sums of ready money."

"And for which I was obliged to give you the best part of my property as a security," grumbled the prince; "I am a ruined man, and you are the origin of it all; count me out a sum of money sufficient to take me to Olmutz, and I will forgive you every thing."

"Not a farthing will I waste upon you, spendthrift deserter!" cried the count, in a rage; "do not provoke me too far, but relieve me from your presence and your importunities."

"Now, by Heavens," cried the prince, in a frenzy of passion, "you may thank your stars that I have no weapon, else I would make you eat your words in no agreeable fashion!"

Just then the alarum sounded in the village, and Ludmille tottered in, pale as death. "Good Heavens!" she cried, in the utmost alarm, "the sentinels have returned with the news, that the Hungarians are approaching, and cannot be more than a mile from the castle."

"Has the devil, then, lent them his wings?" stammered forth Kaunitz, in alarm, and turning pale and red by turns.

"Decide, decide, my husband! What do you determine is to be done?"

"You, at all events, must be saved," answered, recovering himself from his first alar "you, your mother, and your father must saved! Let Jasneck put to; take with you wh is most absol[illegible]essary; fly in the directi of Brunn, a[illegible]he best of your way alo the Brunn r[illegible]

"And you, h[illegible]sband, what is to happ to you?" cried Ludm[illegible]ille.

"I shall await the [illegible]ebels," he answered firml "my valuables are in security, when once y are safe, I shall have nothing further to alarm m

"Do you not fear the ferocity of tho savage bands?" said the countess, in the utmo anxiety.

"Do not be uneasy," answered Kaunitz, em bracing her, "I have only once more to appear i a character which I would rather lay aside. The letters——" he then produced from a drawer o the press in which he kept his correspondenc between himself, Bocskay, and the other conspi rators, a bundle of papers, which he scattere about the table; "these letters must be my pro tection; I shall afterwards burn them, an dismiss them from my recollection for ever."

The cries of the villagers, as they made thei escape, gave notice of the enemy's approach "The carriage is ready," cried Jasneck.

The princess, deeply affected, hurried down to the door of the castle; she was accompanied by Mermes, who was loaded with articles of value. The maniac prince, who in all this disturbance laughed at one moment like a child, and at another encouraged his Portuguese to resistance, followed, conducted by old Christopher, who afterwards fastened behind the carriage a great leather bag, in the hopes of saving its contents; when these preparations were concluded, Kaunitz handed the trembling Ludmille into the coach, without either saluting or even looking at Eleonora.

"Be of good cheer," he said to his weeping wife; "there is absolutely nothing to fear; we shall meet again at Brunn."

Jasneck and his fellow-servant, Bogalew, got into their saddles, and the coach rolled away as fast as the horses could draw it.

Meanwhile, Bernhard had remained by himself in the count's sitting-room; occupied as were the inhabitants of the castle with their own danger, they had totally forgotten the stranger. The reported approach of the Hungarians had also much alarmed him; he dreaded falling again into their hands, and his first idea was flight; but the recollection of Kaunitz's last

words before quitting the room, caused him t
pause.

"Has he the intention of again appearing in
character which he had rather lay aside?" h
thought to himself, and he cast a furtive an
hasty glance over the papers upon the table
"What? treachery?" he whispered, agreeably
surprised; "a correspondence with the enemy!
Revenge, I shall now enjoy you! Well, my
proud brother-in-law, will I repay your recep-
tion!" He hastily gathered up the letters, hur-
ried to the window, opened it, and ventured to
drop from it into the garden; he lighted upon
a sandy walk, without being the least hurt,
made the best of his way to the wall, and
clambered over.

He found himself on the high-road, and the
crowds of peasants who were hurrying along it
forced him onward in the same direction. It
was some moments before he could release him-
self from the crowd, and when he had done so,
he reflected how he might the most completely
effect the ruin of Kaunitz. "Shall I surrender
myself a prisoner to the Hungarians, and give
information against him as being in corres-
pondence with the imperialists?" he said to
himself; "or shall I prove him a traitor to the

cardinal? The more cruel punishment would be the consequence of my betraying him to Bocskay, but the power of the rebels cannot last, and my reward would be an uncertain one; sooner or later the emperor must gain the ascendancy, and will then more surely reward a fidelity which prompted me to betray my own relation."

Without further consideration, he struck into the road leading to Olmutz.

Kaunitz soon discovered the loss of his papers; it instantly struck him who had purloined them, and what a fearful weapon they would prove in his enemy's possession; in a frenzy of rage, he called for horses and torches to pursue the robber, and for arms to slay him wherever he might be found; his fury was in vain; the Hungarians were already in the village, and hastening on to the castle, which was deserted by all the domestics capable of bearing arms; they had abandoned their master, and he alone was opposed to the fury of the enemy. The count, unarmed, awaited their arrival in the court, without the slightest appearance of fear.

"What do you want, my friends?" he cried, as the first of their party rushed in. "Tell me, what it is you want?"

"Is your name Kaunitz?" roared forth a

at the same time blowing
purpose of shooting the
moment, a tremendous blow
leader of the band, upon th
which felled him to the earth.

"Dog," thundered forth
unfortunate man, who was
ground; "have you forgotte
to be brought before the kin
and that we are to take him a

The Hungarians threw th
defenceless count, whose fruit
served to render them mor
almost stripped to the skin in
remainder of the party sc
about the castle, and set it o
their scouts disturbed them,
tion, that the inhabitants of
villages, having heard that it
band that had penetrated thus
ing in a force that tripled
rebel leader was sufficiently e

await their attack; he mounted his horse, ordered his prisoner to be fastened to its tail, set his band in motion, and surrounded by his men, rode away along the road whence he came, as fast as his prisoner could be forced to run. The night was cold and rainy, and Kaunitz, whose supplications for pity were long unattended to, was very nearly without any covering. At length an old Hungarian took compassion on him, and threw his own rough cloak over his shoulders. This was the only alleviation which the sufferings of the unfortunate man received; and the marauding party pursued their journey, without any respite, making the best of their way towards the head quarters of the dreaded rebel chief.

" Ruin'd stands the mans
Is now the wintry temp
See! amongst its roofles
Terror prowling!
While the clouds of hea
Stare within."

In the meantime, four sv
veyed the fugitives from th
that was descending in tor
Bogalew's light.

" Confound it!" he crie
now useless torch into the di
me as if hell had broken loo
not see my own hand! De
What are you about, Jasnec
us out of the road."

" No, no," muttered Jasn
cousin a good cut with his
that we are all right!" and
carriage was turned to the ri

and Jasneck led the way across the country as fast as he could get along. It is true that Bogalew accasionally attempted to remonstrate, but his mouth was closed by renewed touches of the whip; and, under Jasneck's guidance, he permitted the party to take a directly contrary road from that leading to Brunn. It was past midnight when the jaded horses stopped.

"Are we at the gates of Brunn?" cried Christopher from the inside, where the kindness of his mistress had permitted the old servant to place himself.

"By St. Vitus!" answered Jasneck, "may I die no natural death, if I know where we are. These confounded animals must have taken us out of the right road. I cannot recognize any thing: not a star is to be seen; and even if it were light, the confounded rain would blind one!"

"For God's sake, what is to be done!" cried the women.

"Why, above all, not lose courage!" replied Jasneck. "I almost think that I do know where we are; the horses have rested a little; we will move on."

The whips cracked, and they were again in motion. Within the carriage, which was safely closed from the rain, all was silent: fatigue, and

the want of sleep claimed their rights; but Jasneck and Bogalew entered into conversation without; for Jasneck commenced in a low tone to disclose a project which he had formed in his own mind.

"Do you know," he asked, "what I am thinking of?"

Bogalew shook his head.

"Would you like to make your fortune?" continued Jasneck.

Bogalew answered in the affirmative.

"Listen, then," continued his cousin, as he turned round as much as possible on his saddle, to be more easily heard, and clicked with his tongue to make the horses go faster. "We have an opportunity of playing the trump-card. The Hungarians have now possession of our castle: they are plundering it, and there is no chance that the count, who has remained alone, should have escaped with his life. Thus our service will be at an end; for the ladies, devout as they are, will turn Catholics, and enter a cloister. Why should we gain nothing, and not do as well as those Hungarian robbers, who fill their pockets without leaving any thing for an honest man? No! May St. Vitus, our patron, prevent this! The world goes round and round like a foot-ball: what is above to-day,

is below to-morrow; for once we will be uppermost."

"Yes, my good cousin," answered Bogalew, as he took a hearty drink from his flask, in order to gain a little courage; "for once we will be uppermost."

"And what do we want in order to succeed?" continued Jasneck. "Nothing but money; but this we have, merely for the taking. At the back of the coach there, Christopher has fastened a leather sack; it is full of gold, silver, and precious stones; for our master's mother-in-law, old Nell, is as rich as if she had been at the plundering of Constantinople. We might take the sack, ride away with it to Saxony or Poland, and be rich and happy all the days of our lives.

"All this is good, cousin," answered Bogalew; "but do you suppose the people will give up their property voluntarily?"

"Fool!" cried Jasneck, laughing, "they certainly will not do so very willingly; but we will take it by force."

"Why!" said Bogalew, in a fright; "do you mean to rob them? Just think a moment; they are our masters."

"Confound all masters!" exclaimed Jasneck, "without them there would be no servants in the world; but come, Bogalew, you are a real

catholic Christian; those within are much worse than heathens; they are Lutherans; if we take from those rich heretics their superfluity, for the purpose of enriching two poor devils of a right creed, it must be a deed pleasing to God."

"Well, if you think this to be the case, cousin Jasneck," replied Bogalew, after a little reflection, "for my part I am satisfied; but I stipulate beforehand that there is to be no blood spilt! Do you hear?"

"Well, if there must not," answered Jasneck, "there shall not; but if the worst come to the worst, I will take it all upon myself."

"I agree!" cried Bogalew—"confound the horses; they have got us into a morass! Where do you suppose we are, cousin Jasneck?"

"I think we must be close to the village of Racotz. On that side must be the stream, for I caught the ripple of the water. Further on to the left must be the bridge. I am right: there are the three oaks and the chapel. Halt! We go no further!"

The horses stopped. Those inside the carriage were awoke by the sudden jolt. Christopher jumped out.

"Have we arrived at last?" he cried.

"Let him drive on who can and will," answered Jasneck, as he dismounted from his horse;

"I know not where we are, and am stiff from the cold and rain. My hands can no longer hold the reins, and the horses are sinking in the mud."

"Where have they taken us?" cried Ludmille, trying to get out of the carriage, but Christopher prevented her.

"Pray, don't get out, my good countess," said the faithful old servant; "take care of your health; it is cold and damp out here, and the day has hardly begun to break. We have lost our way, and it is possible that we may have gone many miles astray. I am pretty well acquainted with the country about Brunn. I will get upon a horse, and by God's assistance, find out if we are near that town or not."

Accordingly, the old man caused a horse to be unharnessed, mounted it, and after having given especial directions to the two cousins, not to stir from the spot, rode away to find out where they were. He was soon out of sight; and Jasneck thought it time to fulfil his intentions.

The two rascals hastened to untie the bag from the carriage, fastened it across the back of the strongest horse, mounted the two others, and rode away, with a loud laugh, the way that Jasneck directed. The horses trotting away,

and the laughter of the two thieves, attracted the notice of those whom they had abandoned. Mermes, who had scrambled out of the carriage as fast as she could, beheld the completion of the villainy. Her cry of alarm, her call to them to return, and her abuse, soon acquainted the ladies with what had happened.

What a situation was their's! Three defenceless women, left with a maniac in a wild country, with which they were unacquainted, and exposed to the attack of the rebels, who might possibly be close at hand. They wept and bemoaned their situation. Their only hope was in old Christopher's fidelity; for they never for a moment suspected him of being a participator in the villainy of the postillions. They were not deceived in the confidence which they reposed in him; for it was not long before the old man returned from his expedition. His countenance bore the impression of the utmost anxiety. It was now broad day-light, and he soon saw what had happened, while the women acquainted him with all the details. When he had heard them, he was beside himself with despair.

"Now, indeed!" he cried, "my noble lady, I am forced to allow that we are lost, unless God himself should come to our assistance. Those rascally thieves have most dreadfully betrayed

us; they have behaved much more infamously than you can suppose. The enemy is encamped on the other side of the water. I heard the challenge of the sentinels, and I have found out where we are. We are not very far from Vorosdar."

"Good heavens!" cried the women, "what is to be done?" Each then began to give her advice, and to each proposition Christopher made some unanswerable objection, although himself unable to give them any reasonable counsel. In the midst of their discussion, they heard in the distance, the reveille sounding in the Hungarian camp. The noise excited the maniac prince.

"Vile heathens!" he cried, "why do you keep me in your chains, thus tantalising me with the martial music of my own army?" He then again sank into his previous abstraction, until the music struck up a gay march.

"Listen!" he cried, "Listen! how barbarous it is to permit me to dream that I am again young, and that I am free as in the days of my youth, when I am old and a prisoner! That air was played at Sissek: it led us on to the storming of Sabalka."

He carried his hand to his head, with an expression of pain. "Stop! stop!" he cried;

" must I for ever hear you, music of my country? Open, I entreat you, the subterranean passage into the vaults of Vorosdar; for there I am safe; there I am at rest. They are quiet as the grave."

The remainder of the party were affected by what he said, with the exception of Christopher, who cried in a tone of delight: " God be praised! Our most gracious master has given in his wanderings, the best advice in our misfortune. Do you recollect, my noble ladies, the secret subterranean passage, from one wing to the other, which we first discovered when the prince made his way by it from his own room to the chapel, and by which he afterwards made his escape into the vaults, when we had forgotten him in our panic, the first time Vorosdar was burnt down? He thence made his way into the fields, and, God knows how, reached Bohemia, where he was thrown into prison. Yonder is the chapel, with the three oaks, and about a mile on is the entrance to the Vorosdar vaults. Let us make the best of our way to them, before the sun dispels the mist which now conceals us. We shall there be safe, at least, till we can come to some determination."

The princess Eleonora made some remonstrances upon the idea of thus betaking them-

selves to damp deserted vaults; Ludmille dreaded some ambush, and Mermes shuddered at the idea of a long walk in the rain, and through the mud. Christopher's answer to every objection was, the necessity of the case. As soon as the measure was agreed to, he made preparations for their departure. The carriage was left behind. The maniac prince, who permitted himself to be managed like a child, was placed upon the only remaining horse, Christopher holding its bridle, and offering his other arm to Princess Eleonora, who was supported on the other side by Ludmille; Mermes followed, bearing a heavy bundle, containing what they could most hastily scramble together from the baggage belonging to the carriage.

CHAPTER V

"A gigantic form, hideous to look
matted beard, and dishevelled hair falling
breast—its scowl was terrific."

It was night, and countless t
before the house of the village priest
where Stephen Bocskay had tak
quarters. The leaders of the Hung
encamped in the neighbourhood
before the door, wh

unfortunate Kaunitz, who stood in the centre of the circle, bound, barefooted, and trembling with cold. The night was damp and still, and the silence was alone interrupted by the occasional screeching of the owl as he flitted about the torches. On a sudden a murmur arose throughout the assembly, for the door of the house was opened, and the prince appeared, preceded by twenty of his body guards; it was the redoubted Stephen Bocskay! His appearance was such as to be well worthy of attracting notice; he was tall, and of proud carriage; his forehead was lofty, and overshadowed by black hair; his nose arched, and his eyes bright and piercing; his cheek bones were remarkably prominent; his mouth bespoke a character of determination, and he wore a very long coal black moustachio: but now his once lofty carriage stooped; his step, though proud, was uncertain; his face was pale and distorted, and these symptoms, together with his extreme thinness, announced the existence of some disease, which was corroding the vitals of the bold and crafty Bocskay.

Nevertheless, accustomed as he was to laugh death to scorn in the heat of battle, he defended his life coolly, and step by step, against its insidious enemy, enacted the part of a healthy

man, and upon this occasion did not neglect the majestic port, which he affected in the presence of the people; he issued from the poor dwelling like a king from his palace, and the air was rent with an universal shout of "*Vivat Stephanus, Rex Hungariæ!*" Drums, fifes, and cymbals sounded, colours were lowered, and the soldiers waved their swords above their heads; Bocskay made them a gesture of thanks, seated himself, and an immediate silence ensued; he then made a sign, and his guards conducted the prisoner close to his seat.

"Faithless man! do you know me?" then cried Bocskay, in a hollow tone, and with an expression of anger, "I am that Bocskay to whom you swore fidelity, both verbally and in writing, and whom you are now endeavouring to betray; deny it not! Your own accomplices have betrayed you; I have had you arrested in order to examine you, and that you may become an example to others."

Kaunitz cast a sullen look at him, shrugged his shoulders, and remained silent.

"It becomes you well to brave me, while in my power," cried the general, as he drew forth the sabre suspended to his side by a strong chain; "are you aware that by a motion of this victorious weapon, every hand would be raised

against your head? Trifle not with me! I have been accustomed to think but little of life and land!"

"I am well aware of it," answered Kaunitz, surlily, "and as I learned your wickedness in the mal-practices of your agents, I have become ashamed of having ever been your tool, and have resolved never to be so again!"

"Foolhardy man!" was the prince's answer, "what moved you to this desertion?"

"Your own want of faith," replied the count, boldly; "think of Vorosdar, and of my property, which, together with my vassals, I placed under your protection, but which did not the more, on that account, escape the general devastation."

"Ha! ha!" laughed Bocskay; "fool! so you wished to have an advantage over your countrymen; what pretext did you give for my irruption into your country? Was it not the good of the country—the benefit of the people? Hypocrite! You have now had a share of the good which I have brought. We required no pretext—our arm is our right—the sword our law—and our faithless ally shall not be the last to feel its edge. This perjured man has turned traitor, and has endeavoured to

arm his vassals against u
defend him?"

There was a long silen
thousands thirsting for his
upon their victim. Bocskay
moustachio with an air of
continued: "This silence de
your doom shall be severe, an
warning to those who may be te
your example—I shall by the
punish your treason to your empe

"Diabolical miscreant!" cried
you venture to heap such ignomin
You, who are yourself a rebel again
lord?"

"I am a king!" answered Bocsk
frightful earnestness, and
and extend

the faithless servant to receive his doom from the man for whom the crime was committed."

"What means all this nonsense?" cried Bocskay, in a tone of impatience; "prepare yourself to render your account to the Almighty, for you have hardly time to offer up another prayer on earth."

"Heaven's will be done!" answered Kaunitz; "I shall be ready directly."

He knelt down, and employed the moments, which he expected to be the last of his existence, in repentance, for the faults which he had committed during his mis-spent life; he arose composed, and with courage to meet his fate. Just at that moment there was a disturbance without the circle, and a well-known voice struck his ear.

"Admit me! pray admit me!" cried Ludmille, as loud as she could; "I am his wife! and even should all be over, let me see and embrace his corpse!"

The rough soldiers refused to allow her to pass, and even appeared disposed to maltreat her; but the loud voice of Archibald, as he made himself known, restrained them.

"Are you indeed Hungarians?" he cried; "and do you indeed belong to the noble race of the Magyars? Where would be the generosity,

the noble-mindedness for which that race is cel
brated, if you were to ill-treat an unfortunat
woman, wishing to save her dying husband
Make room there! again, I say, make room!
speak in the name of the valiant Bocskay, wh
delights in justice, as much as he abho
cruelty."

Their general, whose vanity was thus enlist
in the affair, could not do otherwise than gi
the command, that the female should be l
before him.

Kaunitz was mute with astonishment;
thought that he must be dreaming, for
conscience told him that he did not merit su
love. And how did Archibald, his enem
appear there, thus to assist in soothing his l
hour? It must indeed be a dream; but Lu
mille's embrace convinced him that it was
delusion.

"What are you doing here?" whisper
Kaunitz; "you place yourself in the utm
danger, without the power of saving me."

"I can at least die with you!" she cried,
tearing herself from him, she rushed towar
the general, and throwing herself at his fe
implored, in an agony of tears, that her h
band's life might be spared.

Bocskay was in amaze, and angrily demanded, as he glanced round the circle, "Who brought this woman here?"

Archibald advanced boldly; "I! sir," he said, "have ventured to do so!"

Bocskay regarded him with a severe look. "Physician!" he cried, "you are a bold man; I should not have imagined that one of my people would have hazarded such a step."

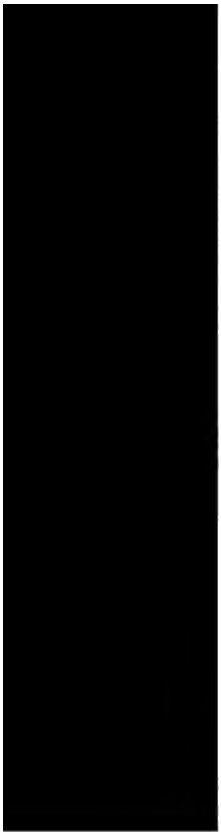
"Had I been one of them," replied Archibald, "I should not have done it; but—I am a friend of this unfortunate person."

"Does the man who stands before us deserve such a friend?" asked Bocskay.

Archibald paused a moment. "I will not deceive you!" he answered; "the count is not my friend, nor am I his! nay, more, we hate each other; still I could not withstand the grief of his wife, for whom I have the greatest regard; I have even ventured to assure her that her husband's life would be spared!"

Bocskay frowned. "Did you presume," he cried, "to say thus much? what could have prompted you to do so?"

"My confidence in your generosity, sir!" replied Archibald, "and my knowledge of your noble and princely heart!"



disguise! You are rough
noble!"

"But suppose you
Bocskay, with a crafty lo

"Why, I would then
right, what I now request
would lend your ear, and
of this unfortunate creatur

"As a right?" cried B
"you are speaking in riddl

"You are indebted to
bald, "for your life; i
you."

"Sly fox!" cried Bocsl
not build too much upon
for me; to none of my l
arms would I grant what
and yet there are several in
have saved my life in battle

"Well, then," cried Ar
shall at least have preserv
persuading you to listen

woman. Clemency is the greatest virtue, and the most pleasing attribute of royalty. You shall not force posterity to say, that the chivalrous king of Hungary tarnished his fair fame, by barbarously rejecting the suit of an unfortunate woman, who had thrown herself at his feet, to supplicate his clemency."

His design succeeded. Bocskay bit his lips, and raised Ludmille, whose beauty, and majestic carriage, as seen by the glare of the torches, excited a universal murmur of admiration among the spectators.

Bocskay, who was not insensible to female charms, and who would willingly have passed his life between the battle-field and the pursuits of love, was violently smitten by Ludmille's affecting beauty. As courteously as if, at a ball in the palace of the Transylvanian princes, he was whispering flattery into a lady's ear, he bent towards the countess, and said—

"You could not have chosen better advocates than this man and your own beauty; I can easily understand that Master Archibald would risk his life for you; to contend for you would be indeed happiness, and I should experience it, did you permit me to wear your colours."

"This language, sir," answered Ludmille, blushing, "bodes me no good; I came not here

to listen to the smooth speeches of the dreaded general, but to put his justice to the proof."

"Do you wish to put my justice to the proof?" asked Bocskay, with an air of severity; "then is that traitor indeed lost! and I shall not have been reminded in vain of a ruler's most necessary duty. Fall upon that traitor, guards! and cut him to pieces!"

The barbarous order would have been instantly obeyed, had not Ludmille, in an agony, thrown her arms around her husband, shielded him with her body, and presented herself to the uplifted weapons. A cry of horror and of astonishment sounded from every mouth!

Bocskay commanded them to pause. "You are sacrificing yourself for a husband whom you do not love!" he cried, to Ludmille, "or you are enacting a part in our presence—Retire!"

"Acting a part?" answered Ludmille, in the utmost emotion. "General! prince! have you not a wife? Would not she also risk her life to preserve your's? and would not her duty force her to do so, even if her heart did not urge her to it? Listen to me! and may the Almighty melt that heart, which till now has been hardened against my tears!"

"Speak, then!" said Bocskay, who felt much moved.

Ludmille commenced her husband's defence, described his first departure from his duty, his noble repentance for what he had done, his return to his allegiance to his lawful lord, and his determination not to harm the Hungarians by treachery, but to oppose them honourably, sword in hand. She put it to Bocskay's conscience, whether Kaunitz's league with the Hungarians might not be called a crime, and his repentance a virtue. She drew a moving picture of the grief of a family, whose chief would thus be torn from them; of the grief of his wife, of the agony which she suffered, and concluded by an affecting appeal to the general's humanity.

Bocskay was not the only person who had given his attention to the beauteous speaker; all present had listened eagerly to what she said. The haiducks' marked features assumed a milder expression; silent, and much affected, they leaned upon their tschakans and muskets, and awaited the sentence of their leader.

Stephen remained for some time silent, first looking on the condemned man, then on his advocate, and then on the tranquil Archibald.

"You have spoken well," he at length said; "yet your oratory, unsupported by your beauty, would have been insufficient to alter the law of

war; but as my physician thinks that it might have a good effect, I will grant your petition, while I follow his advice; still, I will have the traitor conducted, by a herald, to the cardinal's head-quarters, that his sentence may be pronounced by his own prince."

"What!" cried Ludmille, "by the emperor?"

"Yes! that is what I mean," replied Bocskay; "the emperor will probably not forgive him, for having entered into a negociation with me; although his after-intentions were to return to his allegiance."

"Is it then your purpose to send him to a certain death?" cried Ludmille, in alarm.

"His emperor shall decide his fate," answered Bocskay, shrugging his shoulders; "I pardon him."

"It is the mercy of a tiger," exclaimed Kaunitz, "to send me as a present to the cardinal, before I have done any thing to recover the emperor's favour, which I sacrificed, together with my honour, to your perfidious promises! My death must be the inevitable consequence; let me rather die here, before your eyes—here, where no disgrace to my memory will be its consequence; let me breathe my last on this spot, as a martyr to my repentance, as a sacri-

fice to my fidelity to the emperor, whom I have so long rebelled against; it would be much more to my honour to shed my blood here, than to lose my head at Prague, for treason."

"As if I cared about your honour!" cried Bocskay; "the cardinal shall learn to know you!"

"You appeared but now so favourably inclined," said Archibald, in a soft tone; "that I cannot imagine what can have suddenly urged you to drive this angelic woman to despair; do but consider, that the punishment of this criminal will be much more severe, if you grant him his life, and cause him, against his will, to respect your generosity and greatness of mind. He may indeed afterwards try to recover the emperor's favour, but he must eternally lament not having kept his faith with you."

"I have another punishment for the traitor," cried Bocskay, after a moment's pause, "and one to which he will be most sensible; and so shall it be," he said, striking his hand on the hilt of his sword; "I swear it by my sabre!"

Ludmille and Archibald impatiently awaited Bocskay's sentence. Kaunitz listened sullenly, with his eyes fixed upon the ground.

"Slave! now within my power," said Bocskay, with haughtiness, "whom I could destroy by

a sign; I give you your miserable life, but it shall be upon one condition; you see this excellent woman, who has supplicated for you as if for her own existence; you do not, nor did you ever deserve to possess this master-piece of nature; I have a right to dispose of you, and I have also a right to dispose of Ludmille, for she has of her own accord delivered herself into my power; I shall now repair the want of judgment in those who united you; I declare you divorced from Ludmille! My thus throwing my sabre between you, is a valid act of separation; I declare that she who has been your wife is now free and unshackled, and, as her father was my companion in arms, I will take care of her, and she shall henceforth belong to me."

"What mean you, sir?" stammered forth Ludmille, while Archibald started back, and Kaunitz appeared as if he hardly understood what he heard. A loud cheer was raised by the rough Hungarians, in honour of their general, and of the favoured countess.

Bocskay made a gesture for silence, and continued. "Spare your acclamations! companions in arms; you have misunderstood me; how would it beseem an invalid like myself to cause this blooming beauty to fade on my bosom? I lay no claim to her; still I do not

trust her to her own guidance, but will again give her in marriage with a royal dowry; who is more worthy of her hand than the man, who so courageously took her part? Archibald, she shall be your bride; and the marriage shall be solemnized here, in my presence."

Archibald and Ludmille threw themselves at Bocskay's feet, and entreated him to desist from his purpose, while Kaunitz broke forth into a frenzy of passion.

"Monster!" he cried, as he tried to free his hands from their bonds; "let me be crucified, let me suffer that most hideous death of impalement, only spare me the torment of seeing the enemy whom I abhor, embracing my wife as his own."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the general, in derision; "so you feel this more than death itself; but I have sworn on my sabre that it shall be so. Bind that madman more firmly, lest he should lay violent hands on himself, and thus be absent from the intended wedding."

In execution of his command, Kaunitz was thrown down, bound more firmly hand and foot, and left writhing with impotent anger upon the ground.

The priest Schöneman, who, having made his escape from Kaunitz's castle, had fallen into the

hands of a band of marauders, was then
he came, trembling in every limb, and
death.

"What are you trembling about,
cried Bocskay, who laughed aloud at h
"your throat, my son, is in no danger;
only wanted to enact a part which be
your profession. Marry these two peo
sword has indeed the power to divorce,
priest alone can unite."

"But, most honoured majesty," sta
forth the good priest, who in his fright
it expedient to change the dictatorial
which he assumed towards his indulgent
into the most cringing humility; "I d
if this man——or if this

by her husband's side; they attempted to raise her by force, but Archibald rushed forward.

"Back!" he cried, as he drew his poignard; "he who ventures to touch her, even were it Bocskay himself, is a dead man! And now general, listen. Is Kaunitz only to be set at liberty, on condition that Ludmille becomes my wife?"

"Upon that condition alone," answered Bocskay, deliberately. "She shall be married to you this very night, and to-morrow, at the rising of the sun, Kaunitz shall be released from his bonds, and be once more free; thus I command, and thus shall it be."

"Bocskay is this day in an unusual mood," answered Archibald, with a gloomy air; "he changes his mind as often as a criminal, caught in the fact, changes colour; may I request him to swear that which he has this moment promised?"

"I swear, by my father's beard," said Bocskay, with solemnity; "that when your marriage night is passed, I will set Kaunitz at liberty."

"Well then," replied Archibald, "so let it be; Ludmille shall be my wife; I am content."

"We have no doubt that you are!" was the ironical cry of the rough warriors, most of whom felt envy at the gloomy Archibald's lot.

Ludmille, in desperation, sprang up, and then throwing herself at Archibald's feet, implored him not to connive at this dreadful act of tyranny.

"Would you have Kaunitz perish?" was Archibald's cold reply; and Ludmille fainted away.

"Come, priest," cried Bocskay, "perform your duty; I trust that you are well acquainted with the forms of the marriage ceremony, as we have no book to guide us; but be quick, for we have already lost too much time, and I must to horse with the dawn."

Schöneman did as he was commanded, and under the sabres of the Hungarians, in a trembling tone, pronounced the marriage benediction over the reluctant pair. Kaunitz accompanied the ceremony with his maledictions.

When all was concluded, Archibald lifted the senseless Ludmille in his arms, and carried her into the house, to his own room; Leila was waiting to receive them at the door, in the dress of a Wallachian youth. She had seen and heard every thing, and now, trembling with agitation, awaited their arrival.

"What is the matter with you, Leila?" asked Archibald, remarking her emotion, and her disturbed look, which was visible through the

brown tinge with which she had coloured her cheeks.

Leila denied that she felt unwell, ascribed her emotion to her sorrow at meeting her beloved mistress in so unpleasant a situation, and then began using every means in her power, to recover the fainting Ludmille; she succeeded; Ludmille opened her eyes, but immediately closed them again, on perceiving herself in Archibald's arms. The latter, in order to free her from her groundless alarm, attempted to retire, but the door was guarded. The sentinels presented their weapons at him, and refused him an exit. Upon Archibald's astonished inquiries as to what they meant, they replied, "that the king had commanded that the new-married pair should be guarded, and not allowed to pass the night separate." As resistance would have been fruitless, he mastered his anger, and returned to the apartment, where he related what had occurred, and entreated Ludmille to forgive him, and permit him to pass the night in her society.

"Did you then really permit the criminal ceremony to be completed?" cried Ludmille.

"Was I not forced to do so?" cried Archibald; "Bocskay when infuriated is not to be checked; any further resistance would have cost

your husband his life; and I therefore allowed the farce to be acted in his presence; but you are as free as ever; it is impossible that these barbarians should remain long in these provinces; and upon their retreat, I will restore you to the count; until then, be contented to remain under my protection, and that of Leila."

"Kind Archibald," cried Ludmille, as she fervently pressed his hand; "how can I ever repay you?"

Archibald sighed! "Think of me," he said, "with affection, and never participate in the hatred which your husband bears towards me."

"What! I hate you?" cried the countess," while she still held his hand within her's; "how would that be possible, after having received so many benefits from you?"

"The noble lady will, I suppose, no longer require my presence," interrupted Leila, "and I will therefore retire."

"What do you mean?" cried the countess, with anxiety. "Leila, where are you going?"

"A widow of the name of Erlwein has been made acquainted with her sex," said Archibald, "as well as with the adventure which has brought her here, in my society; the old woman has offered her a lodging at her own house, and Leila retires there every evening. It would

be better, however, were she to pass this night in your room; it might serve to allay your apprehensions."

"Most willingly will I do this," cried the maiden, and, wrapping herself in a cloak, she placed herself on a bench, behind the stove, in order not to interrupt their conversation.

Archibald bolted the door, and then seated himself near Ludmille; "Let us now talk, and slumber, alternately, and thus get through this long night."

"Yes, my good Archibald," answered the countess; "we will; and first let me hear how you became so intimate with that tiger, Bocskay; for when you discovered us in the vaults of Vorosdar, I was too much affected at your report of my husband's probable fate, to think of questioning you."

"I am in fact, his prisoner," replied Archibald. "Upon my way to Moravia, to offer my services, as well as those of some devoted friends, to the bishop of Olmutz, we rested ourselves at a hostelry, not far from the frontiers. The hostess had a sick child; I exerted myself in its cure, and betrayed my acquaintance with the science of medicine. The news spread, and I was immediately surrounded by all the sick of the village; my

companions, with the exception of Leila, who would not quit me, grew tired of waiting, and annoyed at the disgusting crew which besieged me, rode forward. I was to follow them, as soon as I could; but when, after some delay, I was about to proceed on my journey, a troop of hussars rushed into and took possession of the village; I was seized, and carried before their chief; he promised me mountains of gold, if I would undertake to cure their ailing general with the alternative of death, if I presumed to resist attempting it. I was speedily afterwards conducted to Bocskay's litter, and I followed him here. I have already much improved his health, but his disease is incurable; and I can only hope to give him temporary relief. While wandering around the scene of my youthful adventures, at Vorosdar, I was fortunate enough accidentally to meet with you, and to be enabled to be of service to you."

Leila, who had listened attentively to what was going forward, and whose mind had been set at rest, by finding Archibald had no intention of availing himself of Bocskay's tyrannical sentence, now found her eyes closing in spite of herself; sleep was more powerful than the maiden's will, and she fell into a soft slumber. On a sudden she awoke—she

looked up—the lamp burned dimly—the conversation, which, when last she heard it, was carried on in a low tone, was now proceeding in whispers. Leila listened with the utmost uneasiness; a sigh from Ludmille preceded the words—

"What a question, Archibald! Is it fair to recall to my recollection, times of which I cannot think without pain? Could you but know what I then suffered, you would take compassion on me; still, though my marriage was forced upon me, it has not been an unhappy one; I have improved that unruly character. He, who in past times thought and acted more dishonourably than Bernhard, is now comparatively virtuous. I have been happy in the strict performance of my duties."

Leila, whose mind was again set at rest, was on the point of once more falling asleep, when a tumult in the house, which rapidly increased, roused her. The guards before the door started up from the hard ground, which had served them for a resting place, lights began to appear at the windows, horses galloped to and fro, the neighbourhood was alarmed, trumpets sounded in the distance, drums beat in the village, and the haiducks assembled as fast as they could.

"Where is the traitor?" voice, above the tumult.

"Here, here," was the answ voices. "Let him die, general; our vengeance."

"Yes, by my father's beard, he shall be given up to you! N save the wretched spy, who has cardinal about our ears."

"Oh God, my husband!" cried bursting into tears, while Archibal endeavoured to learn something of going forward; but the situation of hi prevented him.

Bocskay's voice was soon again heard mercy can you have," he exclaimed must die! Compani time

garians on foot and on horseback hurried from the village, with loud exclamations towards their enemy, who, from the distant shots and cries, might be supposed to be engaged with the Hungarian outposts.

CHAPTER VII.

"The tribute due to nature he has paid;
Done penance for his sins—no claim can now
Be urged against him; for with that on earth
Which most he loved, he cleared himself."

ANONYMOUS.

ARCHIBALD, at Ludmille's entreaty, issued forth, to find out what had taken place. Her alarm had been unfounded; Kaunitz, bound hand and foot, was lying in a corner of the stable, cursing his fate, and the hour of his birth; near the house lay a stranger writhing in the agonies of death, caused by numerous gun-shot wounds.

Ludmille on leaving the house with Archibald, for the purpose of liberating her husband, recognised in the sufferer the robber Jasneck, who, in a faint voice, implored her forgiveness; justice had not been long in overtaking him; by attempting to follow cross roads, the robbers had lost their way; Jasneck had sent the simple Bogalew to endeavour to find out where

they were; and having got rid of him, had made off with the loaded horse; a band of Hungarian marauders fell in with him, made him a prisoner, and carried him to head quarters; unfortunately for Jasneck, just as he was conducted there, news was brought in of an attack made by the cardinal upon their outposts, and being taken for a spy of the enemy, as well as a robber, he was condemned accordingly.

Ludmille recognised the sack of valuables, which had belonged to her mother, and which had been left under the guard of an old and drunken haiduck; but what did the countess care for this treasure, while her duty called her to liberate her husband; upon the wings of impatience she flew to the prison, where the soldiers had thrown the unfortunate Kaunitz.

Upon their entrance, the prisoner gnashed his teeth, and endeavoured to turn from them.

Ludmille was forced to use every kind of entreaty, and give him the strongest assurances of her innocence, before her husband would permit her to free him from his bonds.

Archibald was present at the scene, and the wretched condition of Kaunitz was such that he did not feel prompted to show him his dislike; he made a sign to Leila to fetch the count some of his own clothes; and after he was

a little refreshed, the whole affa
to him, and Ludmille related
had done for them both; her na
and her evident innocence finally
suspicions which he at first appeare
of her fidelity; the count embraced
with tears of gratitude, while she
he called Archibald his preserver,
implored him to forget the past—
his injustice towards him—presented
and even offered to embrace the
bastard; but Archibald stopped the
of his feelings, and said, with an expr
dignity, "Forgive me, noble sir; you
your life and liberty to me, but to
your wife. My

repay her for the sufferings you have caused; sufferings, under which her frame must have sunk, had it not been for her strength of mind. And now, my noble count and countess, permit me to accompany you to your parents, for the princess must be in the utmost alarm at your long absence."

Kaunitz was by no means displeased with Archibald's free expression of his sentiments; on the contrary, he was obliged to him for it; for great as was the gratitude which at that moment he felt towards Archibald, he was not quite sure, that at some future time he might not be jealous of his preserver.

Ludmille, impatient to see her parents, urged their immediate departure for Vorosdar.

Archibald instantly set about the necessary preparations. A few horses, which the Hungarians had left behind them, were declared a lawful prize, the treasure which had been so unexpectedly recovered was taken from its drunken guard, partly by threats and partly by force; they gave a handsome present to the priest Schöneman, who came fawning up to them, and at length quitted the village, amid the acclamations of the inhabitants, who had just heard of the defeat of the Hunga-

garians, and of their retr
Fires were to be seen in the
the haiducks marked their
Moravian frontiers.

The fugitives soon reached th
dar, and in a few moments mor
the presence of the concealed p
mille in the arms of her mother.

Misfortune had the power of re
Eleonora and Kaunitz; much as
viously disliked him, she now en
with as much affection as if he had
lost son, while on his part he pressed
heart, as if she had been indeed his
The maniac prince appeared to rec
family; he caressed Ludmille, and ext
hand to Kaunitz; whilst Mermes could
herself from her sister's embraces. Leil
first coldly received by the princess, who co
forget propriety, even in these times of d
and cordially forgave her, only when she
the accident which had separated her from
brother, and thrown Archibald and herself
the society of those barbarians.

Old Christopher was the only person of
happy party missing; that faithful servant h
ventured forth, at break of day, for the purpo
of learning at the village something of th

Countess's fate, and had not been since heard of; however, he soon re-appeared, escorted by a troop of soldiers; he had been carried along in the march of the Hungarians, as they rushed towards their enemies, and to his great alarm had found himself between the contending parties. Fortunately he fell into the hands of his countrymen, who remained masters of the field after a severe action, and a troop of cavalry was dispatched to release the princely family from their unworthy situation, and to protect them from further insult. They were commanded by Ladislar of Lobhowitz. Kaunitz was not a little alarmed at his appearance, for Ladislar was one of the most devoted adherents of the house of Austria, and was well acquainted with his treachery.

The count's alarm was well founded, for after the first compliments, and when Lobhowitz had assured the princely family of his protection, he addressed Kaunitz; "Count," he said, "I am sorry to inform you that I have promised the cardinal to arrest you wherever I might discover you, and conduct you to him; I hope that you will not offer a resistance, which would be vain, and that you will pledge me your word not to attempt to escape, thus forcing me to use harsh measures for securing you."

Kaunitz turned pale, and his friends trembled for him; but Archibald whispered to him, "Courage, noble count! Have you not an angel by your side? Her supplications saved you from those barbarian haiducks, do not now despair of justifying yourself in the presence of the emperor and his wise council. Repentance does much, and you have offered the emperor more than mere empty regret."

This had its effect; Kaunitz bowed to his fate, and followed Lobhowitz, who treated him, on their journey to head quarters, with the respect due to misfortune. Eleonora, the prince, and the whole party, including Archibald, accompanied the count.

Archibald was not disappointed in his hopes of meeting with his friends among the Moravian forces. Ehrenfried, Erlwein, and Achmet, rushed to meet him, still covered as they were with the stains of battle, and Leila and Mermes almost stifled their recently-recovered brother, by the warmth of their embraces.

"I fancied," said Erlwein, good-humouredly, "that I should first meet with you in Abraham's bosom, and when it was too late, a thousand times lamented that we had left you behind, with that weak woman. But my pleasure is so much the greater in meeting you alive and well;

and God willing, you shall depart from this place in our society, with a whole skin; but I promise you, that your travelling companion, Kaunitz, will not be so fortunate; never trust me, if the cardinal does not shorten him by a head, or throw him into some tower for the remainder of his days; for a good deal has been said of treachery, a secret understanding with the enemy, and so forth. The count's respectable brother-in-law is said to have brought the tale."

"What, is the prince here?" cried Archibald, and on receiving an answer in the affirmative; "my friends," he said, "take care that I do not see that villain! I have sworn to destroy him, if he again meets my sight, and by Heavens I will keep my oath."

"Well, if this be the case, madcap, you shall ride forward," cried Ehrenfried, "and our friend Erlwein shall accompany you; do you take the road by Prague; Achmet and I will wait till Leila and Mermes have recovered from their fatigues, and till this Hungarian business is at an end; we shall then take leave of his eminency, receive his episcopal blessing for our voluntary services, and by taking the shorter road, along the Bohemian frontiers, rejoin you at Augsburgh."

Archibald, who dreaded the sight of Bernhard and who felt convinced that he should keep hi vow, should he chance to meet him, merel gave his horses breathing time, before quittin the Moravian head quarters. He took an affect ing leave of Eleonora and Ludmille, whom h left a prey to uncertainty as to Kaunitz's suc cess in extricating himself from the difficultie in which that wretch Bernhard had involve him; Leila insisted upon accompanying hin and it required all his persuasions to induce he not to do so.

Ludmille felt, when Archibald quitted her that now she was indeed without a friend Struck with the noble revenge which he ha taken upon herself and her husband, she blesse his memory, and, nourishing an attachment fo him in the inmost recesses of her heart, deepl lamented that he could not be present to suppor her in the severe trial she expected to undergo but Providence had ordered matters more merci fully than could have been hoped for by short sighted mortals.

Kaunitz was brought before the cardinal, wh received the criminal with dignity; he showe the trembling man the letters which proved hi treason, in succouring the rebels during thei advance into the country.

Kaunitz was forced to confess his guilt, and had nothing left, but to entreat for mercy.

The cardinal appeared to wish to crush him by accumulated evidence. He confronted him with his brother-in-law, prince Bernhard, whom he stated to be Kaunitz's denouncer, and who, as a proof of his own fidelity to the emperor, had secured and tendered as evidence the papers then produced.

Bernhard was forced to repeat his accusation in the count's presence; he did so, boldly, and with volubility, but nevertheless, could not bring himself to look at Kaunitz, who, although the guilty person, confronted his accuser with an air almost majestic.

The cardinal was an attentive observer of a scene, which he had purposely contrived; he listened with favour to the count's repeated confession, and also to his plain narration of the manner in which he had been robbed of those important papers; the tale was brief but distinct. The noble Dietrichstein's features assumed an expression of mingled contempt and indignation. After a few moments' reflection, he took the papers from the drawer in which he had placed them, and approaching the prince, regarded him with a searching look, as he said—

"As a statesman, I thank you for the information which you have given me, and for the documents with which you have presented me, for the purpose of supporting it; but I cannot make use of them. As a man, I must despise your black treachery towards a relation, as well as the disgraceful manner in which you gained possession of these papers; I have difficulty in imagining that you can indeed be a descendant of the illustrious family whose name you bear.

"The emperor, whom I here represent, and whose noble disposition I thoroughly know, would scorn to use treachery in triumphing over his enemies. He would wish to overcome them by the excess of his clemency, and would only use severity where they obstinately refuse to profit by his mercy; he has given me full power to grant an amnesty to all those, who, by quitting the enemy's ranks, return to their allegiance, and make amends for their past faults; Count Kaunitz is of this number, and well merits the emperor's favour, as well as pardon, for he returned to his allegiance, and offered his services and his property to the emperor, before this act of the imperial clemency was promulgated. From this voluntary return to his

duty, the brightest hopes may be entertained that the Kaunitz family will be one of the firmest props of the empire; and my own impression is, that these hopes will never be deceived. I here declare the count restored to freedom; but lest in future times these dangerous weapons should be used for evil purposes, I destroy them in the name of the emperor, and declare that he who ventures to remind me of them by a single word, is disaffected towards the emperor, as doubting his clemency. And now, count," continued the worthy cardinal, "go, and quiet the alarms of your family, and for the future, merit the emperor's favour. May these flames ——" and he threw the papers into the fire, "be like the pile from which (so sing the ancient poets) the phœnix springs, with renewed life; may your fidelity rise again, like the young bird from its parent ashes. As for you, prince Bernhard, go where you will; you have been a deserter, and may thank your commander's lenity for not calling you to account for your crime; it is impossible that the emperor can accept your proffered service; how could he allow the country to be served by a man, who did not scruple to offer up a relative to the

sword of the executioner? You are dismissed." This said, the informer instantly hurried away, goaded by feelings of shame, and impotent rage.

Kaunitz deeply felt the address of the excellent cardinal, most faithfully vowed fidelity for the future, and then hastened to inform his family of the fortunate turn of affairs.

Their joy was indescribable, and they offered up prayers to Heaven, that its choicest blessings might be poured upon him who had occasioned it.

Kaunitz led Ludmille aside, and said, with an emotion which he had never before felt, "My good, my noble wife, I have scattered thorns upon your path, but for the future, they shall be replaced by flowers; may Heaven forget me in my last hour, if I ever forget what I owe to you. The scales have fallen from my eyes, and I have now learned to know that a fond and faithful wife is a treasure indeed! Death alone shall ever again disunite us."

"Yes, death alone, shall have the power of doing so," answered the faithful Ludmille, as she affectionately embraced her penitent husband.

"Amen!" cried a sweet-sounding voice behind

them. They started, and saw a monk extending his hands towards them in an attitude of benediction.

"Be not displeased," he said, mildly; "fear not that the blessing of the servant of a church differing from your own should bring you evil; the Divinity showers his blessings upon his servants of every creed, and He regards with special favour the minds of those who return to their duty. I doubtless salute in you, the countess of Kaunitz!"

Ludmille made a sign in the affirmative, and drew closer to Kaunitz's side.

"Yes," continued the monk, apparently wrapped in the contemplation of Ludmille; "I could not but recognise you—the beauty for which you are so deservedly famed, as well as the features of a noble lady which you exhibit in a more youthful form, assure me that I am not mistaken. Permit me to execute a commission, with which his eminency the cardinal, bishop of Olmutz, and regent of his imperial majesty in Moravia, the Prince of Dietrichstein, has been pleased to charge me.

"I am that prince's unworthy servant and follower, and bear to you, in his name, this trifling proof of respect for your virtues, and your exalted devotion to your husband's welfare,

which the cardinal requests you will keep as a memento."

With these words he presented Ludmille with a row of magnificent diamonds. She blushed at this unexpected present, and was unable to find words to express her thanks. The count undertook this task for her, and thanked the bearer well and heartily; he then requested him to accompany him to the princess.

The monk was visibly discomposed. "It may not be agreeable to the princess to receive me," he replied; "and perhaps the habit of my order may not be a fitting garb in which to appear before her."

"Do not shock us by such a supposition," said Ludmille; "my mother is a strict Protestant, but I have never seen her offer aught but respect towards that religion, to which our emperor, and so large a body of our countrymen belong; I can assure you that your visit will be most agreeable to her."

"Well, then so let it be!" cried the monk. "I will dare the meeting, and see her for the last time."

He hastily preceded Kaunitz and the countess, and before they had recovered from the surprise caused by his mysterious manner, had found

his way into the princess's presence. She was sitting by the side of the prince, and endeavouring to entertain him; the old man was listening to her with the attention of a child, and was not a little surprised, when jumping up, with a cry of astonishment, she endeavoured to support herself by the back of her chair, to avoid sinking to the earth. The maniac then first perceived that a third person was in the room, and advancing towards them, with slow and measured steps."

"Can it indeed be true?" cried Eleonora. "Henry!—Is it you, Henry?—What!—Count Meltow!—Are you among the living?—How came you here?"

"Has not then time effaced the remembrance of me?" said Hubert, in a soft tone of voice; "is it indeed true that the first feelings of sincere love cannot perish from the human heart? and that aged features are capable of recalling the impressions produced by the beauty of youth? Forgive me, my noble lady—forgive the poor Father Hubert for visiting you, when, perhaps his presence may be unwelcome; but he felt that he could not die happy, without once more beholding you."

"But that garb?" cried Eleonora,—"though

I have long known it, and was prepared for it, still it shocks me!"

"It is the garb of peace," replied Hubert, with meekness; "under this coarse covering have I found peace of mind; I was on the point of committing suicide at losing you, when a man whom I unfortunately can no longer call my friend, brought my mind to a state of composure; he hinted to me the plan of life which I have carried into effect, by assuming the cowl, and I have never repented having done so. This garment, poor as it is, and repulsive as it may be to your eyes, has produced my regeneration; it has been the witness of my sorrows, and of my penitence."

"My poor Henry!" sighed forth Eleonora, as she ventured to cast one look of compassion upon her lover.

"Alas! I had indeed much cause for penitence," pursued Hubert; "was I not the cause of your greatest misfortune?—Had I not returned to you under the influence of passionate desire, to force you to become, by an elopement, a partner of my crime, in defiance of your most sacred vows—had I not rendered that noble virtue, with which you resisted my prayers and threats, an object of suspicion by my forbidden

advances—your husband would never have committed that dreadful deed—your father would have died a natural death—your disunion with your husband would never have taken place.—Oh! who can measure the consequences of a crime, although it may only be planned, and not carried into effect!"

"Oh! cease—cease," interrupted the princess; "do not wantonly awaken your sorrows and my own!—Do not recall the memory of those calamities! What you have endured under the monk's cowl, by having unfortunately deserted the religion of your youth, I have suffered a hundred fold in the pomp of a princely station; you have borne a dagger in your heart, but I have felt as if mine had been pierced by a thousand swords! If our sorrows do not expiate the crime, no other expiation can be given. Look at that old man, who is gazing on you with an air of vacancy; should his loss of reason not appease the wrath of the Almighty, how is he else to avert it? Alas!" she pursued, sobbing, "when I implored you not to remind both yourself and me of our past misfortunes, I involved myself in the labyrinth of our wretchedness;—how indeed could it be otherwise?—How can I compose my mind? My house is a house of mourning to this day; scarcely is one

calamity averted, when another overwhelms
I have indeed again seen the friend of my yo
but my son—the object of my hopes, have I
—irrevocably lost!"

"But there you have nothing to repr
yourself," said Hubert, with solemnity; "
are not answerable for his depravity."

"But does it the less on that account wo
his mother's heart?" cried Eleonora, in a pas
of grief; "must it not break, from being for
to abhor its beloved son, and to execrate, as
living dishonour of his family, that son who ou
to have been the representative and the or
ment of his race? Can there be misery equal
mine?"

"Do not murmur at the decrees of

solemnly promised to efface the recollection of a mis-spent youth, by the fulfilment of all the duties of after-life; and when you look at this virtuous daughter, and at this son, do you not feel that they can replace him whom you have lost? Be just!—or, in other words—be a mother!"

"And am I not one to them?" answered the princess, weeping, as she pressed her children to her breast. "But how can I repress my feelings, when I see Bernhard, the last representative of his race, rushing headlong to destruction?" As she uttered these words, her husband, who had listened to all that had passed with a vacant air, fell heavily from his chair, in a fit. They rushed to his assistance — the old man was senseless, and they thought that he was dead; but the experienced Hubert soon discovered that life was not extinct, and called for all that was necessary to restore him.

Eleonora and Ludmille rendered every assistance in their power, while Hubert took all possible pains to bring to life the man who had been his enemy; and even Kaunitz showed that he possessed some humanity, by doing what he could. Their efforts were successful—the prince came to himself—looked long and steadfastly at

those by whom he was surrounded, and then, recognising them all, expressed himself in a connected manner.

"My end is approaching," he said, in a very weak tone of voice; "I feel that the attack from which I have just recovered will return; still I am grateful for having been permitted to quit this life in possession of my senses, and surrounded by my family."

"Your danger is not so imminent," they cried; "you need not be under any apprehension."

The old man smiled incredulously, as he continued. "Do not attempt to comfort me. This man," pointing to Hubert, "whom I once hated, and whose life I attempted, but of whom I now most earnestly entreat forgiveness, will be able to describe to you, better than I can, the state in which I find myself."

"You are composed and resigned," replied Hubert, after observing him; "and I therefore shall not conceal from you that you are about to quit this world. Depart in peace! and if the forgiveness of one, who is a sinner, like yourself, be any consolation to you, know that I have long forgiven you; I, alone, was in fault for that accident."

"And you, Eleonora," sighed forth the old man, with a mournful expression, "can you forgive the man who has rendered your life miserable?"

"I forgive you, with all my heart," answered the princess.

"Thanks be to you, celestial woman," said the prince; "your forgiveness will give repose to my spirit. Where are my children? Let me embrace them!"

Ludmille rushed to the dying prince, while Kaunitz, kneeling, kissed his hand. The old man softly passed his trembling hand over Ludmille's head.

"Oh! my daughter!" he said, "why have I been so long deprived of my reason? 'Tis, indeed, hard that I should so late have learned to know you!" His eyes filled with tears as he continued. "But courage! God has so willed it. Is not that Kaunitz, who is kneeling before me—your husband, Ludmille? Thanks, noble sir, for your dutiful attention to an old man, deprived of his senses; but render my child happy." Kaunitz, with tears, made a sign that he would. The prince then looked around. "But where is my son?" he inquired; "where is my Bernhard? I should know him again, though he must be now grown up."

"Oh! Bernhard!" sighed forth Eleonora, as her tears burst forth with such violence, that she was unable to continue.

"What has happened to him?" said the old man, vainly endeavouring to raise himself; "tell me; and let me not depart in the fearful uncertainty which I feel could almost drive me to renewed insanity; tell me, and spare me not!" As he thus spoke, his lips trembled, and his eyes rolled wildly.

Hubert whispered to the princess, "Let me speak to him, that he may die in peace."

Eleonora, sobbing, made him a sign to do so, and Hubert addressed the dying man. "Your son is perfectly well, and, I have no doubt, will lament not having been present at this hour. He is far away, in a foreign land, and his family know not the probable time of his return."

"Does he possess a character for honour?" asked the prince, with considerable emotion.

"We will hope that he does," answered Hubert, soothingly; and he conducted Ludmille again to her fast departing father, who embraced her, and did the same to Eleonora.

"Learn, children," he whispered, with difficulty, "learn that the old Evrardus has just forgiven me. May God protect you, dearest children! Time calls—a friendly figure is

beckoning me—I shall expect you above." He sank back, and never, during his life, did his features wear an expression so pleasing as they now did, when he was reposing in the arms of eternal sleep.

Hubert's consolations, and Kaunitz's manly fortitude, had the effect of rendering the bereaved wife and daughter more composed. They paid the last honours to the departed prince with tolerable fortitude; and when the body had been committed to the earth, and the whole melancholy ceremony was concluded, Hubert repaired to the princess, and, addressing her with emotion, said—

"God has been so gracious to me, as to permit me to see you in the hour of affliction. You are now about to return to your son-in-law's mansion, whilst I betake myself to my silent cloister; in this life we shall never meet again; but another one will unite us for ever. Let us, then, take our leave for our short separation, mutually forgiving each other, and, with all respect for the memory of the departed. May my wishes for your prosperity be fulfilled; may Ludmille's domestic happiness gild the evening of your life, and may her children be a blessing to you. Adieu!"

He shook Eleonora by the hand, kissed Ludmille's brow, and they separated for ever.

Eleonora and her children departed for Kaunitz's estate, and Hubert set off in the suite of the cardinal, whose confidant he was, towards the royal city of Prague.

CHAPTER VIII.

" Good women are better than angels fair;
The bad ones worse than devils are."

OLD GERMAN SONG.

IT was on a Saturday, early in April, that a crowd of sick and destitute persons had collected in front of the palace of Burgau, anxiously awaiting the opening of the door through which their benefactress was to make her appearance; for the lady of Herbenstein made it a rule to distribute, on the last day of every week, money, food, and medicine, to the poor of the town.

To prevent either ill-will, or partiality, on the part of the servants, and to be certain that her benefactions were not misapplied, she distributed them with her own hand. Malevolence had not failed to assail this work of charity, by attributing its performance to vanity; and the margravine, who had been placed under the guardianship of Herbenstein, and who, after having in vain endeavoured to ensnare his affections, had been

passing a wearisome existence since the departur of her husband and lover, was the first to mak the most ill-natured remarks upon the lady o Herbenstein.

Upon this occasion, she was sitting at an ope window, enjoying the freshness of the afternoo and ridiculing the lady. Her pert maid, Jodok chimed in with her mood, and added man ill-natured remarks upon the complaints of th beggars, who were waiting in the court. On sudden, her mistress exclaimed, "Look, Jodok look! Who is that old man, who, wrapped in cloak, and with a fur cap on, is creeping abou in the back-ground? He has a suspiciou appearance; and yet, methinks, I know him Surely I have seen him before, though I canno recollect where. Do you not remember him?"

The maid called to her aid all her powers o vision, and of memory, but it was in vain. A last, after many fruitless attempts, as the old man afforded every facility for recognition, by remaining stationary, and by looking up, she exclaimed, laughing, "I do, indeed, see a like- ness to a man whom we have often seen; but your royal highness must excuse me for laughing —it is now so long ago, for I was then but a child—the thought that strikes me appears so absurd."

"Well, but tell us!" cried the margravine.

"The old man," said the maid, giggling, "is very like that funny rat-catcher, Simon, who once, but as I said before, very long ago, cleared the whole castle on the Schwanenberg, at Cleves, of the rats and mice, and who stayed there some time for that purpose."

"You are right—you are right," said the margravine; "your fancy is not so absurd, for I now recollect him; it is, indeed, himself. What can the old wretch be doing here? His hair has grown as white as snow; but his sly expression shows that he has not forgotten his jests and drollery. He shall help to make the time pass, for I am bored to death. Go, Jodoke, ask him up; I will enjoy his surprise—laugh at hi sjokes, and then dismiss him with a present."

Jodoke bounded away, while Sybille placed herself before a picture of the margrave, as large as life, and said, in an ironical tone, as she made a reverence, "Will you, my very particular lord and master, permit your wife to indulge herself in this innocent recreation? I hope, most illustrious margrave, who take it into your head to grow jealous at the age of fifty, and to place me under guardianship, that you will not be angry. Pray permit me to be amused

could not imagi
for him. Sybil
that she recolle
her reason for s
The old fox
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offered the old m
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extending his ha
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master has amply p
for my long and fa
finger of God, whi

which the fulfilment depends solely upon the favour with which you have been pleased to say that you regard me."

"Indeed!" cried the margravine; "well, old rat-catcher, let us at all events hear what it may be."

"Providence had permitted me to experience many sensations in this world," continued Simon, "but there was one sensation which I never did experience till about two years ago, and that was—love."

The margravine laughed aloud. "And pray," she asked, "how old might you have been two years ago?"

"My gracious lady," answered Simon, as he tried to assume an erect appearance, "I was seventy-six; yesterday was my seventy-eighth birth-day."

"My good friend," cried the margravine, laughing still more, "surely that is not the age for love."

"Pray, my dear lady, is not love of every age? and I flatter myself that I am still as vigorous as in my youth. I fully purpose, unless some accident should unexpectedly close the dance of life, to enter upon my second century; still I am not one of those fools who seriously intend, in their old age, to ensnare a

maiden's heart; my only object is a nur
a young girl is more compassionate a
more active than an old woman, and not
talkative, nor so ill-natured, as an old maid, a
would consequently be the most fitting for r
purpose. Now what I think, is this; if I to
a young girl as nurse, as housekeeper, or
maid, the general outcry would be, 'What
old profligate! taking openly into his house
young paramour,' and there would be an end
my character, and of the girl's too; to preve
all this scandal, and at the same time to obta
what I want, my plan would be, to decide up
marrying the kind of person whom I have d
scribed, promising to leave her my whole pr
perty, if she took good care of me, and al
promising not to look too closely after her. I

the guardian only, for the ward would not hear of it; as the foolish creature has taken up with a youth who is a barber here—I meant to say in Ulm; he has turned the girl's head, and nothing will serve her but marrying the poor wretch, instead of the rich Simon; and when her guardian tried to compel her, the girl made her escape; and is now lady's maid here in the castle, to the Lady of Herbenstein."

"In the Lady of Herbenstein's service, is she?" repeated the princess, with an ironical expression.

"She is," pursued Simon; "it is now very nearly a year since she left her home; and since that time I have never had an opportunity of endeavouring to persuade her to change her mind, though I have often come here for that purpose."

"You must be very much interested about this maiden," cried the margravine, laughing; "I cannot help thinking that, in spite of your prudence, you are in love with the girl."

"Man, is after all, but man," answered Simon; "and it is very possible that my heart may be made of more inflammable materials than I suspected, and where would be the harm of that? I should only act for the girl's good; after my death, she would be well to do in the

world. What can she want more? It is really a pity that the Lady of Herbenstein should uphold her in her disobedience to her guardian and connections, and thus prevent her being compelled to what is for her own good. Now if the most gracious margravine, my kind patroness, would interfere, and cause the refractory creature to be sent back to her native place, it would assist us all in this affair, and benefit no one more than the girl herself, in spite of her cross-grained temper."

"It is my duty," said the margravine, "to watch over the interests of my inferiors; and the Lady of Herbenstein ought to have given me notice that she had taken under her special protection a girl belonging to another neighbourhood; I will have the affair inquired into."

Simon saw that the poison had worked, and thanked the margravine with hypocritical humility.

"The Lady of Herbenstein," said Sybille, "presumes too much, and I shall have to call her to account for several things she has done here; all her actions are so mysterious; but no wonder, for it is not well known from whence she is, or from what family she is sprung."

"It is possible," remarked Simon, "that I could give some clue to this, if my gracious

lady would lend her ear to me; it is true my conjectures must not be taken for gospel, but from suspicions and doubts ——"

"Truth is sometimes extracted," interrupted Sybille. "You are right, master Simon; come into my private apartment, and tell me what you know of this haughty dame, who, though inhabiting my castle, so little respects its mistress."

They retired to an inner room, and the margravine closed the door after them.

While all this was going forward, the good lady of Herbenstein had fed, clothed, and bestowed alms upon the poor. She afterwards visited some sick persons, at their own habitations, and returned home from a distant hut, by a pleasant path across the fields. Not very far from the castle stood a clump of fine cherry-trees, and under them a bench, which was rendered private, by being embowered among a small thicket of shrubs. This was her favourite resting-place when returning from distant excursions, and upon this occasion she felt disposed to sit down; she did so, and sent Gertrude to fetch Hermann.

As she was reposing, enjoying the gay twittering of the birds, inhaling the fragrance of the bloom which the trees shed around her, and offering a prayer of gratitude to the Giver of

spring, and of its blessings, a man suddenly turned the corner, and looked her in the face. At the sight of him she felt as if a demon had shown himself amidst the beauties of the creation. With a loud cry, she attempted to escape, but the terrible being secured her within his powerful grasp.

"Stay!" cried in her ear a voice that had once caused her happiness; "fly not! The sight of you alone can restore peace to my bosom; save a miserable man from a fresh crime—that of suicide!"

"Monster, let me go!" cried Maria, struggling to release herself; "will you not cease to torment me, after an interval of so many years? Have you not caused me sufferings enough?"

"So it is, indeed, you!" said the intruder, whilst a smile played on his pallid face. "Your words have betrayed you, Maria! It is, indeed yourself. You are, then, alive! and did not perish with your child in the waves?—Great God, I thank thee! Thou hast, indeed, been merciful to me, in releasing me from this crime."

During these exclamations, the lady of Herbenstein had recovered herself a little, and said, briefly, but seriously, "What do you want here, Verner? Do you expect to find a gratification

in disturbing my peaceful life? For what else can you have in view?"

"Cruel woman!" answered Philip, as he fixed his sunken eyes upon her. "What questions do you ask me? I am a sick man, and came here to find relief—that relief was to have been death. To prove to you that I have been speaking truth, behold this sharpened knife, which, in this retired spot, was to have put an end to my life, and its miseries. Some good angel must have guided me in my choice of this place, where I have found you—celestial being, who are a balm to my soul—you innocent lamb, who, at the day of judgment, will be my accuser before the Almighty."

He threw himself at Maria's feet, embraced her knees with the violence of a maniac—moaned—and kept constantly sobbing forth her name. The lady felt alternately alarmed at the violence of his emotion, and moved to compassion by his appearance.

No traces of youth remained; his head was partly bald and partly grey, his eyes were sunk, his cheeks hollow, and his dress disordered, and miserably shabby. Maria trembled as she gazed upon him; and when she thought of her husband, whose mild, good-humoured, and amiable countenance bore the stamp of his mind, Verner's

ghastly appearance struck her still more forcibly.

"Rise!" she said, in a tone of command; "at least, do not make me an object of derision to any chance passenger. What would be said were you seen in such an attitude?"

Philip raised himself with a gloomy air, and, crossing his arms, appeared lost in contemplation. "What happiness have I cast from me?" he sighed forth from the inmost recesses of his breast. "There you are, still bearing the appearance of youth, and your beauteous shape unaltered; and that light hair, which ——" These melancholy recollections caused him to pause.

Maria felt hurt, and said, with severity, "I must again ask you, Verner, briefly to tell me what you want, or to let me depart! I do not feel disposed to listen any longer to you! and I think that you might have had respect enough for my character, as a wife and mother, not to insult me by such speeches."

"You are right!" cried Philip, covering his face with his hands; "I am indeed, a wicked man! worse than you suppose; more depraved than the world can ever know. I am myself surprised, that the grass upon which I walk does not wither under my feet, and that my

breath does not infect the air. I well know that I am not worthy of being looked upon by you—of being addressed by you—but, be merciful! The Divinity does not forbid the most abandoned of human beings to raise his eyes to his heavenly throne, and to derive comfort from prayer. From the sight of you, I draw courage to continue to live, and from your words, I trust to receive hopes of my sins being forgiven me."

"Doubt not the goodness of the Lord!" said Maria; "He will console the penitent sinner. I, for my part, have forgiven you, although I can never forget the barbarity with which I was treated!"

"If you would but listen to me," urged Philip.

"For the love of Heaven, not a word!" said Maria, interrupting him; "not a word of the past; for, after all, I am a woman! Go! repent, and may God bless you! This blessing is from my heart, and there is nothing else that I can do for you. But stay—are you in actual want?"

Philip's face became scarlet; he shook his head. "Never shall that be!" he cried. "I want no charity—it is to death alone that I dare look for assistance! Yet, now that I have seen you, how shall I venture to invoke that welcome

"Let me bu
emotion, "you
embrace him or
"Man!" cri
you remind me
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upon the bench,
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"Do not refu
one for which I
have never known
affection! Let m
and be sanctified b
"Unhappy ma
madness?" cried
of her voice; "cea
to do as you wish?-
"My son!" cried

mother's arms. The boy started on seeing the stranger.

Philip, under a very natural delusion, rushed towards him impetuously, embraced him, and covered him with kisses, in spite of his resistance.

"Away, unfortunate man!" cried Maria, as she took Hermann from him. "Away! Some one is approaching, and if you are seen—if my husband finds you—you are lost."

"What is life to me?" answered Philip, beside himself.

"You are killing me!" cried Maria, in anguish. "Fly, fly! and save yourself."

Philip recollected himself, his eyes rolled; some violent resolution seemed to come across him, and casting one withering look on Maria and Hermann, he rushed away, and was soon hid from sight amid the houses of the town.

"For Heaven's sake, my gracious mistress, what has happened?" cried Gertrude, running up, "you are as pale as death, and I have heard you talking loud. What can have happened? Nicholas and Burkhard are close behind me, riding forth to meet the margrave; if any one has insulted you, they will soon overtake him."

"No, no," said Maria, "I do not want their assistance. Come, let us strike into this path,

that we may avoid them; and now I must request you, my good girl, to keep what has passed, an inviolable secret, and do you, my Hermann, oblige me by not mentioning what you have seen and heard; do not even talk of it to your father, for he would be angry, and you know how terrible he is then."

Gertrude and Hermann readily gave their promise; but Maria bitterly lamented being forced to keep a secret from her husband, though she consoled herself with the reflection, that by so doing, she spared him unnecessary uneasiness, and she firmly determined, never for the future to leave the castle unprotected, as the best means of rendering abortive any further attempts that Philip might make.

From that day, whenever Maria accidentally met the margravine, that princess always regarded her with a peculiar smile, which would have caused any one of a less innocent disposition than the guileless Maria, to suspect that some harm was intended.

What she meant soon appeared, for within a few days Gertrude's guardian arrived at Burgau, accompanied by several of her relatives, and demanded of the Lady of Herbenstein that she should deliver up the maiden. This was refused, and the matter left to the decision of Gertrude

herself, who declared that she was of age; that her relatives had therefore no right to compel her, and that they might give up all hopes of marrying her to Simon.

Her friends replied that they were only acting for her own good, and just then, the constable of the castle arrived with an order from the margravine, directing Gertrude, under pain of punishment, to quit the castle, and to return home. So positive a command from the princess, who in her husband's absence was absolute, put an end to all resistance. Gertrude, even had she possessed the means of flight, had no sanctuary to which she could repair; driven from her only asylum, she was forced to accompany her relations, who attempted, by pretended kindness, to blind her to the fate that awaited her at Ulm. She took an affecting leave of her benefactress, who lamented that the malignant interference of the princess had deprived her of a faithful though humble friend. The captain was equally displeased at the whole business.

The margravine's spite was not satisfied by what she had now done. She sent for Herbenstein, and when he appeared before her—

"What has become of that disobedient girl?" she asked, with a haughty air. "Has she returned to her duty?"

"Your commands have been obeyed," answered Herbenstein, with composure.

"It is unfortunate that my commands are necessary to enforce propriety," continued Sybille, "and that the feelings of some women should not be sufficient to cause them to drive fugitive and shameless creatures from a house, which is the dwelling of a princely and virtuous pair."

Herbenstein's only answer to this sally, was a look of the utmost scorn; but the margravine was determined to vent upon him her whole displeasure; and continued—

"Your wife has doubtless shed many tears at the loss of her friend; has she not?"

"Gertrude was never the lady of Herbenstein's friend," replied the captain, haughtily; "but she justly laments the loss of a faithful servant."

"And breathes forth fire and flames against me," cried Sybille, interrupting him. "Most capital; you need not attempt to deny it; for I well know the humour of such sensitive persons. I do not mean to say that I blame your wife in the least, for taking the girl's departure so much to heart; we all know, that 'birds of a feather flock together.'"

"Margravine," exclaimed Herbenstein, startled and stepping back; "Margravine, what do you mean?"

"What am I to understand by your question?" was the margravine's reply. "You almost appear as if you intended that I should give you satisfaction sword in hand; my good Herbenstein, has not the length of time that you have been married, sufficed to cool the flames of passion? Are you still the Paladin ready to do battle for your lady? This is indeed love! This is indeed fidelity."

"I do in truth love the lady of my heart better than may be agreeable to you," said Herbenstein, "and I repeat the question, what mean these taunts towards a woman, who is my wife? Do you understand me? my wife!"

"Is she, indeed!" replied the margravine, with an air of cold contempt; "that being the case you must know how far the comparison holds good, which I have ventured to make between her and a girl who fled from her paternal home; nay more, my proud sir," she continued, with an air of triumph, "I do the Lady Maria considerable honour by classing her with Gertrude, who has neither followed her paramour many hundred miles, nor brought a bastard into the world, nor been whipped out of Ulm!" She walked to the window with a laugh of scorn.

Herbenstein stood aghast at such diabolical

malice, and forgetting the place as well as the person who had so grossly insulted him, he wildly grasped his sword.

Sybille coolly rang her bell.'

"Draw not your sword, noble knight," she said, making a merciless use of her triumph, "but thank God that tournaments are no longer in fashion; for, in that case, I should have had the annoyance of seeing my protector turned out of the lists, in consequence of his marriage with an unchaste woman, from the dregs of the people. Conduct the captain to bed," she continued to the attendants who entered the room; "he talks wildly, and I am alarmed for his health."

She quitted the room, and left to the care of the servants the paralyzed Herbenstein, who, as if bereft of reason, permitted himself to be conducted to his own apartment.

Maria, in the utmost alarm, inquired into the reason of this sudden indisposition; but Herbenstein made her a sign to dismiss the servants, and, after they had retired, threw himself into a chair, and burst forth into the most violent ebullition of rage and grief.

"I am dishonoured," he said, "and branded with ignominy! My honour is for ever gone, through the malice of a vile woman, whom I have offended. The snake has mortally wounded

me for not having caressed it! and with me has she wounded you, my Maria! Why—why is she not a man? Why may I not, with my sword at her throat, make her eat her words? And yet is it not all truth that she has spoken? Truth, though distorted by the most venomous tongue! Oh, dearest, best Maria!" he cried, while he affectionately patted her cheeks, as she was kneeling by his side, "why are you so virtuous, and so amiable, as thus to attract the envy of those less excellent than yourself? By heavens," he exclaimed, hastily springing up, and pacing the room, "my mind is made up! —We will away! far, far from this wicked woman. We will to Switzerland, whose inhabitants are free and unshackled, and not imposed on by empty titles of nobility, and the pride of birth. I am bound by my office, till the margrave's return, but he is expected home to-day or to-morrow, and then I will quit his service, and undisturbed felicity shall follow us to a pleasant farm, an ancient family possession, which I have in Aargau. Dry your tears, therefore, Maria! We will still be happy, freed from the foolish pride of heraldry, and out of the reach of slander."

There is an old proverb, that "Misfortunes never come singly." It was exemplified on this

occasion; for, just as they were recovering their composure, Pinzinger's son, Matthew, rushed into the room with a loud outcry.

Herbenstein inquired the cause of this intrusion; and it was not till after long hesitation, and many tears, that he related what follows.

"As the armourer's son Rupert, your Hermann, and I, were playing in the meadow," said Matthew, "and fighting with our wooden swords, Rupert gave your son such a blow upon his hand, that he dropped his weapon, and, shaking his hands, from the pain, went towards the bench under the cherry trees. Two men, who had been looking at us, were standing there, and, when your Hermann had come up, one of them advanced to meet him. Hermann suddenly started back, as if a viper had stung him, cried out, and began running back towards us, who had remained in the meadow, frightened at the blow which he had received. Unfortunately he was tripped up by some stone, or root of a tree, when the stranger seized him by the belt, and threw the great boy like a ball to his companion, who instantly went off with him; we ran crying towards him, but the first of the two men presented a musket at us, and, while we ran for our lives, they both made off, and were out of sight before we reached the high road."

"My Hermann!" cried Maria, in a tone of despair, "have they taken my only child?"

Her anguish caused her to fall fainting on the ground.

Herbenstein was not less affected than his wife; but his rage blunted his sufferings. He rushed down to the stables, ordered the few servants who were there to mount, and to recover for him his most precious treasure, and then hurried to the margravine's apartments, for he imagined that it was she who had contrived this outrage.

The princess was much alarmed at his pale features, and his frantic demeanour.

"Woman!" he cried—"Devil! give me back my child, of whom you have deprived me, that you might cause me and my wife, whom you abhor for being so much more virtuous than yourself, to go down with sorrow to the grave. Give me back my son, and I will forgive you all the insults with which you have loaded me, and all the slanders you have heaped upon my innocent wife! Refuse me! and my sword shall pierce your heart; a heart the blackest and most profligate that ever disgraced the world."—Blinded by fury, he drew his sword, and advanced with a threatening mien towards Sybille.

The unexpected accusation had, at first, apparently rooted her to the ground; but, upon this

demonstration, fear gave her wings, and s
made her escape, shutting and bolting door af
door in her flight from the threatened dang
Just then there was a trampling of horses in t
court-yard, and the bustle of the servants, w
the merry sound of the trumpets, announced
return of the margrave of Burgau.

CHAPTER IX.

" —— paint debauchery,
But add the devil to the sketch."

SCHILLER.

THE margrave had been forced by numerous wounds, to quit the camp, and retire from a campaign, where but few laurels were to be earned, and which, to the Arch-Duke Matthew's extreme disgust, was soon after concluded by the not very honourable peace of Vienna.

The margrave found on his return that he was to be worried by domestic broils. The first person that met him on his arrival was Herbenstein, with an accusation against the margravine of having deprived him of his child.

The prince, though he had no great regard for the margravine, was shocked on hearing such an accusation from Herbenstein, whose honourable character he well knew. The mother's despair, which had very nearly driven her distracted, added weight to his testimony;

even the arrival of a guest, who under other circumstances would have caused her joy, failed in diverting her from her griefs; the new comer was her father, Miguel Verde; upon receiving Herbenstein's, and his daughter's letters, at Cuba, he had sailed by the very first ship, for Europe, in the hope that his arrival would have filled his son-in-law's house with gladness; to his disappointment, he found it a house of mourning.

Herbenstein's account of the insults which the margravine had offered to Maria, roused the spirit of the fiery Castilian, and he unrolled before his son-in-law a long pedigree, which clearly proved that it was misfortune alone that had deprived Verde of his place amongst the nobility of Castile.

"I was too proud," said Miguel, "to follow the example of some of my countrymen, and stand at my forge and anvil, with my sword at my side, and my genealogical tree hanging in my shop; I therefore removed to Antwerp, concealing my nobility; but as I have now made a considerable sum of money by my own industry, and by Our Lady's kindness, and have also the satisfaction of having for my son-in-law, a man of an ancient family, and a member of the only true church, that of Rome; I willingly

forgive my daughter, whom I often lamented having discarded, and present you with my pedigree, that you may not be ashamed of my Maria, whose family is nobler than your own."

He again repeated this, in presence of the margravine, with all the gravity and pride of his nation, and earnestly pressed for an apology for all the insults which had been heaped upon his daughter, whose honour had been repaired by her marriage with Herbenstein.

The margravine was not to be moved; she denied having been an accomplice in carrying off the child, and insisted upon Herbenstein's being punished for the threats and abuse with which he had loaded her in his fury of passion; but her husband had now such a distrust of her sincerity, that he roughly commanded her to retire to her own apartment, and allowed her half a day for deciding, whether she would confess what she had done, or would persist in denying it; at the same time, he commanded her accusers to employ those hours in collecting the proofs of their assertion, or else be content to desist from their accusation. Being naturally a humane man, he ordered the strictest search to be made throughout his territory, that the child might be restored, as

soon as possible, to the arms of its mour
parents.

The margravine was raging in the solitu
her own apartment, not only against Herben
and Maria, but also against her own husb
whom she at all times considered as her bitt
enemy; she was reclining upon a sofa, wee
with passion, at being the subject of an acc
tion, of which she was innocent, and plan
vengeance; she fancied that the twilight a
was witness of her tears, when a door in
wainscoting was gently opened, and a man ente
who was well acquainted with the private stair
leading to Sybille's apartment.

The margravine stared with surprise at
intruder; it was Prince Bernhard, in a
velling garb, and armed; he cast a lowe
look around; his face was pale as ashes, and
eyes sunk in their sockets.

It was some moments before it struck
margravine who was the detestable guest that
forced his way into her presence; she sprang
and haughtily inquired what he wanted.

Bernhard looked at her for a few min
without answering, then smiled bitterly,
said in a hoarse voice, which was broken b
dry cough, "It is I, dearest!—Do you

recognise me? It is not so very long since we parted!"

"Oh, that you had never returned!" said Sybille, turning from him with disgust; "man, how you are altered! You are the hideous image of death itself! I no longer recognise you!"

"What! does the friend disown her friend?" replied Bernhard, maliciously; "we all grow old! but what is that to me? Our affection ought to be the closer—you ought not to be angry with me for having sacrificed myself to my love!"

"Wretch!" cried Sybille, "does your shameless mouth venture to remind me of a time that disgraces me? and do you degrade a passion which you never felt, by uttering its name with your lips? You even appear to have no shame for the disgrace which attends you."

"You may spare your reproaches for a more opportune season," said Bernhard, with a cold and contemptuous smile; "I am in want of assistance, and not of a sermon, which appears ridiculous from your mouth; I am forced to leave Germany; the arts of my detractors have tarnished my honour, and the baseness of my brother-in-law, and of my stewards, has wasted my property; I hope to

advance in a new career, under the French banner, and in the mild air of Provence to recover my health, which has suffered from annoyances as well as ——" and here he smiled maliciously, "as well as grief for your loss. Think upon our old alliance; open your strong box, and bestow upon me what may be necessary for the prosecution of my journey."

"Is my husband aware of your presence here?" inquired Sybille.

"Heaven forbid!" exclaimed Bernhard; "he is my enemy, and must not know that I have ventured to reach your presence by this passage, which you must recollect is well known to me. I endeavoured to arrive at Burgau before him, by taking another road, but in spite of all my haste, he has outstripped me; but you need be under no uneasiness, I shall quit the palace with the same secrecy with which I entered it, and your honour will be safe."

After some reflection, the margravine went to a box inlaid with ivory and silver, in which she kept her money, and taking from it a heavy purse, with an averted face presented it to the illustrious beggar; she then made him a sign to retire.

The degenerate scion of a noble race, more impudent than a common mendicant, cast a look

of contempt at the heavy purse, and said, shrugging his shoulders, "it appears to me, margravine, that you are not over generous—I require more!"

Sybille gazed upon him with an air of mute surprise, and, again raising the lid of the box, threw him another purse, and made him a still more impatient sign to retire. But Bernhard, quietly pocketing the money, said—

"Be not in such a hurry, my noble lady; I will soon relieve you of my presence; but you must not refuse me a parting kiss."

The margravine, amazed at his impudence, turned her back upon him; but he seized her soft hand, which she instantly tore away.

"Make not so much resistance, dearest Sybille," he cried; "this room has often witnessed our kisses, and to steal one more from your ruby lips would be a greater prize to me than this gold; nay, I should value it more than my salvation itself."

"Away, shameless man!" cried the margravine, as she seized the bell.

Bernhard laughed aloud. "Call your servants," he said spitefully, "and betray yourself; sword in hand will I cut my way out, but you will remain, a prey to dishonour."

"Good Heavens!" moaned Sybille, "what a

dreadful punishment for my faults. Leave
monster."

"Not without a last kiss!" cried the pri
in a tone of determination; "it will be the fai
prize that I shall bear with me hence."

"For the love of the Virgin!" cried Sybi
with tears of despair, and repelling him w
both hands, "have compassion upon me; thi
of what you are doing; do not touch my l
with your polluted mouth."

"For shame!" answered the prince, w
mixed irony and anger; "you ought not to
cruel towards your lover, because his cheeks
grown pale, and his eyes dim; this is not ju
although Herbenstein has replaced him."

"Silence, slanderer!" cried Sybille, while
face grew scarlet with passion. "Utter not th
name; cease to calumniate my honour."

"Can you deny it?" replied Bernhard; "y
know that you were faithless to me with Herbe
stein, and that you stole his son for the purpo
of restoring him; deny all this if you can!
did not leave you unwatched; my faithful Nep
muck acquainted me with every thing th
passed."

"What?" cried the margravine, "did th
old hypocrite, whom I have kept in my servi
during your absence — venture ——"

"He has told me but the truth," interrupted Bernhard; "of that I am certain, and now make no further resistance, but give me the kiss of reconciliation."

He threw his arms around the princess, and tried to force from her the kiss.

The margravine cried aloud; at that moment the door through which Bernhard had entered was thrown open, and the margrave appeared on its threshold.

Sybille rushed to throw herself into his arms; but he repelled her, and stopped the prince, who tried to make his escape by another door.

"Stop," he cried; "your accomplice, the Bohemian, is in Pinzinger's custody; with the intention of announcing my conviction of my wife's innocence, I hurried on before the rest of the party, who will be here almost immediately, for the purpose of apologizing to the margravine, for their unfounded suspicions; seeing your servant placed as a sentinel, it struck me that something was wrong; I caused him to be seized, and came up the private staircase, where I found him whom I expected, and having, for the first time in my life, listened at a door, heard words that have made my flesh creep, and would make the mildest of men

frantic with rage! How! Sybille, could yo
have thus sinned against me?"

"My husband," whimpered forth Sybille
"this wretch has uttered falsehoods, for th
purpose of ruining me."

The margrave cast a look of inquiry at th
prince, and placed upon the table the larg
candlestick which he carried in his hand.

Bernhard, who saw no means of escaping
from his awkward position, armed himself with
effrontery, and replied, "all that I have said,
and that you may have heard, I declare to be
truth."

"Well then," said the margrave, "you shall
repeat your accusation, in the presence of these
witnesses!" for just then the door of the room
opened, and Von Herbenstein, leading the little
Hermann by the hand, Miguel de Verde,
Pinzinger, and a stranger, in black flowing
garments, with a bushy beard, and a short sword
by his side, followed by some servants bearing
tapers, entered the room. The servants were
dismissed, and the margrave and Pinzinger
closed the door and windows; the margrave
then spoke —

"Von Herbenstein," he said, "and Don
Miguel de Verde, you have done the Margravine

of Burgau a very great injustice, for she is innocent of the crime of which you accused her; Dr. Kynaedos, who is here present, and has delivered the youth from the hands of those who carried him off, absolves her by his evidence."

The margravine instantly recognised the stranger, in spite of his altered appearance.

"Archibald!" she sighed forth, in a tone to be heard by him alone; "then I am indeed lost."

"Do not think so, my gracious lady," answered Archibald, composedly, and with a look full of meaning; "I accidentally gained possession of the child; I released him from a gipsy, who had carried him off. The fellow confessed to me that he had done it for a large reward; you are perfectly absolved from participation in the crime, as I have already proved to your accusers' satisfaction."

"We are indeed convinced of it," cried Herbenstein and Miguel, as they knelt before the margravine. "Will you forgive us for having so bitterly calumniated you, in the anguish of our bereavement?"

The margravine, full of anxiety for the future, made them a gracious sign to rise, and said in a feeble tone of voice.

"All mortals are prone to err! Noble gentle-

men, I forgive you; and only request of y
that you would join your prayers to mine, t
my calumniators may be convicted of th
falsehoods, and that my innocence may beco
apparent to my judge."

Prince Bernhard looked confused; for t
presence of Archibald, whom he recognised
his voice, filled him with uneasiness.

The margrave replied, with a sullen loo
"Your judge, margravine, was never unjust, y
may depend upon that; but now, gentlemen, y
have to learn the subject under discussio
Herbenstein is an accomplice, the prince a
his servant Nepomuck are the accusers; D
Miguel being a Spaniard, and Pinzinger a fait
ful adherent, will keep silence, and therefo
their presence will do no harm; the learn
Dr. Kynaedos may be present, to render assi
ance to the margravine, if she happens to
taken ill, in the course of the proceedings, a
shall witness how a German prince protects h
honour, and that of his wife."

Kynaedos approached the margravine, a
she whispered to him, "You are then come
destroy me!"

"On the contrary, to save you!" he replie
in an equally low tone; and then devoted h
whole attention to what was going forward.

The margrave briefly related the accusation which the prince had brought forward against the margravine, and which would be supported by Nepomuck's evidence.

Herbenstein was scarlet with indignation, on hearing the allegations, and, longing as he was for an opportunity to repair his injustice towards Sybille, not only did not reveal her attempts upon his heart, but also declared his readiness to assert her innocence in single combat.

The prince being called upon by the margrave for his reply, had collected all his impudence to render it more convincing; when Kynaedos requested the margrave's permission to say a few words in private to the prince and to his servant; he assured him that what he had to say to them would be of assistance in elucidating the matter.

The margrave, with an air of surprise, granted the request, and Archibald first addressed himself to Nepomuck.

"Wretch!" he whispered to him, "venture but to utter one word of accusation against the margravine, and I will give information to her husband of the act of incendiarism which you committed at Vorosdar; you need not attempt to deny it! for I have heard from Elias that you set fire to the castle that night on which princess

Ludmille was to have been carried off, for th
purpose of diverting suspicion from yourself
he also told me, that the fire got the upper han
whilst you were in confinement, and were the
unable to extinguish it; if you persist in you
accusation, you shall be burnt alive, for the ma
grave will prove no merciful judge; but if yo
withdraw it, I will preserve your wretche
life."

The trembling culprit agreed to every thing

Archibald then turned to the prince, who wa
looking suspiciously towards him. "Murderer!
he whispered to him, "you are lost, if I choos
to carry my vow of destroying you into execu
tion. You lost your honour in Moravia, and
you will lose your life here, if such should b
my will; for it is forfeited. Prapowick confessed
before his death, in Basta's presence, who it wa
that bribed him to murder Isabella. Monster
beware! If you do not retract all you have said
against the margravine, I will either hand
you over to the executioner, or slay you with
my own hands; but if you confess that you
have lied, you may depart in peace, and end
your days in some distant country."

Archibald then stepped back, and the mar
grave, with as much surprise as delight, heard
Nepomuck declare, that, to the best of hi

knowledge, the accusations against the margravine were unfounded; while the prince, in the greatest embarrassment, stammered forth a torrent of words, declaring that his boasts of having enjoyed the margravine's favours were perfectly without foundation; that his other accusations had their origin in jealousy alone; and that the princess was totally ignorant of his purposed visit, which had been completely accidental. He concluded, by requesting that the margrave would grant him and his servant permission to retire unmolested, as the physician had promised.

If the margrave was surprised, Sybille was infinitely more so at all she saw and heard. She, who had imagined herself lost, was saved, and saved by the very person whose destruction she had attempted to compass.

Kynaedos remained apparently unconcerned, but requested the margrave to send away the false accusers, whose presence considerably affected the margravine's nerves.

The margrave thus addressed the prince:—"You stand there, an instance," he said to him, with contempt, "of the dishonour which a degenerate scion may bring upon the most illustrious line of ancestry. You are indebted to my respect for that family which you dis-

grace, as well as to the promise which t
doctor has given you in my name, for yo
safety; death alone ought to be the doom
the vile calumniator of a princely house.
Instantly quit my presence, loaded with m
contempt, and hasten out of my dominions,
the name of your family will not a second tim
protect you."

The prince did not wait for another hint, bu
hurried away, accompanied by Nepomuck.

When they had taken their departure, th
margrave breathed more freely; he embrace
Sybille, shook hands with each person presen
and exclaimed—"Thank heaven! the affair ha
ended more satisfactorily than I could hav
hoped; but my learned doctor, pray let me kno
by what magic arts you have induced thos
villains to confess their falsehoods; and the
tell me how my wife and myself may show ou
gratitude to you."

"A good physician," answered Archibald,
"ought to know what chord he must touch in
each human heart to attain his object, and that
is my whole secret; I neither require nor
deserve any token of your gratitude. It was
accident alone, and some prepossession against
the calumniators, that were the cause of my
being of service to you."

"You will not at least," said the margrave, "refuse the proffered hand of a grateful German prince, and my invitation to a jovial supper and a merry cup of wine, in the society of the noble-minded Herbenstein, his father-in-law, and the good Pinzinger."

"I accept the invitation with pleasure," answered Archibald.

"Come then," cried the margrave, gaily; "the margravine must want repose, and I would fain be merry, after all this unpleasant business."

"I will follow you," replied Archibald, "but let me first restore this child to its mother's arms. Will you permit me to do so, Von Herbenstein?"

"Most willingly," answered the grateful man; and while the remainder of the party went towards the supper room, conversing upon the Greek doctor, whom none of them had recognised, with the exception of Pinzinger, who kept his own counsel; Archibald, with his little companion, hastened towards the well-remembered wainscoted room, where he filled the mourning mother's heart with feelings of gratitude to Heaven, while she pressed to her bosom the son whom she had so unexpectedly recovered.

"How shall I?—How can I, reward you, generous stranger?" she cried, in the joy of her heart, "for what you have so disinterestedly done for me?"

"You call me disinterested," answered Archibald, smiling, "and yet ask me what reward you are to give me as a recompence for what I have done! Do not make me ashamed, my noble lady; when I released this boy from his captor, I did not calculate whether my action was to produce me benedictions or curses; my heart spoke loudly for him who required help, and the approval of my conscience is sufficient payment."

"Did you but know," exclaimed Maria, "the blessing which you have conferred upon me——"

"Do I not read it in your countenance?" replied Archibald; "I have, unfortunately, never experienced the love which a parent feels towards his offspring, but it must glow with double force, should an adverse fate have previously deprived him of a first child—of a son, the offspring of love."

"You know my story, then," Maria said, as she let the tired Hermann fall asleep on the sofa, and, in the utmost surprise advanced towards the stranger. "Who could have told it you?"

"Not your husband, nor the faithless lover who abandoned you, nor the venomous whisper of malice, but destiny, pursuing its revenge, has spoken to me. You marvel! You do not understand me! but did I choose to lay open to you the wonders of my art, you would see much more extraordinary things!"

"Explain yourself!" cried the lady.

"You lost a son," continued Archibald, "who was purloined from you in an hour of woe. An old woman, in a strange garb, and of a singular appearance, assisted you in your labour; she had you conveyed, with the utmost care, to a retired cottage, that you might not be confined on the high road."

"Yes, yes," interrupted Maria, with vehemence; "such was, indeed, the case, extraordinary man! Can you read the past?"

"When the child was born," continued Archibald, "you had made no preparation for it; and the same compassionate old woman furnished you with clothing; but, that your child might have something belonging to his mother about its person, you hung round its neck a rosary, which you were accustomed to wear, and to which was attached a medal, engraven with the initials 'M. V.'"

"Right—you are right," cried Maria, with increasing emotion; "how can you have become

acquainted with all this? Alas! that consecrate rosary, which I imagined to be a talisman, ha not the power of preserving my child from harm that monster, who, under the form of a woma robbed me of my son, may very possibly hav destroyed the unfortunate child, or have permi ted it to perish through neglect."

"Be comforted," said Archibald; "your Phili lives."

"Philip alive?" cried Maria, almost besid herself, and seizing Archibald's hands. "Mercif Heaven! Is it possible? But how can yo know it?"

"Moderate your joy," entreated Archibald "that sleeping boy must not hear what we a talking about. Compose yourself. If merel hearing of his safety thus affects you, how wi you be able to support the sight of him?"

"The sight of him?" repeated the dam turning pale. "Is it your purpose to ki me, by holding out hopes that can never b realized?"

Archibald made a sign to her to be silent then, taking her hand, he led her from th room.

In the ante-room she perceived, by the light o a solitary taper, an elderly man in uniform holding by the hand a boy, taller than Her mann, and in the most rude health.

Archibald led the boy towards Maria, who was hardly able to support herself, from emotion. "Mother," he cried, "behold your son!" and threw him into her extended arms.

When the first raptures of the mother's joy had subsided, the happy creature begged to know how it had come about, that she was thus blessed by the recovery of her lost son; for of his identity, the rosary around his neck, and his resemblance to that Philip whom she had once loved, did not permit her to doubt.

"You must address yourself, for all the information which you may require, to this worthy man, Captain Ehrenfried," was Archibald's reply. "He purposes to pass some time in this town, and will be happy to give you a detailed account of every circumstance; but now be prepared to learn what a stern necessity demands, although it may be painful to your feelings. You will have to part with your son! This boy, that has been confided to me by Providence, shall find in me a father, and shall be my heir, should I die without children. Should I ever be blessed with a family, he shall receive the property of which I have been robbed, and of which I am now about to seek the recovery.

"Your husband must never be acquainted

with what has now taken place; nor your He
mann ever know that he has a brother. Bewa
of disturbing the happiness of your marri
life, by receiving into your family, through a
ill-judged feeling of affection, a boy born out
wedlock. Your husband, who is the best of me
would at first respect your maternal affectio
and tolerate the child; but Hermann, who mu
ever be the first in his affections, would thro
his brother into the back-ground, and your hous
would be divided by hostile feelings. Beware
disunion between brothers; better, far bette
that they should never know each other."

"Oh! what a cruel trial for a mother," crie
Maria, as she pressed the young Philip, wit
double love, to her breast; "and yet, why mus
I be forced to allow that you are right? I fe
that it would kill me if Herbenstein were eve
to slight me, or be unkind to me, or to my so
—if Hermann was to hate his brother. But
generous man! permit a timid, grieving woman
who so soon is to be deprived of her son, whom
she has but just recovered, to ask who you are
what moves you to take such an interest in m
Philip's fate, and to purpose to make him you
heir?"

"The last will of a woman," replied Archi
bald, with solemnity, "who owed it to me to d

me all the good in her power, and who did so; and whose last commands I should most scrupulously fulfil, even did not my own heart urge me to it. Mother Lene deprived you of your child, to remove from you an impediment to an honourable marriage, which your beauty, as well as your virtues, must, sooner or later, have inevitably secured to you. She would not restore him to you after your marriage with Herbenstein, lest he might be the occasion of domestic disputes. From the very first, she intended me to be his guardian and second father; and to whom could this office have been more properly entrusted than to me? It is not humanity alone that has moved me to take charge of this child; the voice of consanguinity has also urged me to it—the boy's grandfather was my father, for I am Archibald, Philip's brother!"

"Guardian spirit of my children!" cried Maria, in the utmost emotion, as she attempted to kiss Archibald's hand. "Can I have failed to recognise you? Is it possible that I could have taken him for a stranger, who has preserved both my sons from death and peril? And is my husband, then, not to know ——?"

Archibald made a sign for her to be silent. "If you have any regard for me," he said, "keep my secret; it is of great consequence to

me that no rumour of my arrival should
me, for I am on my way to recover posse
my property, and to obtain revenge."

"What! Revenge!" and upon a hint
cried Maria, with a shudder.

"[redacted] have I sworn it—by my
—[redacted] es of salvation," he re
in a stern [redacted] me; "and I shall keep
vow."

"[redacted]" cried the lady, in a
"my [redacted] ely you will not let him
into the hands of his barbarous father."

"It is not long since I delivered one into
his power, for it was he who carried off
me."

"Gracious Heaven!" cried Maria, embra
Philip, as if for the purpose of protecting h
"what if the daring man should make a sec
attempt upon my boy!"

"Be not uneasy, lady," answered Archib
with a wild laugh. "Sooner should he see
very eyes out of their sockets, than gain possess
of this child. I had sooner see him sold for
slave, than in the hands of his unnatural father

"The marquese, and the captain Von H
baustein, earnestly entreat your presence as so
as possible," said Pfeninger, who at that mome
entered the ante-room.

Archibald broke off the conversation, privately told the mother that he would leave the boy with her till the supper was over, and then gave strict directions to Ehrenfried to bring him away at that moment. He then followed the master of the horse, who was waiting in the passage.

On the landing-place of the stairs Pinzinger stopped, and, turning to Archibald, said, in a whisper, "I have been obliged to promise a grateful penitent to take you to her for a short time. Go through that door, and I will wait for you."

Archibald would not hear of complying with the good-natured proposal of the master of the horse; but Pinzinger would take no denial.

"Show a little humanity," he said, pressingly. "Gladden the heart of an erring woman, whom you have saved by a word of kindness."

As he uttered these words, he pushed him through the door, and closed it after him, with the direction to remain as short a time as possible.

Archibald had hardly time to remark that he was in an ante-room but scantily lighted, before a woman, in a white dress, and with dishevelled hair, threw herself sobbing at his feet; it was the margravine; much shocked, he endeavoured to raise her, but she cried, in a voice choked by her tears—

"Oh, no! no! most noble of men, let
remain at your feet, that there I may th
you, and supplicate your forgiveness. A
you know not the detestable creature that I
how shockingly, how barbarously, I h
behaved towards you: alas! I am an en
and corrupt woman, who only deserves to rem
at your feet."

"You are at this moment exalted before
face of the divinity, in all the ornaments of pu
penitence," said Archibald, with mild severi
"do not abase yourself in the presence of
weak mortal, who, himself requiring pardo
heartily forgives whatever you may have do
to him."

He raised the despairing princess, conducte
her to a chair, and continued, smiling: "Is
not fortunate that Pinpowick's ball did not tak
effect, for then I could not have disarmed you
enemies, and revenged myself upon you?
forgive you every thing: was I not able
allow that villain, who robbed me of the life tha
was most dear to me in the creation, to continu
to breathe, though borne down by the weight o
his shame and dishonour?——so tears, my
gracious lady, you have my blessing, and my
Isabella, who loved you most tenderly, doubtless
looks down upon you from heaven, and forgives
and blesses you, as I do. Repent! Become

faithful wife, and a mother to your subjects, and remember me in your prayers!"

Before the margravine had time to stop him, he had made his escape from her thanks, and from her protestations.

Tears of emotion were still in his eyes when he entered the saloon, which resounded with the noise of a jovial carousal.

CHAPTER X.

" The bad man's breast is like a raging sea,
A whirlpool, which for ever swallows down
The waters which itself produced."

ANONYMOU

On the same night, Philip was impatie
pacing the damp floor of his crazy cottage
could not find a moment's peace, for a pe
whom he most impatiently awaited, had no
yet made his appearance. From time to
he threw open the window, which scarcely h
in its frame, and listened if he could hear ei
step or sound of voice through the still
of the night; but hour after hour passed,
still his hopes were disappointed.

His two dogs, Alba and Spaniol, now q
deaf, and worn out from age, lay crouched,
some unearthly monsters, underneath the be
that ran round the wall, and Philip himself,
by the dim light of a lamp, he paced the rui
cottage, might have been compared to
apparition of a suicide, who nightly leaves

grave to revisit, at a stated hour, the scene of his guilt. Notwithstanding all he felt, however, Philip grew weary, and seating himself at the rickety table, and leaning his head upon his hands, he fell asleep. Alba meantime had sprung upon the bench before the open window, to inhale the damp morning air, when on a sudden, though his ear was dull, his powers of scent told him that a stranger was approaching, and he barked aloud; at the same moment there was a knock at the window, and Philip, who was awakened by Alba's bark, saw a head looking through; he sprang joyfully up, and said, "What Bogalew, is it you? How late you are."

"Open the door," answered his visitor, whilst his teeth chattered; "I am dripping wet, and the morning air is sharp."

Philip did not require the hint, for he had already gone to the door, to open it.

Bogalew rushed into the house.

"Where is the child?" cried Philip, startled at seeing his accomplice enter alone; "wretch! where is the boy I trusted to your care?"

"By my soul, sir," answered Bogalew, "I really cannot say; I know nothing of him but that he was forced away from me."

"Hell and the devil! *Valga me Dios!*" cried Philip, storming about the room like a

maniac; "man! are you indeed possessed
the devil?"

"No, my dear sir," answered Bogal
in a tone of indifference; "but I will
answer for that not being the case with
person who took my prey from me; j
listen to what happened. When you h
handed the boy over to me, with directions
bring him here by a circuitous route, t
suspicion might not fall upon you; having fi
carefully gagged him, I carried him to my ho
which was waiting for me under the lime tre
and lifting him up, rode quietly away; wh
the child found that all his cries were fruitle
he became more composed, and as he promis
to be quiet, I relieved him of his gag, and h

galew, without appearing to remark it, continued his narration.

"The boy then burst out in such a fit of laughter that I felt quite ashamed, and said, 'Why, what can you be thinking about? You are all wrong—Ulm is that way, the way we have come.' 'Are you quite sure of that, my young master?' I said to him; 'As sure as that I am a Christian,' answered the lad. Well then, as I had no reason to doubt his Christianity, I was quite pleased, and said to the boy; 'Do you think that you could find your way?' 'Why not?' replied the lad laughing, 'that would not cost me much trouble.'

"I was now thoroughly ashamed, and begged of the lad to show the way. He consented, and pointed first to the right, and then to the left, till at length we came to a regular high road. 'Is this the way to Ulm?' I asked of a peasant, who was passing; but the ass only grinned, shook his head, and went on. 'Can we have mistaken our road?' I inquired with anxiety, but the boy only laughed at me, and again pointed to the road."

"Would to heaven that you had ridden to the devil!" cried Philip.

"No! my dear sir," continued Bogalew,

" we did not ride to the devil, but he came
us soon enough; for my young gentleman
lost his way, as well as myself, and on my ask
a horseman the name of the small town t
was a little way before us; ' it is called Burg
answered the fellow, and I fairly tumbled
my horse from fright. ' Where then is Ulm?
inquired, dejectedly; ' Oh! a long way off,'
swered the other. ' But how am I to get there
I continued. ' By the mad-house, God willing
answered the ass, and he spurred on his road.

" What was now to be done? I turned abou
and followed his example; a troop of horsem
then appeared riding towards us, and my your
master upon the pommel of my saddle co
menced crying for help, in a voice to be heard
mile off. I held his mouth as well as I coul
and struck off the road upon a venture, but th
young gentleman continued shouting, and on
sudden I received a blow on the ribs, that se
me sprawling on the ground, and the first thin
that I saw was, that one horseman (for the
were two of them) had taken my horse by th
bridle, and led it, with the boy upon it, toward
the high road, while the other jumped from h
saddle, and placed a poignard at my throat."

" I wish that he had but stuck you!" rage

forth Philip; "*Valga me Dios!* I would stake my life that the simpleton has confessed every thing."

Bogalew hesitated a little, and then answered, rather proudly, "Nothing did I confess, in spite of the poignard that glanced at my throat; to this very hour I know not how it came about that the people let me go, and just as little where they are gone. In a word, I lost both the child and my horse; the latter you must replace, as well as my suit of clothes, for I fell into the mud, and have made such haste to arrive here, that I am not dry yet."

"Not one farthing shall you get, cowardly, stupid fool!" cried Philip. "You have not performed what you promised; your stupidity has spoiled all. Away, vagabond! Leave my house!"

"Ho, ho!" answered Bogalew. "Is that your tone? You were pleased enough when you met the vagabond on the road, and he consented to lend a hand to your villainy. Now listen; what do you think that the magistrates will say, when they hear that you go about the country stealing people's children? Did you really think that we Moravians were pure fools? Did you fancy that I was not aware that you were called Philip Verner, and did not enjoy

the best character in the world? You have your choice between two things: either I must have money, or you must be content to abide the consequences of your conduct."

Philip knew what he had to expect, did he permit matters to go to extremes, and he therefore agreed to grant his accomplice his demand, and divided with him the little ready money which he had in his possession. When this was done, he hurried forth, accompanied by his dogs, to vent his rage in the forest, while Bogalew bent his way towards Ulm, there to seek a situation.

While proceeding thither, he made the following reflections. "Yes," thought he, "I will turn an honest man, for I find that rascality does not answer. Cousin Jasneck tempted me, and then tried to keep to himself the whole of the princess's treasure; he had to die an ignominious death. I, without means of subsistence, had to beg my way as far as this, where I met with a man who promised to put me into a way of getting my living, upon condition of my assisting him in an act of rascality. But even on this occasion the devil persecuted me. I am done out of my horse and my reward, and am obliged to be content with getting a handful of money from this shabby fellow. Had Master Verner but known that a confession *had* escaped me,

while in alarm for my life, I make no doubt but he would have refused me even this sorry sum. But what is that to me now? I have pocketed the money, and I care not whether the bearded stranger, who took the child from me, punishes the fellow or not; I have got out of the scrape, and am determined to become an honest man. By St. Vitus! I will! for I am really too great a fool to be a rascal."

Full of these praiseworthy resolutions, Bogalew arrived in Ulm, and looked about with anxiety for a public-house, which he might enter without running the risk of lightening his purse too speedily. The sign of the Bunch of Grapes tempted him, though it appeared too good for him to venture in; but the crowd of persons assembled before it was an irresistible attraction; he therefore approached, and heard, from one of the loiterers, that, about an hour before, a far-famed physician, from Greece, had arrived with a large suite, many horses richly accoutred—litters, carried by mules, and Heaven knows what besides.

Burning with anxiety to see what was going forward, Bogalew entered, and made his way to the public apartment, where it was with difficulty that he could find a place, so crowded was every part of it. From behind the door, where

he was pretty well concealed, he listened
conversation which two men were carryin
close to him; one of them, as was evident
his cap and apron, as well as from his co
sation, was the host. The other was a shal
dressed man, with a snow-white head, a
countenance expressive of the utmost cunni

"You may easily imagine, gossip Sim
said the host, "that I would not willingly
with my own profits, but would take care to
up the best rooms of my house to keep the G
doctor and his servants at my inn, for he
more gold and precious stones than even
gracious emperor himself. But the first ob
tion to my so doing is, that this very weal
man has taken a great fancy for a quiet lodgi
and the second is, that at Midsummer I hav
give up the inn to that scoundrel, my step-s
and, sooner than leave such a prize to the
who has plagued me out of my life for
mother's heritage, I would deprive myself of
own gain, and endeavour to do you a good t
gossip."

"How long do you say that the stran
intends to remain here?" asked Simon, a
some reflection.

"He has mentioned a year, at all even
answered the host; "but that it was not imp

sible but that he might pass the remainder of his life in the good town of Ulm."

"Well," said Simon, "if you are sure that my house is good enough——"

The host laughed, and assured him, that of that there could be no doubt.

"But my marriage!" cried the old man—"that will have to be put off; for it would not do to marry, with Turks in the house."

"Of course not—of course not," replied the host; "but it can be of no great consequence to you to wait a year, for you will live to be upwards of a hundred."

"Do you really think so?" asked Simon, as if he fully expected an answer in the affirmative.

"I am quite certain of it," replied his gossip; "and in the mean time the maid will grow older, and the disparity of years will not be so remarkable."

"Hum!" muttered Simon, shaking his head. "Well, well, upon second thoughts, you may take me to him, gossip. If the Greek is a man of sense, and not too stingy, perhaps I may be tempted."

The host seized the old man by the hand, and hurried him off.

Bogalew slowly consumed his measure of wine, and heartily wished himself in the situ-

ation of the great physician. Undisturbe
the noise that surrounded him, he calculate
himself how he would begin enjoying life;
in these speculations dreamed away a quarte
an hour, at the end of which, the host and
friend re-entered the apartment. They h
appeared in high spirits.

"Never was a better bargain!" cried the h
in delight; "my rascally step-son will tear
hair, when he hears what a morsel I have snatc
from his lips. Come, Master Simon, we m
drink success to you in a flask of muscatel."

This was immediately brought; they sea
themselves at the same table with Bogalew, a
while they were drinking, even Simon unb
himself a little, and let fall a few words of deli

good advice. This very day will the foreigner move into my house, which till now has been inhabited by a thrifty bachelor, and now I am in want of a servant; where am I to find one? I have no great fancy for the Ulm folks, they have cried me down, why, I know not; a stranger would suit my purpose better, and if he understood the barbarous language of the doctor's servants, I should indeed prize him, but time presses."

"My dear sir," cried Bogalew, joining the conversation; "I am a stranger who have passed my life in service, and at the present moment am in want of a situation, in consequence of my late master, the count, with whom I was travelling towards Frankfort, having died a few miles from this. I am perfectly honest, very discreet, active, and willing; can talk German, and my own dialect, Wallachian, Polish, and a little Hungarian, and will answer for making myself understood by the strangers, if I should suit you; I am not so anxious for high wages, as for a comfortable place. Engage me, therefore, as your servant, and be assured I will give you satisfaction."

Bogalew's proposal appeared to Simon like a gift from Heaven; and, after a few questions of no great importance, he agreed to engage

the stranger; shook the host heartily by hand, and conducted his new servant h wards.

On their way they passed Gertrude's guar who was standing at the door of his own ho he made a sign to Simon to stop. "When you fix the wedding day?" he inquired of old bridegroom; "it will not do to put it the maiden is incessantly crying, and if yo not soon marry her, I cannot answer for consequences."

Simon made him acquainted with his plan, and spoke of deferring it for a year.

His friend clasped his hands in desp "Neighbour!" he cried, "what can you thinking of; do you really suppose that are going to outdo Methuselah, since at

shall get into a scrape, for should Gertrude become obstinate, or should she happen to hear that ——"

"That she is not so very poor as you have described her," slily whispered Simon, "and that you have diced away, what the old carpenter had scraped together—what would happen then?"

Leonhard placed his hand on the old man's mouth; but Simon insisted upon speaking.

"The rich wooer is the only person who can assist you," he said; "no other person would do so, and certainly not the wretched Eschenreuter, who is not even rich enough to have a barber's shop of his own, but must shave all comers, for the penny which goes to his red-nosed master. If you think that he can get you out of the mess, for God's sake give him the maid; I am sure I don't care."

Leonhard looked confused, and scratched his head. "You well know how to torment me," he said, "and all the instruments of torture that ever were invented, are nothing compared with that tongue of your's; but I have thrown myself blindly into your arms, and now do not desert me."

Simon laughed sneeringly. "I never pay in advance," he replied, "and I must first get the money, before I can squander it upon the faith-

less guardian. Doctor Kynaedos pays in
princely maner; so the money first, and the m
after. Let it be your care to preserve her
me, if you intend that I should save you.
you comprehend?"

He then left him, and conducted Bogalew
the house of the old burgess Verner, where
instantly set about the necessary preparati
for the reception of his lodgers, who were
arrive about dusk.

At the appointed time they made th
appearance, followed by a great mob, attract
by their extraordinary dress and arms, whi
afforded a very unusual spectacle to the citize
of Ulm. Long after the gates of the court-ya
had concealed the strangers from the view

The citizens had sufficient food for speculation; the avaricious calculated the stranger's treasures; the sick looked for miraculous cures from the wonderful skill of the Doctor Kynaedos, whose fame had already been spread abroad; the matrons admired the good-looking physician; the maidens, the handsome youth in the Turkish garb that rode by his side; while the young men were in admiration of the beautiful female that dismounted from her litter, and who was generally supposed to be the Greek's sister.

From the Burgomaster down to the watchman, the whole civic body congratulated themselves upon having such an arrival in their city, and every inhabitant, with the exception of Simon, deplored his fate at not having to lodge such guests.

Meantime, the officious Simon had tormented his lodger by endeavouring to do the honours of his house.

Kynaedos, who did not appear to be amused by his chattering, dismissed him, on pretence of extreme fatigue, but requested to see him again on the following morning; and when the servants, who were either Wallachians or Hungarians, and who could not speak a word of German, had retired, the doctor conducted his

friends into the room which he had destined
his own sleeping apartment.

When there, he fell upon his knees in
most violent emotion, pressed his lips to
floor, and wept. His friends stood around
in silence, while he apparently prayed; he
arose composed.

"Be not surprised," he said to them, "to
me affected in a manner which may not q
befit a man; ascribe it to my too faith
memory, which has re-kindled the affection
my childhood.

"This is my father's house; how willingly
entering it could I have embraced its door-po
and kissed its threshold, had not discret
forbidden me. In this room, which was

"Be composed;" cried Achmet, "revenge is a noble object, for a noble mind."

"You are right," said Erlwein, "and Archibald has his victim within his reach; there are limits to the long suffering, even of the Divinity."

"But is that Divinity not also merciful?" remarked Leila, "does he not forgive those who have sinned against him? Why do you excite your friend to revenge, instead of moderating his wrath?"

"Three times have I made a vow," said Archibald, "and destiny has now given me hopes of carrying it into execution. Heaven has decreed the punishment of these sinners, and I am but an instrument to carry its will into effect."

"You may depend upon our aid," exclaimed his friends; and Leila burst into tears.

CHAPTER XI.

"Happy who free from sin's controul
Preserves an unpolluted soul!
* * * * *
But woe to him whose purpose fell
The murderer's weapon dares to raise!
The blackest fiends of dismal Hell,
We track his footsteps all his days."

SCHILLER.

On the following morning Simon went to t doctor's private sitting room, to receive his orde It was the one that had belonged to the o burgess, and he had never entered it since t house had been his own, through fear of apparition.

"Come in," was the reply to his knock, a on entering, he saw his lodger attired in a lar blue wrapper, seated at a table, and writi most diligently. Upon the table stood some han somely-inlaid boxes, one of which was open, a displayed to Simon's prying glance a qua tity of gold; the sight made his mouth wate

but he recollected himself, and modestly asked his rich guest's commands.

A cloud appeared to cross the latter's brow, as he looked askance at the gray-headed Simon, but in a moment his features had recovered their usual complacency; he nodded to his host, and quietly wiped his pen.

"I have passed a good night in your house," he said, "and I rather think that I shall be pleased with my quarters."

Simon expressed his pleasure, and told some specious tale of the manner in which he had come into possession of the house.

Kynaedos then put a few questions to him as to his circumstances, and his answers were all equally devoid of truth.

The doctor turned from the liar with contempt, and as he did so, said, "I sent for you to pay you half-a-year's rent in advance; such is always my custom on my travels, when I purpose to pass any time at a place, as my so doing promotes confidence, and renders me independent; receive therefore that which is your due."

He counted a sum of money upon the table, which Simon pocketed with affected reluctance, while Kynaedos, in arranging his money, and by opening and shutting in its turn each box that

was before him, gave his host an opportuni
observing their contents. The glimpse was
ficient to inflame his avarice to the highest p
for they were filled with jewels, money,
ingots of gold.

Simon could not resist expressing his sur
at such enormous wealth, but Kynaedos co
pointed at some iron chests placed against
wall.

"These boxes," he said, "contain nothi
my principal treasure lies in yonder chests,
yet all the riches with which I am blessed ar
dross compared with this simple ring whic
wear on my little finger."

Simon stooped to take a nearer view of a r
of such value, but he only saw a stone of mo
rate size, and no very remarkable appearan
It was dull, and plainly set.

Upon his expressing his surprise, Kynaedos sa
"This dull-looking unpolished stone, althou
apparently of less value than a common garn
is more precious than any in the imperial crow
or in the papal tiara; but in the same way as
is impossible to judge from the countenance,
the wickedness of the heart, so is it impossil
to guess from the appearance of this stone th
it is a spider-stone. If a spider be preserv
for a hundred years in an hermetically-seal

bottle, the poisonous insect is converted into such a stone as this, which possesses the most wonderful properties."

"Most wonderful! learned doctor," exclaimed Simon, "and these properties are ——"

"The following," continued Kynaedos; "it is the preservative against every poison that may be offered to its owner, for it announces the presence of poison by inflicting a smarting pain on the finger which bears the ring; now as honest people cannot be always on their guard against the villainous arts of the poisoner, a warning like this is indeed invaluable. Don't you agree with me, my honest host?"

Simon bowed his assent, although he felt rather embarrassed, and Kynaedos continued—

"In addition to this, the possession of this ring procures for its owner an immense wealth; it secures to him the enjoyment of health; no disease can attack him—no ailment can affect his constitution; and the period of his existence is extended far beyond that allotted to other mortals; he who has already completed a hundred years, may still look forward to thirty or forty healthy winters, and life closes gently and without pain. The powers of this ring, moreover, grant sound sleep, and soothe the mind of him who is suffering from griefs, and from the

pangs of conscience. Its fortunate possess
also gifted with occasional glimpses into
turity, but this is only as regards others, and
himself, for his own fate is concealed from
Its wonderful properties are continually in
tion, no matter who may be the possesso
the ring, or what the means by which he
have procured it; but its legitimate owner
the satisfaction of knowing that he can nei
lose it, nor can it be stolen from him, fo
either case it will return to him, and he
would possess himself by theft of this jew
must first, before he can himself derive
benefit from it, deprive the former owner of li

"Are you not surprised at hearing these w
ders? The mysteries of nature are indeed

who died at Athens. But now, my good landlord, go and announce in the city that I am ready to give the best of my advice to the sick and needy."

"A noble resolution," cried Simon. "God has sent you to be a comfort to the poor of our city. Permit me to be the first ——"

"What! are you ill?" said Kynaedos.

"Not exactly ill," answered Simon; "but I am old. You mentioned the power of looking into futurity: could you not give me some insight into my destiny?"

"I can," answered Kynaedos. "I augur from the pulse of the sick, and from the lines in the hand of those in good health. Show me your left hand."

"What! could you prophesy from its marks?" inquired Simon.

"Hold it out," replied Kynaedos; who seized it, and examined it long and attentively.

"Old man, I must congratulate you," he said; "you will reach the utmost extent of human life. Your fortune prospers—but it will receive a very great addition. You will venture a bold stroke, that is not yet quite determined on in your mind; it will cost blood, though not your own; but the venture will place you in possession of the utmost good. Happy man! as very long life,

thank you for the destiny w
me, although I cannot qu
ever since I can remember,
the sight of blood. Ho
half of your prediction b
deed be a happy man.
execute your commission,
not necessary, for there
windows; and the sick
word of permission, to
every ailment which has p
since the flood."

Simon was right; for
gate opened, when a strea
scription filled the court
appearance of a hospital
the halt, and the maimed
their way into the house.

Kynaedos gave directi
ber should be admitted t
advice and medicine. A

they did so. The first day on which the Turkish doctor, as they called him, distributed to one a balsam, to another a salve, to a third a powder, and to all consolation and advice, raised his reputation to the very clouds. The few physicians established in the town, shrugged their shoulders on hearing the wonderful reports of his cures; but in spite of all their endeavours they could find nothing to blame in his treatment of the different maladies.

The reputation of this Phœnix of doctors, who had the power of curing every complaint, but never took a fee, soon spread among the upper classes, and as Kynaedos' lodging was first thronged with beggars, so was it afterwards filled by servants and apprentices, who had been sent by their masters to request his attendance.

In the afternoon, when Archibald had got rid of his persecutors, and was reposing in the great arm-chair, that had once been his father's, Bogalew entered the room, to deliver to him a message; but hardly had he uttered the first word, when he became confused, and was prevented, by his embarrassment, from continuing.

Archibald inquired the cause of his perplexity.

"Ah, sir," answered the poor creature, changing colour, "it is true that I see you, for the first

time, here at Ulm: but unfortunately we
met before."

"Indeed?" said the doctor, as he reg
him with greater attention; "and now tha
mention it, I really think that I do rememb

"I am sure that you will recollect me,
claimed Bogalew, "without my telling you,
I still feel sore from the fall that you gav
from my horse."

"Ay," said Archibald, "now I have it.
are the child-stealer of Burgau?"

"Sir, I have vowed never to steal anot
cried Bogalew; "I have been sickened of
work. Besides, I did not do it on my ow
count, as I think I have already told you.
forgave me, and let me go; at the same
telling me that I was too great a fool to

ing; "you may depend, my good friend, upon my discretion."

Bogalew shook him heartily by the hand. "I depend," he said, "upon your promise; my mind is at ease, for you have a most honourable countenance. But do you think that your old companion will also promise ——"

"You need be under no uneasiness with respect to him," interrupted Archibald; "he is far from Ulm, and will not arrive here while you have any cause for alarm. You may perfectly depend upon what I now tell you."

"I believe all you say, as though it were gospel," replied Bogalew; "how I wish I had the power of thanking you as you deserve; but should an opportunity ever offer itself of rendering you a service, you would find me on that occasion neither idle nor incapable; but all this has made me neglect what I came about; there is a waiting maid below, whose mistress is dangerously ill, she wishes that you would visit her, the lady is called Barbara Verner, and is the daughter of a burgess, whose name I have forgotten; she does not live very far off."

Archibald remained some little time without answering, turned deadly pale, passed his hand across his brow, and arose from his chair. "I will attend her instantly," was his answer; and

never escape the vengeance v

It was with considerabl
crossed the threshold of that
he last visited it, was in t
brother, and in all the tumu
feast; what a different aspec
It looked deserted and mel
servant, who attempted to
expression of countenance, o
his infirm aunt, Laibingerin,
who met him at the top of
that she would not recognise
Simon had failed to do so,
how the sick woman was; sh
a few remarks upon her niec
with an affectation of sorrow
eyes, and then, conducting
concealed herself behind the
garments, and slipped into th

woman, in a hoarse tone, and with a wild look; "are you the man who will help me in my despair?"

Just as Archibald was about to answer her, Barbara caught a sight of her aunt, and flew into the most violent rage, uttering a dreadful scream, and making signs that she should be removed, which Archibald insisted upon, lest the sick woman should go out of her mind.

Laibingerin, with some difficulty, complied, and left the doctor alone with his patient, who then became more composed, and made a sign to Archibald to approach. He was horrified, on seeing that the most hideous of disorders had taken possession of her frame; a cancer had so far overcome her system, that he could see no means of giving her either relief or consolation; she was in the highest fever, and every gesture betrayed approaching insanity.

"Well, what do you say to my situation?" she inquired, with anxiety, and with a convulsive smile on her parched mouth; "are not the physicians of Ulm, quacks, when they talk of my death? for I am too young to die, and there is no doubt but my disease may be cured; for God, who has permitted such diseases to prevail, has also afforded the means of curing them. All this I know to be the case, and you must know

it also, for you have travelled amongst all
tions, and I have no doubt possess many valua
remedies. I am certain that you will restore
to health, in defiance of those fools, the Ulm d
tors, that my aunt may not laugh at me whe
am stretched out, cold, and stiff as a statue. Y
sir, she will laugh, and make faces at me, for
longs to inherit my possessions; I cannot b
her! for she is a viper; but I will live!—Gi
me some physic — I will take any thing,
prolong my existence."

Archibald was horror-struck at her feveri
speech; it was in vain that he tried to stop h
and it was debility that caused her to be sile
at last. She fixed her eyes upon Archibald's fa
endeavouring to read his opinion, with mingl

How am I to be composed?—Will not heaven be closed against me, when the grave opens? Help, learned doctor; let me but live. There must be some herb — some balsam in the world, which would have the power of curing me; give me but one drop of it, and I shall be cured. I do not feel the chill of death in my veins, and my limbs have not lost their power of moving, so you see that I cannot die. Do but help me, worthy sir."

Archibald would have given worlds to have been far from the bed of sickness, but a feeling of duty, and an ulterior project that he had in view, gave him courage to go through with his task. He ordered the sick woman some medicines calculated to alleviate her pain, and retired, with the promise of a speedy return.

The next day the crafty Simon hit upon a plan by which he imagined that he might secure to himself a portion of his guest's riches, without having to wait till some fortunate accident, or the commission of some crime, should put him in possession of the greater treasure, for which he sighed. For this purpose he determined to try whether Gertrude, who was very handsome, might not have the power of entangling the affections of this singular stranger, and persuaded the inquisitive and credulous girl to accompany her

guardian to his house, under the preten
shewing her his stranger lodgers. The lan
and dress of the servants, as well as the E
curiosities that were scattered about the r
were all objects of wonder to her; and sh
lowed Simon about without any reluctanc
on this day he had shown her so many inter
objects, that he appeared to her much less
sive than usual. She did not remark tha
guardian, Leonhard, did not accompany he
had remained on the ground floor, entert
himself with his bottle, and she only felt al
lest the foreigners, who were from home, s
return before she had seen every thing.

On a sudden the old man stopped at a
peeped through the key-hole, then gently
ing it, thrust his companion into the room,

Tears of shame, and of anger against Simon, whose design she began to suspect, were at first her only answers to Archibald's question.

"I think, my child," he said to her, "that there is a design against me, as well as against yourself; but be composed, it is possible that it may be productive of good; I must in the first place get rid of the listener, who is most probably at the key-hole. The thick door will prevent his hearing, if we do not talk too loud."

He went to the door, and placing the key in the key-hole, to which Simon's ear was applied, suddenly opened it, and regarded the listener, thus detected, with the utmost contempt.

"Pray what are you doing here, Master Simon?" he inquired.

The old man attempted to stammer forth his excuses.

"Retire!" cried Kynaedos to him, with a look of the utmost anger; "if you choose to bring young females to visit me in private, I cannot allow that you should be a witness to the interview."

He then shut the door in his face, and conducting the trembling Gertrude into the recess of the window, fixed his eyes upon her's, as if to awaken in the mind of the companion of his childhood the recollection of her play-fellow; but

it was in vain. His countenance was that
stranger to her; his image no longer live
her heart, and the hand which he had so
pressed in his boyhood was timidly withdra

Seeing that he was unknown, he assumed
tone of a stranger, and said, "Did old Si
speak the truth, my beautiful maid? Are
indeed his bride?"

Gertrude reddened up, and as Archibald
gained her confidence by his kindness, she op
her heart to him, and he learned that it
against her own consent that she was doome
mourn away her life in the company of an o
genarian.

Archibald shook his head. "My good gi
he said, "this is a cure beyond the physici
skill, and it is probable that you have only c
fided to me half your sorrows; for without do
a young woman of your appearance has alre
found a man who would consider himself for
nate to be her husband, and whom she wo
willingly take as a husband, in exchange for
Simon. Have I guessed right?"

Gertrude nodded her assent.

"Who is the happy man?" asked Archibal

"Alas! sir," cried Gertrude, "it is the barb
Eschenreuter, who lives not very far from th
and who is a man of such acquirements, that

deserves a better fate than to be obliged to shave, and to cut hair."

"Eschenreuter?" cried the doctor, startled; but he instantly recovered himself, and inquired if the young man was a citizen of Ulm.

"No, learned sir," replied Gertrude; "he is a native of Strasburgh, has received a first-rate education, and has even assisted our gracious emperor in his laboratory at Prague. He was forced to fly from that city, on account of some mad frolic—but has now grown a steady and respectable character; he is still young, and would have married me before now, had he been enabled to scrape together money enough to purchase Master Sittig's shaving-room, and to carry on business on his own account."

The doctor reflected a moment, and then said, smiling, "My good girl, as I have already told you, a physician cannot assist you in this juncture; but I will tell your fortune, and announce your future destiny. Do you choose that I should do so?"

Gertrude cast a glance at the door, and seeing it closed, and that Simon could not by any means get a sight of what was going forward, presented her white hand to the fortune-teller.

"You need be under no uneasiness," he said, after examining it for a short time; "your

destiny is a favourable one, and the w
Simon has no power over it; you will b
Eschenreuter's bride; a man who was on
enemy will purchase for him Sittig's shop
render you both happy."

"Indeed?" cried Gertrude, skipping wi
light; "could this be but true—could I
believe that you had prophesied the truth –

"There never was a greater certainty
earth," replied Archibald; "you may put
confidence in my words; but as I am most an
for your happiness, I must insist upon you
divulging what I have told you to any one,
the exception of your lover. Above all, be
lest Simon should suspect it; for the pre
make the old rascal believe that I made
proposals so indecorous that you rejected t

CHAPTER XII.

"What's passing there? where runs the crowd,
Through the long streets, with shoutings loud?"

SCHILLER.

"Do you hear the noise in the great square?" cried Erlwein, looking in at the door. Archibald started up from a reverie in which he had been sunk.

"Well, you are an odd creature," said his friend, "to sit there so contentedly, while heads are being broken on your account."

"Heads being broken on my account!" cried Archibald, in surprise.

"Yes, indeed," said Achmet, who just then entered the room; "a stranger has taken up his quarters at the inn at the corner, who is probably a quack, for he began abusing you and your science in the public room, while he termed himself the greatest physician in the world; some of those drinking in the room, took your

part; from words they came to blows, and
tumult having reached the ears of some of t
who have profitted by your skill, they
stirred up the mob that now besieges the
and insist upon your detractor being given
to them. It is impossible that any exertion
the few defenders of the unfortunate man
afford him protection for any length of time.

"Are the magistrates acquainted with
tumult?" said Archibald. "Where are the
guards?"

"The magistracy are all taking care of th
selves, and remaining within doors," repl
Erlwein. "The city guards are carefully p
tecting the walls of the town, and the city ga
They affect to consider their posts in the great
danger, and guard them with the utmost ca

not meet him. Achmet shall accompany me, and between us we shall be strong enough to release the stranger from the hands of the mob."

While Achmet and Archibald were making their preparations for throwing themselves among the excited populace, the great square presented a very busy appearance. The working classes of the town, always ready for a tumult, had quitted their different employments to take part in what was going forward, while the unfortunate author of the affray, in despair at the consequences of the false step he had taken, demanded the inn-keeper's protection. The poor inn-keeper, frightened to death at the threatened attack upon his house by an infuriated mob, completely lost his head, and appeared infinitely more disposed to turn the author of all his troubles into the street, than to permit him to remain where he was. Whilst the discussion was going on, a number of peaceable citizens, whom accident had mixed with the mob, sought refuge in the inn, which was, in fact, the most dangerous place. At first, the mob contented themselves with shouts, and abuse of every kind, till an accidental circumstance fired the mine, and the people proceeded to acts of violence. In the drinking-room on the first floor, which was crowded by the persons who

musket, which he happened
at the window, and the rep
for the breaking forth of the

– They wish to murder us
the mob: – is this to be endu
ladders!—let us take the p
cover the roof—fire the ho
foreign slanderer. as well as

Many were now seen adva
whilst the pavement was tor
sides, and beams were brough
battering-rams against the d

In a few moments every w
was broken: ladders were a
and the doors shook under
blows that were directed agai
a tremendous shout of triu
success of the assailants, a
into the drinking-room; chai

the distribution of a large quantity of wine among the besiegers.

In the meantime a party had discovered the original author of the disturbance, concealed amidst a number of women and peacefully inclined citizens. They seized him with a yell of delight, and hurried him forth into the square, amidst blows and maltreatments of every kind. At that very moment a troop of the city guard, headed by a magistrate, made their appearance, with the intention, no doubt, of speedily putting an end to the tumult. Upon finding their orders to disperse disobeyed, the arquebusiers received orders to fire, but before they could obey they were surrounded by the populace, their arms taken from them, and bodily punishment inflicted upon them, without excepting even the sacred persons of the civic magistrates themselves.

Archibald and Achmet arrived whilst this was going forward. The crowd most civilly made room for them, wherever they showed themselves; but the confusion still continued. Archibald, from his horse, overlooked the tumult, and caught sight of an unfortunate individual, hurried along towards the pump by a number of persons, who were ill-treating him in every way. When they had got him there, they pumped upon him with

all their might, in despite of his cries for me
Archibald was grieved at the sight, and n
his way as fast as he could towards the spot,
how shocked was he on recognising, in spit
its pallor, and the distortion of fear and p
the features of a well-known face.

"That is the stranger who, without knov
you, abused you," whispered Achmet to h
"just look what a spiteful expression his cou
nance wears, notwithstanding his alarm. J
look at his red hair and red beard! Truly
Lord has set his mark upon him! Do not
terfere, for a little correction can do him
harm."

Archibald pulled up, being almost of
same way of thinking; and a wish for reve
upon one of his most bitter enemies, very nea
caused him to abandon the wretched man to
fate; but just as he was about to turn his ho
and ride away, a better feeling took possess
of him.

"Pray let that person go, my friends," he s
in a kind tone, to the men who were torment
their prisoner. "What can he have done
you?"

"To us, nothing," replied the blacksmi
"but to you a great deal. Hardly had the ra
set his nose in the town, when he began abus

your skill, which we have already learnt to know, and to respect. On this account he shall get a good Ulm thrashing; and if it pleases God, shall learn to swim in the Danube besides."

"No, it does not please God," answered Archibald; "he has insulted me, and me alone, and I heartily thank you for the interest that you have taken in the good name of a stranger; but I forgive him, and entreat you to do the same."

The people stood around, with their mouths wide open.

"Well," said the same blacksmith, "if you are not angry, we have no reason to care about it."

"Well, then," said Archibald, "to please me, let the unfortunate man go! Is his luggage still at the inn?"

"Alas, learned sir!" sighed forth the innkeeper, who had forced his way up to the spot, and was breathless from the exertion which he had used; "the stranger had a little portmanteau tied to his saddle, but during the tumult his servant went off with both. Would to God that neither master nor servant had darkened my doors!"

"Well, let the unfortunate man be lifted up," cried Archibald.

Some of the bystanders raised him. He was

ducted to Archibald's hous
bed, fell into a deathlike s

Evening was closing i
who was appointed to wat
Archibald of his awaking,
diately prepared to visit hi

"What are you abou
Erlwein; "would you w
bosom? You have often
and now an opportunity
upon Dee."

"And shall I not do s
for evil?" said Archibald.
experienced the luxury of
has injured you?"

"Well answered, my e
Hubert, who at that mome
"thus are you indeed act
will and word of God. M
I salute you."

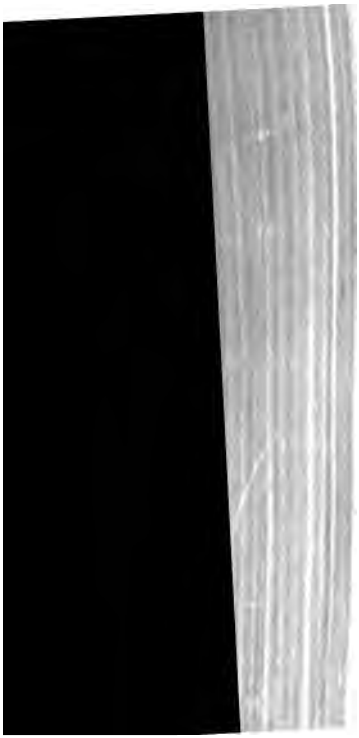
said Hubert, much affected; "on my journey to Rome, which will be my last in this life, I have complied with your request, that I would once more see you. I purpose to hear what you have to say to me, to do all in my power, should I have an opportunity, of serving you, and to baptize Achmet and Leila, if they have still the same good intentions of becoming members of our church; I shall then pursue my journey, and seek the retirement which I shall never quit, till I am called to my last dark home."

"Heartily do I rejoice at your arrival," cried Archibald; "but you must forgive me for quitting you at the very moment of your appearance. I will return to you as soon as I can."

"I regret that you should have thought it necessary to apologise for your intentions;" replied Hubert, as Archibald quitted the room.

Dee was reposing on his couch, indulging in the most melancholy reflections. He started upon Archibald's entering the room; but when he saw who it was, he threw himself back upon his pillow, without looking towards him; and upon being kindly saluted, only replied by a nod.

His obstinate silence caused Archibald to take another tone. "Dr. Dee," he said, "it is long since we have seen each other, and I regret



Archibald appeared not
affront. " I imagine," he
be your wish to remain
time?"

Dee shook his head.

" I will provide means
your journey," said Arc
know where you are going

" To Mayence," was th

" Patrick has made off
portmanteau."

" I know he has."

" Permit me in some d
loss, by presenting you wi

Dee looked at the he
fall upon the bed.

" Your adventure of
Archibald, " has damaged
that you will make use of

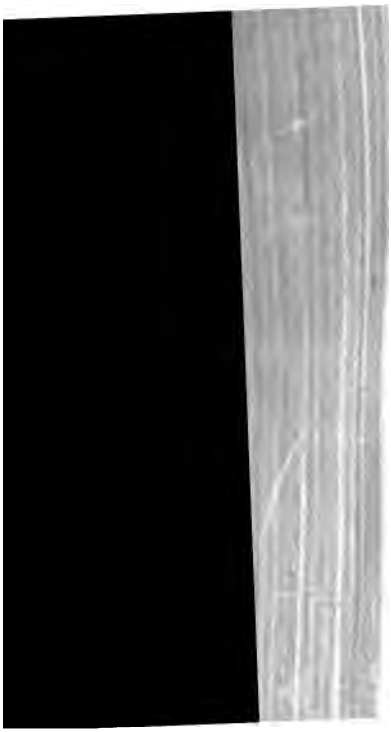
Dee gnashed his teeth.
growled forth: " how hard

here—in fact, I am forced to receive them; but may Heaven confound me if I speak not the truth; had I known that you were the person who is called the Greek doctor, I would sooner have been torn to pieces by the mob than have followed you."

"Do you then know me?" asked Archibald.

"Unfortunately I do!" replied Dee; "in spite of your pallid countenance and shaggy beard, I recognised you but too well; but it was then too late."

"You need not feel annoyed," answered Archibald, "I do not intend to lay you under any obligation; on the contrary, it is I who to this moment have been your debtor, and I am now endeavouring to pay off the debt, which I owe you. In that purse you will find a reasonable repayment for my education, which did not cost you a farthing; you clothed me when I entered into your service, and I now clothe you; to this you may add my having preserved your life; upon a fair calculation, I shall have amply repaid you, and you must blame yourself if I consider that I am able to remunerate you by money; I should have considered my obligations to you above all price, had you not of your own accord destroyed your good work. You see that you are as little under any obligation to me,



inquire into the pur
must be a wicked one
it; may you at som
of your ways."

He then quitted t
Hubert.

Dee continued sil
Archibald's departur
couch, and said aloud
myself, be cursed by
release me from their

Simon cautiously e
light in his feeble han
at the door, and had c
conversation between
had only served to rou

"Who are you?" c

"The master of the
a bow.

"And pray how is
in ruins?" cried Dee

Simon stared in astonishment, and at last ventured to ask why he should expect such a catastrophe.

"For harbouring a monster," Dee replied; "who is this physician?"

"He is a Greek; Kynaedos, I think is his name;" said Simon, rather frightened.

"No! he is called the Devil," was Dee's remark; "he is a villain; how I would bless the man who would release the world of his presence; I should not begrudge him the possession of those treasures, which are now the doctor's; may his murderer make him suffer the pain of ten deaths."

"You are beside yourself, sir," cried Simon.

"And have I not reason to be so?" exclaimed Dee. "Oh! that I were but in Italy! either at Venice or at Naples, the poison or the dagger should soon rid me of the object of my hatred! Behold this stiletto!" and he drew forth the bright weapon, and threw it upon the table; "willingly would I give it to him, who would use it against that miscreant; but in this country no bravos are to be met with."

"At least it would only be the hope of a large booty that would produce one," remarked Simon, slily.

"The hope?" cried Dee. "Here is a cer-

might both be transfer
and there would be but
a vagabond; for I mus
"What are you doir
cried Erlwein, as he
interrupting the conver
Simon started, and
sive gesture for him to
"You will have caus
Erlwein to the doctor,
friend's benefits, you ha
him. Now, get yourself
night is coming on, and
depart with a whole sk
in company which will b
You may depend upon i
be at your throat, if you
Then, hardly giving hi
led him to an open vehi
for him, and, seating
Wallachian servant driv

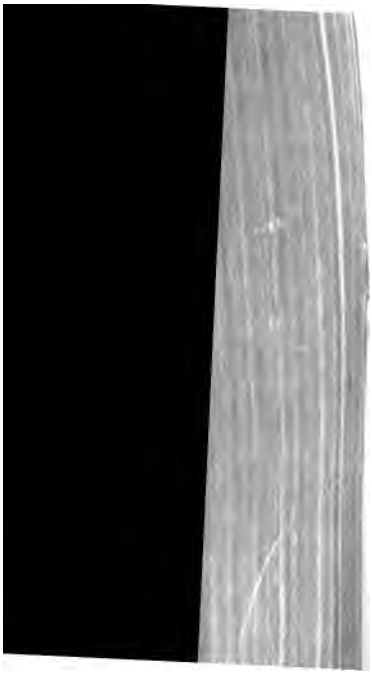
CHAPTER XIII.

" This day red! to-morrow dead!
Drink your fill, and drink your best;
'Midst the fumes of wine arise,
In the still, the tranquil breast,
Thoughts that breathe of Paradise!"

OLD SONG.

ON that same evening, two lovers had privately met to talk over their hopes and fears. Poor Eschenreuter had sought his Gertrude, to acquaint her with some new disappointment, and his intention to seek his fortunes elsewhere. He was agreeably surprised, when his beloved gave him a detailed account of her interview with the far-famed physician; the more so, as her wishes for the truth of his prophecies induced her to colour her narration rather highly; and Eschenreuter readily allowed himself to be beguiled into joining in her day dreams.

It is true that the doctor's promises were but dreams; but Hope readily catches at a



made her sit by his
within the court-yard,
our wishes would ever
would be in my powe
life of virtue passed
errors of a youth spe
with guilt! Your a
reformed the profli
finally reward the m
become worthy of you
for his improvement."

"Take courage," w
have already told you o
has sent us in the extre
learned Kynaedos will

"I hope that it m
Eschenreuter, "as mu
can undertake to say
and that the stars may

what makes me doubt the doctor's prophecy is, that I believe I have not an enemy in the world with the power, even if he had the will, to assist me."

"We must not doubt a prophet's word," said Gertrude, smiling; "faith brings luck."

"How willingly I would have faith," cried Eschenreuter, "if it would but bring me luck; and how willingly would I give up all hope of earthly prosperity, could the doctor but recall one single being to life, the remembrance of whom often banishes sleep from my pillow, and peace from my conscience."

"Be not so desponding," said Gertrude, tenderly pressing his hand; "Heaven will grant you its forgiveness for a deed committed in a moment of frenzy, and the priest's benediction, pronounced over our marriage, will restore peace and quiet to your conscience."

"Heaven grant that it may be so," sighed forth Eschenreuter, mournfully: "whilst I am with you, my conscience is soothed, even as Saul's perturbed spirit was soothed by the harp of David; but when at a distance from you, I think on that adventure, my very flesh creeps, and an impression comes over me, which I even now feel, as if the devil himself were at hand, ready to bear me off to his infernal dominions."

pointed
up, and might hav
whilst his long garm
was apparently inte
feet; it was Satan
at the door; or, at a
was a character very
Simon.

Gertrude attempted
her lover kept hold
composure inspired h
He himself had not the
which the jealous old m
and yet he did not wis
therefore awaited the eve

Gertrude trembled like
alarm was uncalled for; c
Simon's address was not
was good-humoured.

"What do I see?" he cri
"these devil's children h

bridegroom made a fool of. Wait, wait, scapegraces that you are."

Gertrude and her lover were motionless from astonishment.

Simon placed himself between them, rubbed his hands, tapped his betrothed on the cheek; pinched his rival's ear, and in short made the most extraordinary demonstrations.

"Why don't you speak, children?" he said, after a pause; "let us see if you can amuse me by some joke upon an old lover of eighty having been made a fool of."

The lovers were still silent from amazement.

"Perhaps it may be that you have laughed enough already about it; but I promise you that I have no intention of giving you further cause for mirth; I have now no idea of marrying; the bottle shall henceforward become my wife."

"Oh, were it indeed to be thus!" cried Gertrude, in delight, for she fancied that she saw the doctor's prophecy on the point of completion; but a gesture of Eschenreuter's, who had got behind Simon, made her understand that the old man was completely drunk; and she paused.

"Yes, thus shall it be," cried Simon in reply; "I will leave matters as they are, and not be in

indulge in other ju
shocked Eschenreu
But Gertrude whis
doctor's prophecy.
man, who was in
lover took the hin
himself as agreeab
so well, that the
not the clearer for
and more friendly.

"On my soul,
I had received a v
you shall have that
nothing more to say
shift for himself ab
money that he stol

"Stole from me?

Eschenreuter int
use will it be -

will recall them, and I shall have only enjoyed my good fortune for a few short hours."

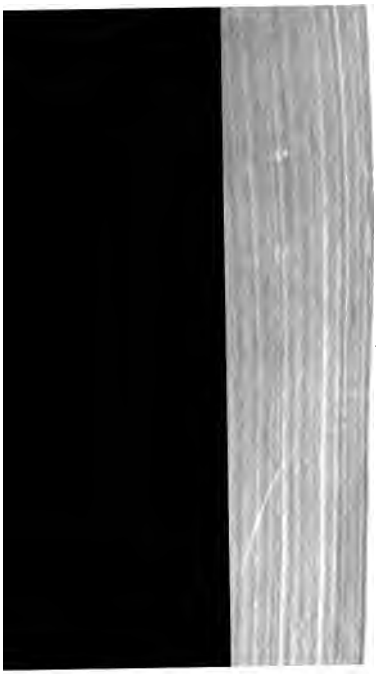
The old man laughed, and drawing the barber aside into the full light of the moon, looked him stedfastly in the face, and said, "I am almost tempted to prove to you, that I mean what I say; but it could only be in the event of your proving yourself a bold man."

"You would find it difficult to meet with a bolder," replied Eschenreuter. "I would endure any thing to possess the object of my love; so tell me your meaning; if it be anything honourable that you would have me undertake, be assured that it shall be carried into execution, even though my life should be the price."

"First let us hear what you consider dishonourable," said Simon, sarcastically; "but come, my friend, the night is mild, and the moon shines bright; my head is rather confused, and I should not find sleep on my pillow; let us take a walk, I shall then perhaps be better able to arrange my ideas, as I have something that I want to impart to you."

He wrapped his robe close around him, and left the yard with an unsteady step.

"Good Heavens!" said Gertrude, to her lover, who was preparing to follow him, "you



down, should he attem
good-night, Gertrude, fo
hear what he may have t

He found Simon wai
against the house at the c

"Help me along," he
came up; "I feel rather
too much for my old hea
I could not have slep
ramparts, and look ou
commands a view of the

They went together,
spot that they sought.
which there was an ex
leaned against the para
heavily, and his head su
remained in that posture
reuter became alarmed,
him; "What's the matt

cation to have been increased by the night air; "I am only thinking, and am concocting a plan;" he again replaced himself in his former attitude, but did not remain so long, for on a sudden he raised himself, and stood as erect as he could.

"Have you ever seen the devil?" he inquired, with his eyes staring wildly.

Eschenreuter looked at him with surprise, and replied with a smile, "that he had not."

"What a pity!" remarked the old man, shaking his head; "he has just visited me; look at him, as he stalks away; it is that gigantic man with the great bat-wings, and the halting step, so very lame; look, he has taken one step across the ditch; his tail still hangs upon the bank — how it splashes into the water; just see if he has not sprung upon that lofty poplar; there he sits, touching the earth with his foot, and butting at the moon with his horn; look at him, now he nods to me."

"Let us go, my good sir," said Eschenreuter, who began to fear that his companion had lost his senses; but Simon would not hear of stirring, and held him back.

"Don't think," he said, "of any thing so foolish. Do you suppose that he would be

son ; it was not such bad a
is rich ; his coffers are full
stones ; two of his jewel-b
make us happy for ever.—
it, Master Philip ?"

Eschenreuter shuddered
awful wanderings, who had
for his late master ; he di
a word, lest he should pu
wretch's delusion, which h
him to make some confessio

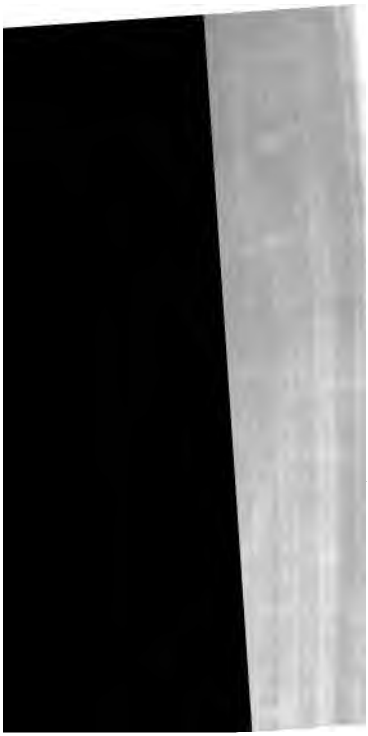
" You do not answer,"
his hand familiarly on his c
" I cannot say that I blam
angry with me, but you re
me, for I shall not last mu
you know all the wickedn
mitted against you will be
taken place. It is to set yo

me to the deed, and you know he stands no nonsense:—what do you think, Philip; must we not get rid of this rich Greek?"

"Why—yes"—muttered Eschenreuter, in a low tone;—"try ——"

"That is the rub," interrupted Simon;—"poisoning would not do; he is the possessor of a ring, a most valuable jewel, and it is on that account that his throat must be cut, for this ring warns him of poison; even if we were to steal his treasures, the ring, which is *my* great object, would return to its lawful owner by some magical property: therefore, he must be made away with; and, as my arm is grown weak and unsteady, you must handle the knife." With these words he suddenly flashed in his astonished companion's eyes the weapon which Doctor Dee had left behind him on his table, and which he had secreted.

"This is a present from him who is seated upon the poplar; a better dagger was never forged by armourer. Come, Philip, I will make you a rich man; I have got a key, and I will hold the lamp while you deal the death-blow. You may have all the gold and jewels, so that you leave me but the ring; we will place the dagger under the bed of one of the servants, and trust to our luck."



hurrying home; or if the devil should make him walk in his sleep, and he should thus break his neck by tumbling over the parapet, the world would be freed from an atrocious monster, who otherwise might do a great deal of mischief before paying the debt of nature.

During the sleepless night which was the consequence of this nocturnal adventure, Eschenreuter made up his mind to inform the doctor, who was apparently so kindly disposed towards Gertrude and himself, of every circumstance connected with it; for though he well knew that the ravings of a drunken man might mean nothing, still when such a horrible design had been expressed, it must have been previously working in the mind; all things considered, therefore, he thought it his duty to put the doctor on his guard.

In pursuance of his purpose, Eschenreuter watched for an opportunity of getting access to Kynaedos without Simon's knowledge; he soon saw that his kind wish of the preceding night, that the old man might break his neck, had not been fulfilled; for Simon came out to the front of the house in his shirt sleeves, looked up at the weather, then at his lodger's windows, and then went in again. Soon after, he appeared enveloped in his cloak, his pointed hat in his

had forgotten somethin
was unable to avoid him
Eschenreuter pulled off
scarcely looked at him,
the salute.

"Stay, my friend," he
he had passed him, "I
at my servant's foot; h
yesterday with an axe,

Eschenreuter promise
now that we happen t
continued Simon, "jus
my intended bride a visi

The impulse of the
reuter to deny it, and
lighted up when he hear

"Only think," he said,
dreamt it, and as my
true, I feared that it mig
now let me request you
visit Gertrude in my

back upon the barber, and went towards the market.

"He has quite forgotten it!" cried Gertrude's lover, in delight; "the old rascal's intoxication has made it appear to him like a dream. He has himself afforded me means of entrance into his house, and I shall not be long in availing myself of them."

He flew to the doctor's dwelling, where a solemn ceremonial was going on. Hubert had received Achmet and Leila into the bosom of the Romish church, whose rites had especial attractions for those children of the East.—Archibald was present as godfather, and the monk had taken that opportunity of lecturing the Neophytes upon the virtues of true Christianity, of which he declared mercy, meekness, and long suffering to be the most acceptable to the Divinity; but spite of his affecting discourse, Archibald's look remained unmoved as ever, and it was only when he impressed a fraternal kiss upon the cheek and forehead of the newly-made Christians, that his severe expression was replaced by one of affection.

When the ceremony was concluded, Eschenreuter made his appearance, and requested per-

with his req
without knowing to
briefly related Simon's
expressed his fears lest
into execution; but w
seeing Archibald's coun
of satisfaction!

"I thank you, my de
"and you shall see that
tions both towards yours
shall be your bride; but
information should be of
divulge it to any one, and
at the corner of the street
night. A servant will adı
see how an old fox may
trap."

When Archibald had di
he gave Achmet direction
was done in the interior
utmost secrecy, and withou

pace his suite of rooms impatiently, and in one of them he found Leila pensively looking out of the window. He went up to her, and gently passing his arm around her, addressed her in a tone of kindness.

"How does it happen, Jukunde, that on this day, when you have become a member of our church, you are so melancholy? What is it that has put you out of spirits? Have you, my sister, any wish ungratified? Only speak, and your brother—your Archibald, will make any sacrifice, even that of his life, to render you happy."

"You are mistaken," replied she who had been christened Jukunde; "my heart is at ease, but I cannot help foreboding evil from the mysterious proceedings that are going on about me. What is it that is going forward? What means Achmet's silence — your own gloomy manner — Hubert's silent sorrow—and Erlwein's absence from home?—Preparations are being made for a journey, and yet no one is to know it!—Whither are we going? — Can it be possible that my forebodings are correct? — Can it be, that you intend to persist in the resolution which you expressed some time since, to exchange the noble means by which you have hitherto revenged yourself upon those who have sinned against you, for others less magnanimous? — Is it your purpose, like some

I entertained a better op
your mind, which is far
women. If it is your int
for alarm, to be a check
regret that I did not les
my uncle Ehrenfried, wh
blame, yet did not wish
I alone shall have to ans
they shall not place in je
head."

"Cruel man," cried J
ment me by the suspicion
is not for myself that I am
it is for your life, and
hereafter, that I tremb
should lead to a bad t
vengeance, which I fear
a bloody one, should caus
hands of justice, that woul
more dreadful for me tha

in a tender tone; "do you then take such an interest in my fate? Do you then love me as a brother?"

Jukunde gave him a look full of meaning, and then cast her eyes to the ground.

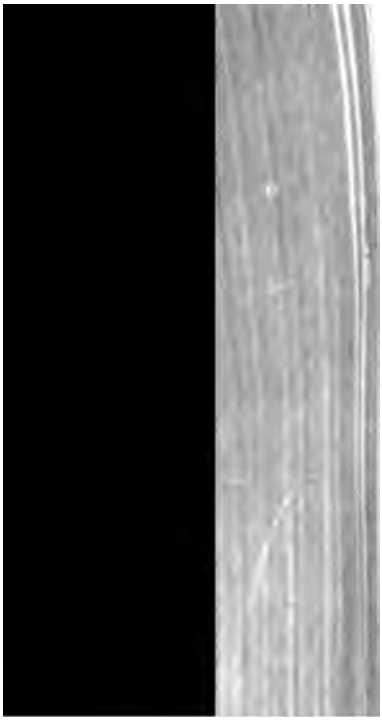
"How fortunate I am," cried Archibald, to live in your heart; you who are the purest —the most virtuous of women. One alone—might have been compared to you, beauteous flower of the East; but she rests in the bosom of our mother earth—cut off in the bloom of beauty, while you are basking in the sunbeam, and in expectation of a happier fate."

"You are merry at the expense of an unfortunate woman," replied Jukunde, blushing; "this flower, as you term her in mockery, is alone in the world, solitary, and abandoned, since the tenderness of her feelings prevents her being able to live any longer with her friends."

"But surely, your brother ——" commenced Archibald.

"He is a youth," said Jukunde, interrupting him, "whose wild disposition so attaches him to the world that he has no love left for his sister."

"Then," said Archibald, "why not render some man happy, and seek, in his society, peace of mind, protection, and community of feeling?"



her hands with solemn
have vowed to be your
of my days, and I can
"My slave?" cried
"that word means mu
use of your devotion, a
which is due from a sla
"It is perfectly true,
a lower tone.
"I might demand y
"Love cannot be co
"Well, then, your f
"Of that you wou
Jukunde, with solemnit
a look of affection.
"You place, then, th
in me?"
"I do," was the maid
"Would you leave
every danger?"
"I would," replied J

earth, and grant me the tribute of your tears?"

"Should such be the will of Heaven," answered Jukunde, "I would perform it."

"But if I release you from your vow?"

"It is not my vow alone, but some more sacred feeling, that binds me to you."

"But supposing I were to embark in some vessel, and to abandon you upon the shore?"

"I would seek my death in the waves."

"No, by Heavens!" cried Archibald, with the greatest emotion, and tenderly embracing Jukunde; "such shall not be your fate! Celestial maiden, sent to alleviate my sorrows, be my companion, as you have vowed. But you shall not follow me along the path of life in the yoke of slavery. Hand-in-hand shall you accompany me, as my wife."

With a cry of delight Jukunde attempted to throw herself at the feet of her beloved; but he quietly raised her, and pressed her to his breast.

"The Eastern slave," he said, "may throw herself at the feet of her lord; but such an attitude ill becomes a free woman, and a Christian. The wife's proper place is on the bosom of her husband."

With tears of delight Jukunde confessed to

noble this day by your ge

Archibald shook his hea

" I could grant you anytl
the exception of this; I n
will urge me no more.
vows as sacred; mine are
not yet aware of the en
which it is my purpose
suffice."

" Shall I have to trembl
which may accrue to you
kunde.

" No," my beloved, he re
are already taken, and we
ere the lion of justice r
slumbers."

" Shall we have to make
tive criminals?"

" Our flight will be m

"But where are the victims of your vengeance?"

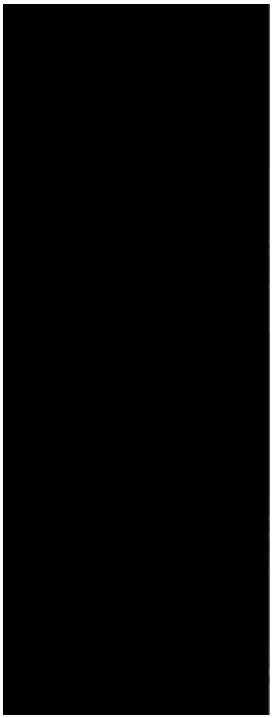
"When it is completed, you shall see them."

"Gracious Heaven! what a shudder creeps over me," cried Jukunde, wringing her hands; "is it your purpose to present to me, at the altar, a hand stained with blood?"

Archibald reflected for a moment. "No!" he said, "this shall not be the case; this very day, even now, shall you become my bride; an unpolluted hand shall be placed in your's. After that, let Heaven's will be done."

Hubert pronounced the marriage benediction upon them in private; but even that imposing ceremony had not the power of soothing Archibald's passions; his determination was more fixed and more ruthless, the nearer the time of vengeance approached.

About mid-day he sent for Simon. "To-morrow," he said to him, "I purpose undertaking a long journey; take care that the house be open very early; I shall ride away by myself, and it is not my purpose to see any one of my servants or friends before my departure, for I hate leave-taking. Till my return, which may not be for some time, I recommend to you, my worthy host, my friends and attendants; and should any misfortune happen to me on my



but my late Master, Philip, here—want would force him to be my tool. But it all originated in the brain of an old drunkard! I fear that my head will soon become so feeble that it will not have the power of planning knaveries; I must therefore not delay to crown my work; and this deed is the most favourable for the purpose. I can bury the corpse in my cellar; and I will send to-night my stupid Bogalew with a horse of the doctor's, with directions to sell it at some distant place. I can make the goose believe any thing I choose. Appearances will thus be preserved; and when no tidings are heard of Kynaedos, it will be supposed that he has perished at a distance, while no suspicion can fall upon me. But the deed itself—how is that to be committed?—must I strangle him—or shall I use the poignard? The first leaves no traces of blood; but the second would be better suited to my weak arm, which, on a pinch, could still deal a death-blow to a sleeping man!—which plan shall I follow?" He drew out the table-drawer, and taking the poignard from it, remained for a few moments feeling its sharp edge.

The Devil then entered into him.

" Wrong can ne
Grow it may '
And attain a c
But th' avenge

BARBARA lay in th
She had just recove
duced by fever; and
had relieved her suf
she was abandoned.
illness, as well as at th
had escaped her lips
hunting relations, an
had attended her, h
compassionate physi
who now remained by
She extended her
a bitter smile played
" Have they all aba
in an almost

She sighed. "Well, it does not much signify," she said; "they may go, so that you do not desert me in my last moments—for I must die!—Is it not so? Do not conceal it from me!"

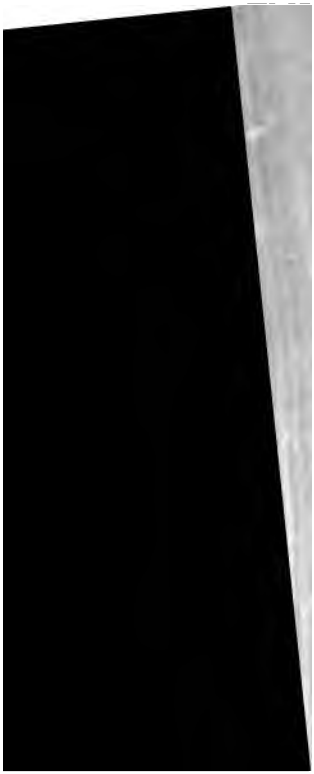
The doctor shook his head.

"You may pronounce my doom," she said, with resignation. "I had, indeed, hoped to live, but I feel that I am growing weaker; now, therefore, that I am resigned, you may tell me if I must die!"

"You must!" replied Archibald. "And far from lamenting your fate, you ought to consider it a blessing; for the avowal that you have made while deprived of your reason —— But permit me to be silent on this subject."

"Have I then confessed all?" cried Barbara, raising herself up a little. "I suppose that it is on this account that my mind is so much at ease. Do you think that I shall be permitted to die in peace; and that they will not carry me to the place of execution, to ——?"

"Do not speak thus," cried Archibald, the tears running down his cheeks. "Do not torment yourself with such dreadful fancies. No one shall disturb your dying devotions; since the clergyman has left you, I will pray with you."



[illegible] you wish to do [illegible]
me our father, who
shall."

"Our father?" re
looking at him with h

Archibald felt that
mean our Eternal Fat
suffering merciful Jud

"May he be mercif
the sufferer with differ
murdered child!"

"If you repent," re
will not desert you."

"I will found some
woman eagerly; "I h
drawn up; my relation
leaving all, have deser
perty shall go to a char
they pray for my soul!"

"Have you no nea
whom you have mer
hold.

"Have you no husband—or brother?" continued Archibald.

"Silence!" she cried, as loud as her strength would allow her; "he tried to poison me!—He caused me to commit incest!—It is even possible that he may be the cause of my death! Mention him not, or I shall not be able to die in peace!"

"He has a son; the boy is your nephew," said Archibald; "let him not suffer want; give him, who is your relation, that which you would not refuse to a stranger, who would not feel grateful for the benefit. For the love of your own child, do not reject the boy."

"Man!" she cried, in astonishment, "what am I to think —— Is the boy living with his father? Does he love him? for in that case I will not consent to what you advise me."

"He does not know him," answered Archibald; "never shall he live with him, and never shall he be indebted to him for any thing."

"Do you pledge your word to the truth of what you say?"

"My most sacred word," replied Archibald, and then proceeded to give her a brief insight into young Philip's history.

"So be it then," said the sick woman. long have I to live?"

Archibald looked at the setting sun.

"I understand you," she whispered; must be no delay; send for a notary."

"I have already provided one," replied bald, as he ran to the door, to admit the who was in attendance; and in a quarte hour the will was drawn up, which incont declared young Philip Verner to be the Dame Barbara Verner.

Barbara affixed a cross, as her mark, t the exertion caused her to faint, and duri fit, the notary retired.

"I fancied it was all over with me sighed forth, as she came to herself.

"The moment would have been favou replied the compassionate physician; "you have departed with the passport of havi performed a good action."

"But will the boy value my kindness? Barbara, as she grew weaker; "will h grateful to me when I am in my grave, fo I have done for him?"

"I will so far pledge myself."

"You?"

"It is I who am bringing him u

shall be grateful to you, and venerate your ashes."

"But who are you, extraordinary being," articulated Barbara, with difficulty, "who have thus taken charge of the child?"

"I am his uncle," he said; "I am Archibald, Philip's brother and your own."

"Good Heavens!" cried the dying woman, starting up, while her features grew stiff, and betrayed the approach of the angel of death.

Great had been her sufferings, but her dissolution was without pain.

Her brother knelt at the foot of the corpse till the evening began to close in; he then returned home, and on his way took care to deposit the last will of the deceased with the notary.

Jukunde kissed his gloomy brow, and asked the cause of his melancholy.

"How should I be otherwise?" he answered; "I have just left my sister's death bed, and I shall soon attend that of my brother. Has Erlwein returned?"

Jukunde answered in the negative, and Archibald, avoiding her society, as well as that of Father Hubert, retired to his own apartment, that his impatience might not be remarked. He had not been there long, before a tap was

these words, as he paced up and down the room. 'Wait, wait, rich Kynaedos, not a soul knows whence you came, or whither you are going. It will not be long before I am in possession of your most valuable jewel.' I was struck dumb with amazement, for I instantly suspected that he intended to rob you, and to conceal the booty in the cellar. Determined to act with caution, I entered the room, but without uttering a word; there I found the old man with a large jug of wine before him, of which he never thought of offering me a drop, but gave me further orders, from which I collected that my suspicions were well founded; I was to carry the stolen money into the cellar, and bury it there; he also purposes to steal one of your horses; for he ordered me not to lock the house-door to-night, but after midnight to await his summons in my garret, and then to assist him in carrying to the cellar, a sack filled with fruits; and finally, to ride away on a horse that he would entrust to me, for the purpose of selling it somewhere in the neighbourhood, and which was to be got rid of at any price, on account of its being unsound. He made me vow that I would not mention a word of all this to any person; and then ordered me to retire to my bed, there to sleep till midnight.

horse."

Archibald, on thi
just heard—of the
of the sale of the h
at the dreadful cri
templated, and whic
fall into his own t
meaning informer,
reward, and directed
own room, and, at e
corner of the street,
son waiting to receiv
till Simon quitted his
and twelve, in orde
execution, and to let l
and creep up the stair
only to follow him wh
room; but they were
until the door was ope

Bogalew promised

off heavily. Archibald carefully avoided every word that might have led the conversation to the probable adventures of the ensuing night; he looked at the clock with nervous anxiety, and started at the sound of every horse that passed along the street. Jukunde was melancholy—Hubert was wrapped in thought—and Achmet appeared to partake his brother-in-law's anxiety; little Philip was the only gay one of the party. When the repast was over, Hubert and Jukunde repaired to their apartments, as did also Achmet and Archibald, after a short conversation.

Archibald, in expectation of what was to happen, threw himself, half-dressed, upon the bed, having first placed his Vorosdar poignard by his side, and then once more read old Lene's will, which he had found in her strong box, at Augsburgh; he paid especial attention to that portion of it which he knew would rouse his soul to vengeance, and then awaited with impatience the stroke of eleven, which was to deliver his victim into his hands.

With no less impatience did Simon await the same hour; a few cups of wine had served to strengthen his resolution, and to lull his conscience. The idea of the wonderful ring had completely absorbed him, and, to obtain possession of it, he would have attempted the life

of the emperor himself. When, at lengt
cathedral clock struck the first stroke
hour for action, his knees knocked agains
other, while his trembling hands grasp
last cup of wine. With every stroke
clock his quivering lips continued to swal
draught of that generous wine, which
strengthen the old villain's nerves. After
sigh, he started up, uttered an execration,
a strong noose, which was to be the i
ment of the murder, to his girdle, placed
too, the poignard which he purposed to
case of necessity, and then took a dark la
in his left hand, and a master-key in his ri

Cautiously taking off his shoes, and g
crossing the court, he reached the door
house, which, according to the comman
had given, he found open—not a soul
be seen in the moonlit street—the momen
favourable. He advanced to the foot
stairs, paused there a moment, and coll
himself; like a snake he then glided u
staircase, stopped to listen at the top, and
at the key-hole of the door—not a sound
be heard—cautiously did he apply the k
the door—a slight exertion, and there w
longer a barrier between him and his
He crossed the threshold like an apparit

the chamber was in darkness, though the moon-beam fell lightly upon the bed. Kynaedos lay there at full length, still as a corpse. Simon permitted a gleam from his lantern to play about the room, and his greedy glances soon rested upon the boxes of treasure which had before so much excited his cupidity; placing the lantern on the ground, he loosened the noose from his girdle. The sleeper's head was in a position favourable for his attempt; steadily and cautiously did the murderer place the snare around his victim's neck—already did the demon that possessed his breast rejoice at the completion of the deed—his hand had cautiously begun to draw close the knot of death, when the tables were suddenly turned;—the sleeper sprung up, seized, with a giant's strength, the murderer by the throat, and cast him to the ground.

"Mercy! mercy!" cried the wretched man, as the avenger of his crimes stood over him.

"Not another word!" commanded his intended victim. "A prayer from your mouth is blasphemy—an ejaculation from your lips can only be a curse! Be assured that the measure of your sins is full!"

"Pray take compassion upon me! For the love of Heaven, have mercy!" moaned forth the old man, as he writhed upon the ground.

"My name is Archibald!" was the app
answer. "Expect no mercy! My m
spirit cries aloud for vengeance! and, po
Lene has confessed all. Villain, your
is run!"

With a cry of despair, the old man
within himself, and then collecting a
strength, drew the dagger from his girdl
made a desperate blow at the bastard; but
tive youth was too much on his guard, and d
aside his arm, ran his Turkish poignard b
the hoary miscreant's teeth into his throat.

A stream of black blood rushed fro
wound, as he drew back the weapon; t
man rolled upon the ground in convulsion

"To Hell with you, monster!" cried Arc
in the excitement of the moment.—"Ye
God grant you pardon; I, for my part, f
you, if at your last moment you will c
whether Philip was an accomplice in He
murder."

Simon attempted to speak, but the gu
blood choked his utterance; he merely
his head expressively, then wringing his h
pointed towards his throat, as if he imp
that he would put an end to his mise
another blow.

Archibald, as he turned from the hi

spectacle with disgust, beheld Eschenreuter and Bogalew at the door, who stood looking at the sight of horror in mute astonishment; he made them a sign to enter.

"You have beheld the deed, my friends," he said. "You have seen the crime by which it was brought about; I must now request that you will appear as witnesses for me before the criminal tribunal." He then rang a bell; Achmet and Hubert entered the room.

"Then the dreadful act has indeed been committed?" said Hubert, as he hurried up to the gasping man.

"He attempted to murder me," replied Archibald; "let the knowledge that this was the case be a consolation to you, and now go and pray with the dying sinner, and offer up petitions to God that he may avert the evils of the next hour, for the noise in the court betokens the arrival of the most unnatural of criminals. Now go, Achmet, and order the house door to be locked, and conduct the new comers hither."

Hubert knelt by the side of Simon with the intention of praying with him, but the old man was motionless; his bosom no longer heaved; his limbs were stiff; and when Archibald looked at his victim, whose gray hairs were clotted with blood, he felt moved as he had never been

pardon; but the appro
aroused the demon of
and recalled to his mind

CHAPTER XV.

"To err, is human; to forgive, divine."

Erlwein and Achmet entered, leading a man in whose care-worn features Archibald would never have recognised his brother, though he well recollected his voice when he exclaimed—

"Whither have I been brought?—What can be going on here?"

A silence, only broken by the locking of the door of the house, was the answer to these questions.

Philip looked around the circle in alarm, and again inquired, "What can be going forward; I have been disturbed in my solitude; they have persuaded me that Simon was dangerously ill; and that, tormented by the pangs of conscience, he was anxious I should attend his death-bed. Partly by persuasion, and partly by force, I was prevailed on to enter a carriage, and at mid-

night conducted hither to the slaughter-
if I may judge from the weapons, an
scowling looks which I see around me.—
is Simon?"

Archibald lifted in silence the covering
off the corpse.

"Behold your friend!" he said, in a
voice; "you have come too late to embra
in this life, but you are in time to follow
the unknown world.—Prepare your soul, f
may not leave this house alive."

"Merciful God!" cried Philip, as he
on the corpse, and listened to his sen
"into whose hands have I fallen?"

"Into the very best," cried Archibald
tone of mockery; "you are in the hands o
brother; do you no longer know me? Ar
the features of that bastard whom you
from your presence so much altered? I
voice, which supplicated in vain at you
for compassion and for assistance, so
changed? Look at these hands; if you
remember the features and the voice, view
scars, and tremble! for Heaven has del
you into my power."

With a cry of despair and agony,
covered his face with his hands.

"Still," continued Archibald, "you ought to be grateful to Providence; you are allowed by this death to make expiation for your sins. Listen to the dark catalogue of those crimes for which you are about to suffer:—you have broken the commandment which ordains that you should honour your parents; you struck, mal-treated, and afterwards drove from your house, your innocent brother, clothed in rags; you brought your child, and the woman that loved you, to the brink of the grave by your unkindness. By magical arts you attempted to destroy your brother, and to make away with a will, which assured him possession of half his father's property; and when that same brother again returned to you, craving your assistance, a second time you cruelly rejected him. Though not an accomplice to Hedvig's murder, you profited by it; you have lived in incest with your own sister, and then attempted to poison her; lastly, you stole a child from its mother. These have been the principal acts of your mis-spent life. I only put it to yourself, whether you are worthy of death or not; the Lord has given you into my hands—prepare to die."

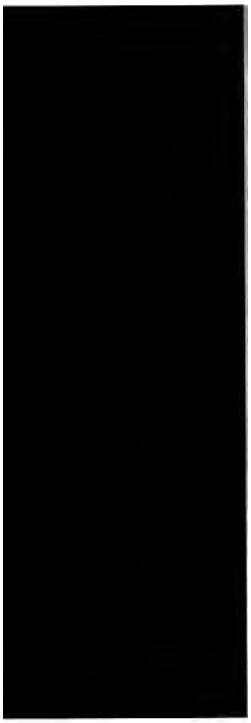
Philip trembled; for few are capable of looking certain death in the face with composure. He

whether or not y
It is true, that i
disgrace of a pu
less a criminal c
would you load
you condemn ?
brother, because,
would have murd
" I have vowed
have sworn that I
" Tiger !" crie
" If I be a tig
cried Archibald, v
me forth to be a c
field, and to the bi
expel me from th
me into a blood-th
sake of a wretche
even bear my fath
" Alas !" excl
was greater than

this very room, and signed that document which Simon presented to me on my return, sealed up, without knowing that it was signed."

"I should scorn," replied Archibald, "to use a deception for the purpose of increasing the sum of my grievances against you;" and so saying, he drew forth the will from his bosom. "Kalander explained to me the circumstances of the case. It is true that my father appeared on that night, for I myself saw him; but the notary who drew up the document, shocked at his friend's death, and lamenting the destitute condition in which I was left, profited by the confusion, when the corpse was brought home, to open the will, forge the departed man's signature, and seal it up again; and here it is! You will see by it, that I ought to have possessed this house, and all that you squandered upon that wretch Simon. In this room did you exercise your unnatural barbarity upon an unfortunate child; and in this room shall you also receive your reward."

With these words he rushed towards his brother, with his poignard uplifted, while Erlwein and Achmet seized Philip's arms, that his breast might be exposed to the blow; but Hubert threw himself between the brothers, and seized the hand that was directed at Philip's breast.



your brother in the e
disowned you before
has attempted many
graciously disappointe
attack upon your lif
resolved to despoil and
hands, you are in the
did not contrive your
and her child are both
did not know to be l
her, escaped his poison
was restored to his u
that the Divinity has
his crimes into execut
upon yourself to pun
contemplated, as if it h
effect? Do not be the
at him. Forgive him
you, as you yourself h

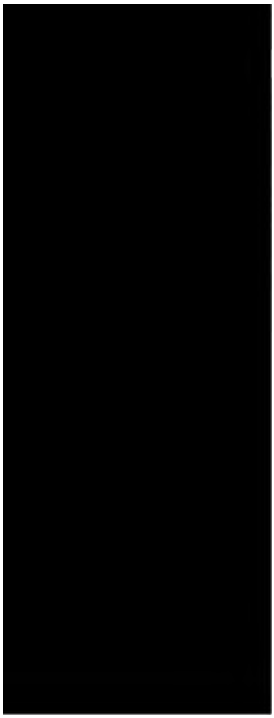
"I thank you, w

but the power he possesses, in like manner as I did myself against him. Death will release me from all my troubles, and I no longer feel a wish to escape from it, since I can never more embrace Maria's son and mine. The sight of that child imparted to me feelings of happiness which I never knew before, and 'twas in the hope that his continual presence might encourage me to amend my wicked life, that I seized the desperate resolution of carrying off my son, since his mother would not give him up to me. Alas! such happiness was not reserved for me."

"Fool!" cried Archibald, "the boy whom you took away was not your son; he is a son of Herbenstein—of that man who renders the virtuous Maria so infinitely more happy than you could ever have done. You must have been blind, not to have seen by the boy's age that he could not be your child."

"Herbenstein's son?" exclaimed Philip; "how have all my hopes been deceived!—But how indeed, could I have hoped it?" he pursued, in a melancholy tone. "Maria's wretchedness—her suffering—must have had an effect upon the child—it could not survive—and I was its murderer;" as he thus spoke, tears choked his utterance.

"You are mistaken," replied his brother, after



– You have a son," he
is still alive."

– Alive!" repeated Phi
in extacy. – Can it be
deceiving me?"

– I speak the truth," w
– and you can no longer te
I permit you to see yo
death."

– What! see my child
himself with delight, and a
the ground, he attempte
feet. – Most generous
How could I ever ill-treat a
embrace those feet which
through the rugged pathwa
me kiss those hands whose
my barbarity. You can n
I will laud and bless you,
should pierce my heart: fo

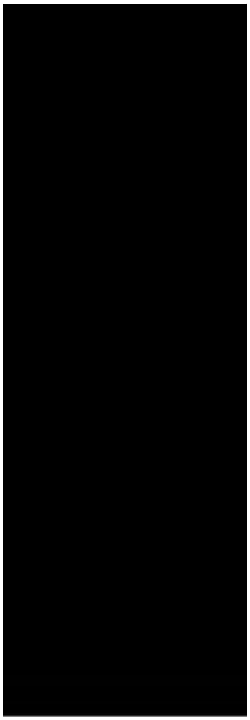
who at that moment entered the room, succeeded in doing so, for Philip, on looking up, beheld his son led in between Jukunde and her brother. The father, with a wild cry, rushed towards his child, pressed him to his breast, and covered him with tears and kisses, while the boy affectionately returned his embrace.

Tears fell from all the spectators, and Archibald silently covered the corpse of Simon, lest the hideous spectacle might disturb the affecting scene.

The unfortunate Philip entreated his son, with words of tenderness that had long been strangers to his lips, to forgive him those hardships which his father's misconduct might oblige him to undergo in after life — he exhorted him to grow up a good man, to pray to Heaven for its mercy on his father, and often to think of him when he was dead.

"Are you then going to die, father?" inquired the boy, in alarm.

"I am," replied Philip, with a sigh; "forgive me, Archibald, this sigh; by your kindness you have again rendered life dear to me; but still I will not conclude a mis-spent life by a cowardly death. I am a father, and that thought will give me courage; my prayer to God is, that this boy may live virtuously and happily. One more embrace — and now, Archibald, I am prepared."



courage, and, what is stı
you have shown on this
did not consider you cap
me. The admonitions of
—my wife's entreaties, a
friends, all speak in yo
to see you, my elder br
presence like a criminal
cutioner. My duty is a
to quiet my conscience, I
own hands: I have vowe
that vow is unalterable,
down a curse upon mysel
son is your own blood!"

"Monster!" cried Ph
more closely; "would y
of me?"

"No!" replied Archi
is yet another way of esc
give you:—you shall
your own death-blow, or

"You shall behave to the boy exactly as you did to me," replied Archibald, in a collected tone. "You shall ill-treat him—cast him to the ground with a kick—tear his fingers with your spurs—strike him over the head and shoulders with your whip—hunt him from the house with your dogs, abandoning him to his misery, and to the tender mercies of strangers."

Philip could not believe that he heard aright.

"Can this indeed be your purpose?" he at length stammered forth, endeavouring to read in Archibald's eyes whether he really meant what he said.

"I am fully determined that this shall be done; why should you doubt it? Is the boy better than I am? Is he not also a bastard?—a dishonoured being, only worthy of shame, of contempt, and of a miserable death? Or do you suppose that he merits special favour, because he is your son? But was not I also of your blood?—was not your father also my father? Come, now, your feet are provided with spurs—there hangs a whip; and your dogs are moaning at the door. To work! The apartment is the same. There are the same hounds, and the same game;—why do you hesitate? Your present sport too, will have this advantage, you will not enjoy it for your own selfish gratification!"

towards him Simon's da
ground. "Put an e
my head, I swear, that
must be."

"In God's name, th
utmost despair, as he l
ger—but Achmet and E
Hubert wrested the d
Jukunde threw herself,
Archibald's feet.

"Uncle! my dear un
bracing his knees with
compassionate! Grant m
me to death! but have p

As the mild rays of th
over the face of nature
passed away, so did the
forth from Archibald, a
prayer of innocence has
Live, my brother! I par

"He is suffocating," cried Hubert; "he will die, if relief be not immediately afforded—he must be bled. Is there no lancet at hand?"

Archibald rushed forward to perform the operation, the vein was opened, and the blood burst forth; but what was the surprise of those present, on seeing Archibald take from the table a goblet half filled with wine, and catching in it a few drops of the blood, drink off the dreadful draught.

"Praise be to the Almighty!" he then exclaimed, with delight; "my vow is accomplished. I have drunk my brother's blood; these drops have quenched my vengeance. Rejoice with me, my friends! and do you, little Philip, preserve this goblet in remembrance of the event."

"Best of men!" cried Jukunde, throwing herself on his neck, while Hubert shook his hand.

"Did you really suppose that I could find the heart to murder him, after showing him his son? Did you think that I should show less mercy to my own relation than to strangers? I have only put him to a severe trial; he has worthily gone through it, and now my vengeance is appeased."

"But, Archibald," cried Hubert, lifting his

all, I am but a man—
suffering require som
reason for tormenting
the worst, though I n
kind."

"My father is reco

"He shall come t
brother who is reconc
bald, as he knelt by
Philip, who opened his

"Archibald!" he
indeed call me brother

"I forgive you in th
you have injured," repl
nity. "Maria has forgi
curse you at her death
son her heir. Take pos
though it has not my
his will: prove it in a
your donation to Sim
property he once mo

house to Eschenreuter, for whom I will pay down the purchase-money; he loves Gertrude, and a virtuous and happy pair shall once more sanctify the house in which we were born."

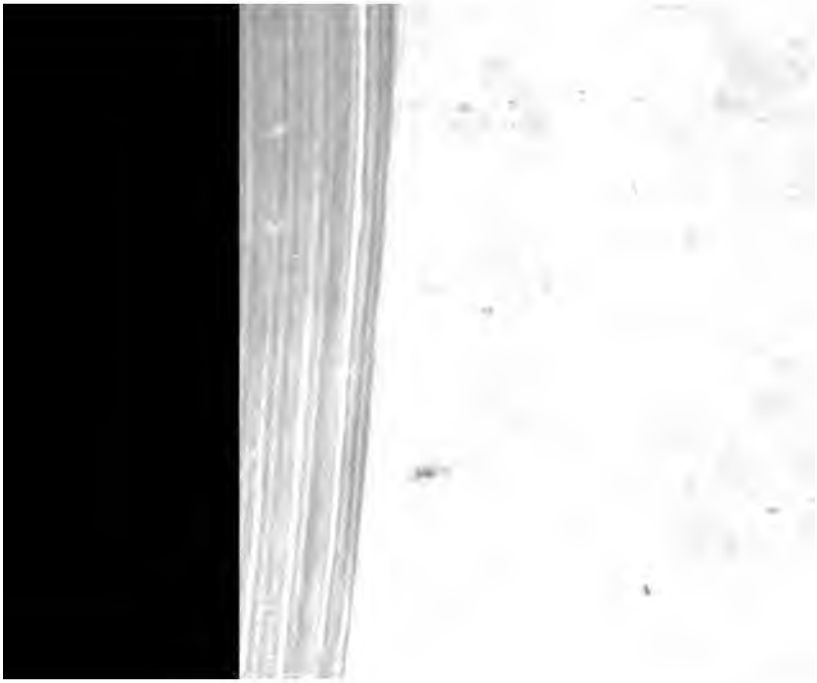
"My kind sir," said Eschenreuter, in delight; "indeed I do not deserve such generosity!"

"You do, indeed, Eschenreuter," replied Archibald, "passing his arm around his brother, I owe you this trifle, for had you taken better aim at Prague, I never could have pressed to my heart this my erring and penitent brother."

Eschenreuter was speechless with astonishment; relieved from a weight which had hitherto preyed so heavily upon his mind, he in vain endeavoured to express his gratitude, and at length burst into tears.

"Come my friends," said Archibald, "let us quit this unhallowed apartment, since it has witnessed the death of that demon. The morning breaks, and within a few hours I shall make my declarations before the proper authorities, of that wretch's murderous attempt, and of his death. Immediately after, I shall depart with my wife, and friends, not for the new world, but for some retired Swiss valley, that I may take shelter from the storms of life there, where freedom and innocence have formed their abode, and where the wicked man alone is termed the bastard of the

"*Valga me Dios!*" cried the delighted Philip, and heartily shook the hand that was extended to him. As his eyes met those of his brother, he saw that they were filled with tears, and the hearts that had so long been estranged were joined in a close embrace.

THE END.

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